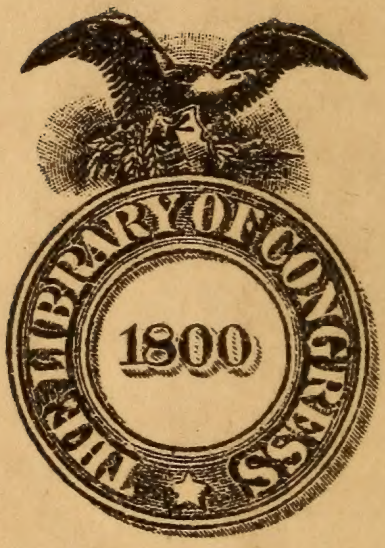

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WIT AND WISDOM;

OR,

THE WORLD'S JEST-BOOK:

FORMING A RICH

BANQUET OF ANECDOTE AND WIT,

Expressly calculated "to set the table in a roar."

BEING, ALSO,

AN AGREEABLE TRAVELLING COMPANION.

THE WHOLE ARRANGED

BY AN EMINENT WIT-CRACKER.

"A Fellow of infinite Jest."

LONDON:
THOMAS ALLMAN, HOLBORN-HILL.
WILLIAM WALKER, OTLEY.
1853.

CITY OF WASHINGTON

PN 6175
.W55

WORD TO THE WISE.

In offering a publication of this kind to general attention, some explanation may be deemed requisite. We have taken great care that our selection should contain as great a variety of entertainment as possibly could be obtained; by much assiduity "culling the sweets," and rejecting all obnoxious weeds. We are well aware, that though

"It is not in mortals to *command success*,"

We have *done more*,—

"Endeavoured to *deserve it*."

We have enriched our pages with many *originals*, not forgetting the *jokes* of the *day;* and have noticed many *good things* from the mouths of the most celebrated men of the age. Our wit shall be without *ribaldry* or *licentiousness*, keeping in mind, that a man may be "*merry* and *wise*," without being *vulgar*.

Jests have been a lasting theme. Cicero loved his jest, and even Cato indulged now and then in a pun. The place of "king's jester" was once as honourable and well paid as that of

"*Poet Laureate;*" but it died away with the reign of Charles II., who was so consummate a wit himself, that he wanted not the aid of others to keep him in good humour. It is presumed that our book will not only amuse, but instruct its readers; it having been our care to blend amusement with instruction, as applicable to our title—"*Wit and Wisdom.*" We shall conclude our remarks with wishing, that every gloomy *soul*, or peevish-*tempered mortal*, would read our book: it would enliven many a dull hour, save many an apothecary's bill, and enable them to become pleasant and agreeable companions, either "*At home or abroad.*"

Then laugh and be clever,
Be joyous and gay:
Wit and Wisdom will ever
Drive sorrow away.

AN APOLOGY FOR A PREFACE.

A PREFACE is for general use,
A literary flag of truce ;
A sort of an *avant courier*,
To tell what's going to appear ;
To fill you up with hopes and wishes,
Of ready-made and season'd dishes :
And tickle up the public taste
With things which, else, would go to waste.
The characters of men, at best,
Are merely a prolific jest ;
A thing of *shreds*, and eke of *catches*,
A *motley coat*, made up of *patches;*
A vision, rising with the day,
A cloud that quickly dies away,
A dream of night, and false desires,
That in the waking hour expires.
Punning has been, in every clime,
Recorded on the rolls of time.
I hate the man who never smiles—
Good humour even *pain* beguiles,
And sends *blue devils* to that place
Where live the *phantoms* of disgrace.
Dean Swift, whose name will ever last,
A *pun* accounted a repast :
'Twas food to him, he loved it dear,
And ever was upon the *queer*.

His life, if taken at the best,
Was one continued pleasing jest ;
"*Laugh and grow fat,*" was still his aim,
And has immortalized his name.
Here various "quips" and wanton wiles
Advance to put your face in smiles:
If *Ancients* could enjoy a *pun*,
The *Moderns* may exclaim "Well done!
Your gay example we will follow,
And, in *good humour*, beat you hollow:
For here you can at will make merry,
From *Ovid* down to *Brinsley Sherry*."
Go forth, *my book*, and be to me
A *pilot*, o'er a stormy sea;
Go forth, *my book*, make mankind *grin:*
When they *laugh out*, then *I am in*
Good Fortune—and I'll never rest,
Till every man *enjoys his jest.*

WIT AND WISDOM;

OR, THE

WORLD'S JEST-BOOK.

Anecdote of Lord D——; or, the Jew outwitted.

This nobleman, remarkable and well known for his free manner of living, had reduced his fortune to so low an ebb, that he was on the point of seeing himself in very disagreeable circumstances, but what he had lost by folly, he resolved to repair by stratagem. One of his principal creditors was a Jew, one of those commodious cheats, who lend money upon estates, incomes, annuities, &c., and upon him he fixed for retaliation. Accordingly, his lordship took to his bed, caused it to be reported that he was ill past recovery, suffered his beard to grow very long and squalid (which gave his face a rueful and sickly appearance), filled his room with physicians, and was making every preparation for dying, when he sent a messenger for the Jew. The Israelite came, and his lordship told him, "That, as he was now irrecoverably dying, and could, at the most, survive but a few days, his conscience urged him to remember his best friends; that he considered him (the Jew) as one of those, and was now willing to give him a proof of it in preference to his other creditors; for that he would resign his whole estate to him, and the remainder of all his effects, to be taken possession of at his death, provided he would settle at the rate of £1000 a year upon him

while he lived, which could not exceed ten days at most, and which would be a mere trifle, in order to pay some necessary expenses." The Jew blessed his lordship's generosity, and took him at his word. The lawyers were not far off, the settlements were immediately made, and the respective deeds signed and sealed, when his lordship jumped out of bed, sound, healthy, and strong, to his own great satisfaction, and to the no small mortification of the Israelite. His lordship, by this stroke, secured to himself a thousand a year while he lived, but, when he died, all went to the Jew.

A Sleeping Partner.

A clodhopper, of the real Sussex breed, underwent a sharp cross-examination by a learned counsel on a late trial, in the course of which he was asked, who his sleeping partner in business was? "My sleeping partner?" replied Hodge, scratching his head, and giving his hat which he held by the hand in his other hand another turn, and staring at the same time at the counsellor, as much as to say, "I'se wonder what the devil's coming next—my sleeping partner? Dang it, I'se no sleeping partner but Mary." The court was convulsed with laughter: when it had somewhat subsided, the counsel resumed, "You say your sleeping partner is Mary, pray who is Mary?" "Why doesn't thee know Mary?" rejoined Hodge, grinning till his fat red cheeks almost closed his eyes, "why she's my wife to be sure."

Cunning Baker, or the Wager lost.

A baker was boasting that he seldom or ever bought any meat for the family on a Sunday, as he generally could take sufficient from his neighbours'

joints that came to be baked without their missing it; and declared that he could take off a rib of beef without being discovered. Mr. Wick, who stood by, betted him one shilling's worth of punch that he could not. The wager being accepted, the tollow-chandler agreed to send him a joint the next day to be baked, and accordingly sent two ribs of beef weighing ten pounds. The baker, without any hesitation, took one rib and sent the other home. The tallow-chandler, as soon as he had dined, ran to the baker, saying, "You have lost, for I sent two ribs of beef, and you returned but one." The baker replied, "Well, I confess I have lost," and readily paid the shilling, which he could well afford to do, as he had five pounds of meat and a share of the punch for his shilling.

Custom-House Anecdote.

A gentleman, during his stay at Bosra, in Egypt, had purchased a very curious mummy. As the box that contained it was rather too large for his travelling post-chaise, being arrived at Auxerre, he sent it by the stage-coach. The latter was searched, according to custom, at the gates of Paris. The wise officers broke open the box, and seeing a body blackened all over, gravely pronounced it to be the remains of a man *baked* in an oven. The antique bandages came in support of their opinion, as they mistook them for a shirt half burnt; and, after a proper inquest, the supposed murdered person was sent to the *morne*, or bone-house, to be owned.

Some hours after, the owner made his appearance to claim his property, which he supposed was detained at the office. On his first requisition, the *Wise Men of Gotham* looked at him with a mixture of amazement and horror: seeing him fall into a

downright passion, one of the officers, more *sensible* than the rest, approached, and softly whispered in the traveller's ear, that he had better hold his tongue, and save his neck from the halter by a timely flight.

Unable to guess at the meaning of so unexpected an address, the gentleman retired, half mad with anger and disappointment, and directly applied to the lieutenant of police. After having danced attendance for three days, he at last obtained from the grave magistrate a *permit*, in form, to take away from the bone-house the Egyptian prince or princess, who, after having *slept sound for two thousand years* within a pyramid, was on the eve of receiving a *Christian burial.*

Wooden Peers.

It being asked in company with my Lord Chesterfield, whether the piers of Westminster-bridge would be of stone or wood? "Oh," said my Lord, "of stone, to be sure, for we have too many wooden piers *(peers)* already at Westminster."

The Mendiant and Sailor.

A fellow, well known in the district, lame, having also but one arm, and dressed in the habit of a sailor, was the other day, with much vociferation, begging near Tower-Hill. A tar, who had just come out of a public-house, where he had probably paid his reckoning, and received change for a note, was, as he walked, counting his money with more attention than is usual to persons of his description. While he was thus usefully engaged, the beggar *set* him, and thrusting his hat before him, exclaimed, "Bless your noble heart, my worthy messmate, spare a few *coppers* for poor Jack! stumped in the

starboard arm; his knee-braces shot away; and turned out of the service without a smart ticket."

The sailor, still intent upon his calculation, which, indeed, seemed to require the utmost stretch of his arithmetical abilities, threw a shilling into his hat, and was walking away. The lame fellow, flushed with success, limped after him, bawling out, "Bless you, my noble master! have you no more *small change* for poor Jack? My *bread-room's* quite empty, indeed, master."

"Avast, brother, avast!" said the sailor, as the beggar was pressing upon him; don't veer out so much jaw-rope, but sheer off while you are well. If I had given you the ship and cargo, you'd still have begged for the *long-boat.*"

Delicate Hint.

Tom Dibdin, one morning at rehearsal, missed his pocket-handkerchief; he inquired if any one had seen it, and was answered in the negative. "Well," said the punster, "ladies and gentlemen, if any of you do see it, I trust you'll not touch it, for there's a T.D. in the corner of it."

Good Health.

A healthy old gentleman was once asked by the king, what physician and apothecary he made use of to look so well at his time of life. "Sire," replied the gentleman, "my physician has always been *a horse*, and my apothecary *an ass.*"

A Receit for Low Spirits.

Take one ounce of the seeds of Resolution, properly mixed with the Oil of Good Conscience, infuse into it a large spoonful of the Salts of Patience, distil very carefully a composing plant called Others'

Woes, which you will find in every part of the Garden of Life, growing under the broad leaves of Disguise, add a small quantity, and it will greatly assist the Salts of Patience in their operations; gather a handful of the blossoms of Hope, then sweeten them properly with the Balm of Prudence, and if you can get any of the Seeds of True Friendship, you will then have the most palatable medicine that can be administered. But you must be careful to get some of the Seeds of True Friendship, as there is a weed very much like it, called Self-interest, which will spoil the whole composition. Make the ingredients into pills, which call Pills of Comfort, take one night and morning, and in a short time a cure will be effected.

A Sporting Pun.

Two sporting gentlemen discoursing about a horse that had lost a race, one of them, by way of apology, observed, "That the cause of it was an accident, his running against a *waggon;*" to which the other, who affected not to understand him, archly replied, "Why, what else was he fit to *run against?*"

A young Wife well matched.

Samuel Baldwin, a gentleman of Hampshire, had by his will, in the year 1736, ordered that after his decease, his body should be thrown into the sea beyond the Needles, which was accordingly complied with. On making inquiry into his motives for this singular disposal of his remains, it was discovered that he made it for the purpose of disappointing a young wife, who had frequently assured him, by way of consolation, that she would *dance upon his grave.*

A striking Likeness.

The late *Sir Samuel Hood*, who died when commander-in-chief on the East India station, had a lieutenant on board, named *Roby*, supposed to be a natural son of his. One night, when *Roby* had the watch, a squall of wind split the main-top-sail. Old Hood ran out of his cabin in a passion, and exclaimed, "It is all your fault, *Roby*, you are the greatest lubber in the British Navy." "Now," said *Roby*, "I believe what all the ship's company say to be true." "And what do the ship's company say, sir?" thundered out the commodore. "Why, that I am the picture of you in every thing." Hood laughed at the sarcasm, and they were better friends than ever.

A Joint Concern.

At Worcester, there was an idiot, who was employed at the cathedral there in blowing the organ. A remarkably fine anthem being performed one day, the organ-blower, when all was over, said, "I think we have performed mighty well to-day." "*We* performed!" answered the organist; I think it was *I* performed, or I am much mistaken." Shortly after, another celebrated piece of music was to be played. In the middle of the anthem the organ stops all at once. The organist cries out in a passion, "Why don't you blow?" The fellow on that pops out his head from behind the organ, and says, "Shall it be *we* then?"

Bon-Mot.

A person was joked by his friends, because at an advanced age he had married a young woman. The old beau replied, "That he would rather have his heart pierced by a new and shining blade, than by a rusty nail."

The Heroic Wife.

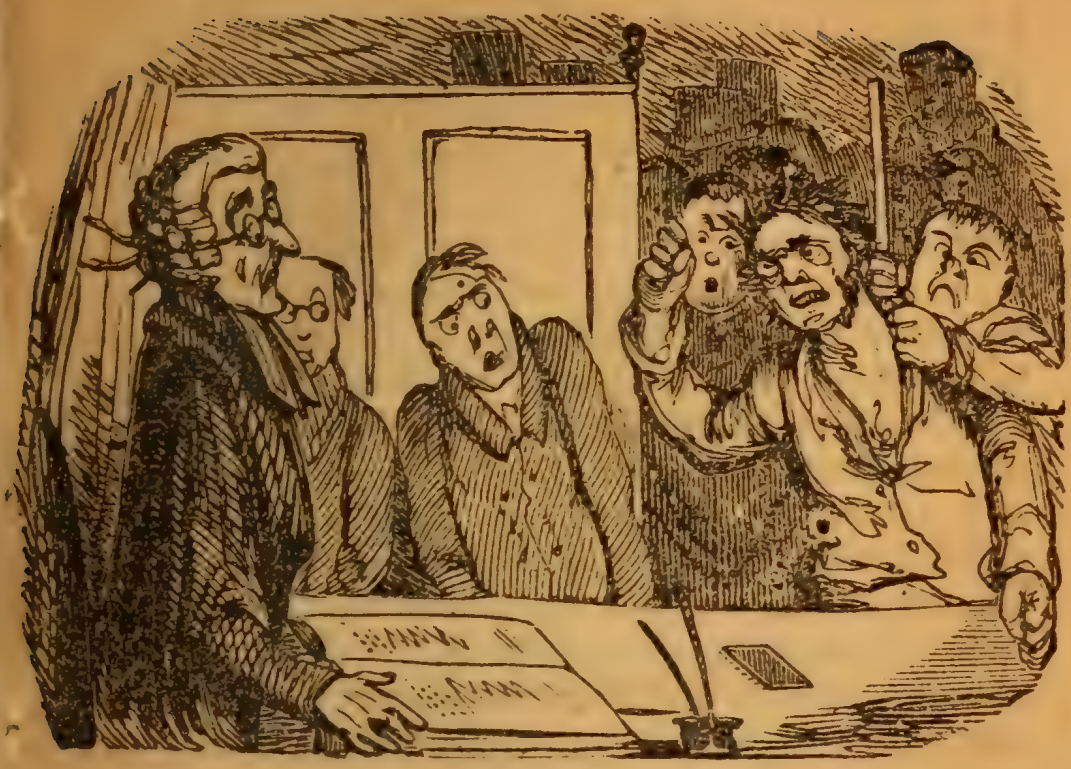
It was a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered, she had hid him. This confession drew her before the king, who told her, nothing but her discovering where her lord was concealed could save her from the torture. "And will that do?" says the lady. "Yes," says the king, "I give you my word for it." "Then," says she, "I have hid him in my heart—there you'll find him." Which surprising answer charmed her enemies.

The Waggoner and Lawyers.

Two country attorneys overtaking a waggoner on the road, and thinking to be witty upon him, asked, "Why his fore horse was so fat, and the rest so lean?" The waggoner, knowing them, answered, "*That his fore horse was a lawyer, and the rest were his clients.*"

Comparative Honesty.

Some soldiers once fell upon a watchman, in a small town, in a lonely street, and took away his money and coat. He immediately repaired to the captain of the regiment, to complain of his misfortune. The captain asked him whether he had on the waistcoat he then wore when he was robbed by the soldiers. "Yes, sir," replied the poor fellow. "Then, my friend," rejoined the captain, "I can assure you they do not belong to my company; otherwise they would have left you neither waistcoat nor coat.



The Sailor and the Justice.

A sailor, who had been fighting and making a riot, was taken, first into a watch-house, then before a justice, who, after severely reprimanding him, ordered him to find bail. "I have no bail," said Jack. "Then I'll commit you," said the justice. "You will!" said the sailor, "then the Lord send you the rope that stops the wind when the ship's at anchor." "What do you mean by that?" said the justice; "I insist on an explanation of that phrase." "Why," said Jack, "it's the hanging rope at the yard-arm.

The Swearer reclaimed.

Three merry companions being met together to spend an evening, after supper they had sat down to play at hazard. One of them had acquired a habit

of swearing to such a degree that he could hardly forbear it in common conversation, but if any way provoked would swear immoderately. It happened that luck was against him, and at every throw he lost he cursed and blasphemed in such a shocking manner, that his friends were frightened to hear him, and the more they reprehended him the more he swore. At length having lost all his money, he drew towards the fire, and soon fell fast asleep. The other two, who still continued their play, hearing him snore, contrived an innocent scheme to reclaim him, if possible, from swearing for the future. They put out the candles, and extinguished the fire, so that there was not a spark of light to be seen, and then pretended to dispute about a throw which they feigned to be doubtful. They made such a noise in their pretended quarrel, that their companion started from his sleep, and seeing no light, asked them how they could play without a candle. "Pshaw," said they, "you are not awake yet," and pretended to play on without regarding him. Just as he was dosing a second time, they feigned another dispute on the cast of a die, and awakened him to decide it. He opened his eyes, and still seeing no light, he said, "How would you have me judge when there is no light to see by?" "Pugh!" said they, "rub your eyes," which he did several times, and wished the devil might have him if he could see the least glimmering. They pretended great astonishment, and seriously asked him if he was not making fun. He replied, "Let me die if I am." "Give me the candle," says one to the other, which he held before his eyes unlighted, and asked him if he saw it. He protested he did not: they seemed wonderfully surprised, and told him his eyes to all appearance looked

bright and well. The fellow now began to be terrified, which his friends perceiving began to improve. "Ah!" says one of them, "it is to be feared that the horrid blasphemies you have this night uttered have brought down this judgment of blindness upon you." The fellow cried and roared bitterly, and prayed for forgiveness of his sins, which his companions earnestly recommended to him, and leading him to a bed in the room, took their leave. He sighed, groaned, and prayed the greater part of the night, and at last fell asleep. When in the morning he awoke, about peep of day, he thought his sight was returning by degrees, in consequence of his prayers and vows. This opinion his friends agreed with him in, so that he really thought a miracle had been wrought on him. In short, he left off swearing, and led a good and virtuous life.

Strange Auditor.

"An odd circumstance," says Wesley in his Journal, "occurred at Rotherham, during the morning of preaching. It was well only serious people were present. An ass walked gravely in at the gate, came up to the door of the house, lifted up his head, and stood stock still in a posture of deep attention. Might not the dumb beast reprove many, who have far less decency, and not much more understanding?"

Struggle for precedence at Botany Bay, settled by George Barrington.

When George Barrington, the celebrated pickpocket, was high constable of Botany Bay, at a grand ball given by Governor Hunter, a dispute arose between two ladies who wished to take precedence of each other. "Ladies," said Barrington, "patience, I will just consult the *Newgate Calendar*,

and that lady who was *first transported* shall take the *highest place* in the room." There was no occasion for George to consult his register; every lady who heard him pressed to the *lowest seats*, and the *upper part* of the room was left untenanted.

Nelson in his cups.

Nelson once punished an excellent seaman for being tipsy, and told him, "If ever you see me in such a state, I'll not only allow you to get tipsy, but find you in grog to do so." At Palermo, Nelson gave a grand dinner, and was going into his boat more than half seas over. The sailor steered about and reminded him of his punishment, and the promise made to him. Nelson ordered him a gallon of rum, and observed, he would not set up himself for a pattern to be observed in future, as he was as weak as his men, and his faults were less pardonable. "But," said he, turning to Lady Hamilton, "old English *bark* if not kept *moist* is sure to perish with the *dry-rot*."

The Garden of Eden.

A Scotchman maintained that the Garden of Eden was certainly placed in Scotland. "For," said he, "have we not, all within a mile of one another, '*Adam's Mount*,' the '*Elysium Fields*,' '*Paradise Place*,' and the city of '*Eden-burgh*.'"

Dr. Burgess and Link-boy.

A link-boy asked Dr. Burgess, the preacher, if he would have a light? "No, child," says the doctor, "I am one of the lights of the world." "I wish, then," replied the boy, "*you was hung up at the end of our alley*, for we live in a devilish *dark one*."

I takes 'em as they come.

A cantab, one day observing a *raggamuffin-looking* boy scratching his head at the door of Alderman Purchase, in Cambridge, where he was begging, and thinking to pass a joke upon him, said, "So, Jack, you are picking them out, are you?" "*Nah, sar,*" retorted the urchin, "I *takes* 'em as they come!"

A Counsellor and Courtezan.

When Lucy Cowper was once examined in the court of justice, one of the counsellors asked her if she came there in the character of a modest woman? "No, sir," replied she, "I do not; that which has been the ruin of me has been the making of you—I mean impudence."

The Bishop's Dinner.

A regiment of horse, in King William's time, being quartered in Canterbury, and the archbishop being then there, he invited all the officers of the regiment to dinner. One of the cornets being obliged to keep guard that day, and lamenting the misfortune that he could not have the honour to dine with the bishop, bethought himself of this stratagem. He knew that one of his brother cornets was gone out of town, and would not return till evening; he determined therefore to wait for him at his lodgings, and frighten him by a false message from the bishop. Accordingly, when his comrade arrived, he addressed him thus, "Tom, I believe I shall surprise you." "Why," says Tom, "what the devil is the matter?" "No great matter," says his comrade, "only the bishop has sent for all the officers to hear them their catechism." "The devil he

has," quoth Tom, "then I am ruined horse and foot, for, as I am a sinner, I can't say three lines." "Never be troubled about that," says his comrade, "I can say mine every word, and if you will mount guard for me to-morrow, I will go in your place." "With all my heart," says Tom, "and thank you to boot." So the next day they all, except Tom, dined with the bishop. His lordship, being a very polite man, told the colonel that he hoped all his officers were there, for he intended it as a general invitation. The colonel told him they were all there except one gentleman, who was obliged to mount guard. The bishop took no notice of it then, but the next day sent his servant to the absent gentleman, to desire his company by himself. Tom had no sooner received the message than he ran, frightened out of his senses, to his comrade to make his complaint. "Ah! my friend," says Tom, "it is all in vain, I must go at last, the bishop has sent for me." "Never mind it," said his comrade, "you will do very well; he did not ask us above one question or two." Tom being thus prepared, went to the bishop's, where he was introduced into a parlour. At length his lordship came in. "Sir," says the bishop, "I am sorry I could not have the pleasure of your company yesterday; may I crave your name?" "Thomas, my lord," replied the cornet. "What countryman?" says the bishop. "My godfathers and godmothers," replied the cornet. Says the bishop, "I do not mean to catechise you;" and thus the cheat was discovered.

Anecdote of Sterne.

Sterne, so celebrated as the author of Tristram Shandy, and the Sentimental Journey, was of Combridge University; no strict priest, but, as a cler-

gyman, not likely to hear with indifference his whole fraternity treated contemptuously. Being one day in a coffee-house, he observed a spruce powdered young fellow by the fire-side, who was speaking of the clergy, in a mass, as a body of disciplined impostors and systematic hypocrites. Sterne got up while the young man was haranguing, and approached towards the fire, patting and coaxing all the way a favourite little dog. Coming at length towards the gentleman, he took up the dog, still continued to pat him, and addressed the young fellow, "Sir, this would be the prettiest little animal in the world, had he not one disorder!" "What disorder is that?" replied the young fellow. "Why, sir," said Sterne, "one that always makes him bark when he sees a gentleman in black." "That is a singular disorder," replied the young fellow; "pray, how long has he had it?" "Sir," replied Sterne, looking at him with affected gentleness, "ever since he was a puppy!"

A Tailor's sagacity.

C. Bannister employed his tailor to make him a pair of small-clothes, and sent him an old pair as a pattern. When the new ones came home, Charles complained that there was *no fob*. "I didn't think you wanted one," said Snip, "since I found the *duplicate* of your watch in your old pockets."

Gallant Bon-Mot.

A fashionable countess, asking a young nobleman which he thought the prettiest flowers, *roses* or *tulips!* he replied, with great gallantry, "Your ladyship's *two lips* before all the *roses* in the world."

A Reply in a proper place.

Two persons of a satiric turn, met a neighbour, and said, "Friend, we have been disputing whether you are more fool or rogue." The man took each of the querists by the arm, and walking in the middle, after some hesitation, replied, "Why, faith, I believe I am between both."

Letting the Cat out of the Bag.

Baron, the French actor, was a great favourite of the ladies. A woman of high rank used to receive the visits of Baron very privately. One day Baron, uninvited, came into her drawing-room, full of company of the highest fashion and rank, "Baron," said the lady, haughtily and angrily, "what do you come for?" "For my night-cap, madam," replied the indignant Baron, in a bold voice.

The Ghost.

A foolish fellow went to the parish priest, and told him, with a very long face, that he had seen a ghost. "When and where?" said the pastor. "Last night," replied the timid man, "I was passing by the church, and up against the wall of it did I behold the spectre." "In what shape did it appear?" said the priest. "It appeared to be the shape of a great ass." "Go home and hold your tongue about it," rejoined the pastor, "you are a very timid man, and have been frightened by your own shadow."

Gallant Bon-Mot.

The Spaniards do not often pay hyperbolical compliments, but one of their admired writers, speaking of a lady's black eyes, says, "They were in mourning for the murders they had committed."

Confession.

Sauteuil having a confessional dress on to say vespers, a lady, who took him for a confessor, threw herself upon her knees and recounted all her sins. The poet muttered something to himself, and the penitent, thinking he was reproaching her for her wickedness, hastened the conclusion of her confession. She then asked him for absolution. "What, do you take me for a priest?" said Sauteuil. "Why then," said the lady, quite alarmed, "did you listen to me?" "And why," replied Sauteuil, "did you speak to me?" "I'll this instant complain of you to your prior," said the enraged female. "And I," said the poet, "am going to your husband, to give him a full account of your conduct."

House of Correction.

A justice of the peace, who was possessed with the itch of scribbling, and had written a book which he meant to publish, sent it to Ben Jonson for his opinion, who, finding it full of absurdities, returned it, with his compliments, and desired his worship would send it to the *house of correction.*

A Motto.

Davenport, a tailor, having set up his carriage, asked Foote for a motto. "There is one from Hamlet," said the wit, "that will match you to a button-hole, 'List, list! oh list!'"

Parliamentary Penitence.

A gentleman, some years ago, being obliged to ask pardon of the House of Commons upon his knees, when he rose up, brushed the knees of his breeches, saying, "I never was in so dirty a house in my life."

A Cure for a Cold.

Mr. Loutherborough, the famous scene painter, had a fancy that he could cure all diseases, and accordingly prescribed liberally for his friends and others willing to fall under his hands. A person of great faith applied to him for a cure of a very bad cold, and Loutherborough's advice was, "Doo you see, sare, can you like to drink *bran-tea?*"

"*Brandy,*" replied the patient, nothing loth to find so palatable a medicine hinted, as he imagined, "Certainly, I have no objection to it whatever." "Vy, then," said Loutherborough, "*bran-tea* is the very ting for you. Take tree, four—ees, four—cups of it as hot as you can soop; good big tea-cups, just after breakfast."

"What, sir," asked the patient, rather amazed, "without water?" "Vidout vater," said Loutherborough, "vat do you mean? No more vater than is in the *bran-tea* itself ven made. Take it as you get it. Take four large, ver large, cups between breakfast and dinner, and ven you find a change for better or vorse come to me." The faith of the patient was great and so was his swallow; for five days he stuck to what he thought was the prescription of the painter; was of course drunk all day, and at the conclusion of his exertions, in this way he came to Loutherborough, full of gratitude for his advice. "I am quite cured, Mr. Loutherborough," said he, "I never imagined that *brandy* was so complete a cure, I feel quite obliged." "O, yes," said Loutherborough, "I was sure it would cure you, you felt quite cool all the time you was taking it." "Cool," said the patient, "no, not exactly cool, I was rather hot. Zounds! no man can drink a quart of spirits in the forenoon and keep cool."

"Spirits!" said Loutherborough, rather astonished, "vy, there is no spirits in tea made of bran."

"*Tea* made of *bran!*" said his amazed friend, "it was hot *brandy* I drank." An explanation of course followed: the gentleman, however, was cured.

Bon-Mot of Whiston the Philosopher.

George the Second, who was fond of this learned man, one day, during Whiston's persecution, said to him, that however right he might be in his opinions, he had better suppress them. "Had Martin Luther done so," replied the philosopher, "your majesty would not have been on the throne of England."

Deuce and Tray.

Charlotte Smith was walking along Piccadilly a few days ago, when the tray of a butcher's boy came in sudden contact with her shoulder, and dirtied her dress. "The deuce take the tray," exclaimed she, in a pet. "*Ah! but the deuce can't take the tray,*" replied young rump-steak, with the greatest gravity.

The Munificent Saint.

A devout lady offered up a prayer to St. Ignatius for the conversion of her husband: a few days after the man died. "What a good saint is our Ignatius!" exclaimed the consolable widow, "he bestows on us more benefits than we ask for."

Dinner-time.

A person asked a Grecian philosopher what he thought was the proper time to dine? "Sir," says the ancient, "the proper time of dinner with the opulent, is when they choose; with the poor man, when he can."

Theatrical Anecdote.

In 1720, Charles Molloy, Esq., wrote a farce, called *The Half-pay Officers.* It was brought out at Drury-lane Theatre, and to Mrs. Fryer, who had quitted the stage in the reign of King Charles the Second, was assigned the part of an old grandmother. In the play-bills was mentioned, the character of *Lady Richlove* to be performed by Peg Fryer, who has not appeared upon any stage these fifty years, which, as might be expected, drew a very crouded house. This character in the farce was supposed to be a very old woman, and Peg exerted her utmost abilities; and the farce being ended, she came again upon the stage to dance a jig at the age of eighty-five; she came tottering in, and at first seemed much fatigued, but all of a sudden the music striking up "The Irish Trot," she danced and footed it almost as nimbly as any wench of five-and-twenty, which performance was received with an universal roar of applause. Mrs. Fryer afterwards kept a public-house in Tottenham-court, and lived in full health till November 1747, when she died at the age of 112 years.

Whimsical Dialogue between an Irish Innkeeper and an Englishman.

Englishman. Holloa, house!

Innkeeper. I don't know any one of that name.

Eng. Are you the master of the Inn?

Inn. Yes, sir, please your honour, when my wife's from home.

Eng. Have you a bill of fare?

Inn. Yes, sir, the fairs of Mollingar and Ballinaslee are next week.

Eng. I see—how are your beds?

Inn. Very well, I thank you, sir.

Eng. Have you any mountain?

Inn. Yes, sir, this country is full of mountains.

Eng. I mean a kind of wine.

Inn. Yes, sir, all kinds; from Irish white wine *(butter-milk)* to Burgundy.

Eng. Have you any porter?

Inn. Yes, sir, Pat is an excellent porter; he'll go any where.

Eng. No, I mean porter to drink.

Inn. Oh, sir, he'll drink the ocean—never fear him for that.

Eng. Have you any fish?

Inn. They call me an odd fish.

Eng. I think so! I hope you are not a shark!

Inn. No, sir, indeed I'm not a lawyer.

Eng. have you any soals?

Inn. For your boots or shoes, sir?

Eng. Pshaw! have you any plaice?

Inn. No, sir, but I was promised one if I would vote for Mr. B.

Eng. Have you any wild fowl?

Inn. They are tame enough now, for they have been killed this three days.

Eng. I must see myself.

Inn. And welcome, sir.

The Coachman's Hobby, or a Journey from the King's Bench to Westminster Hall.

Some years since, when the celebrated Dibdin was spending a few months in a certain strong house in St. George's-field, he had (by a day rule) to attend some law business at Westminster Hall. A coach was called to the lobby door for his accommodation; and as it happened that a man was going to be hanged at the Old Bailey, the coach-

man took it for granted that Dibdin was going to the execution ; so, without saying a word, mounted the box, and was driving off. Dibdin pulled the string, "Where are you going to, sir?" "Why," replied he, "to see the man hanged, to be sure." "The man hanged? you rascal, drive me to Westminster Hall." "Lord, sir, you'd better go and see the man turned off first ; I wouldn't have taken you up had I have thought otherwise." "Drive to Westminster, you scoundrel." The coachman drove off full tilt, and Dibdin was perusing his papers, when, on a sudden, he found the coach scarcely moved ; he looked out, and saw himself in the midst of a thousand carts, coaches, horsemen, &c., without a possibility of his turning about in the ranks ; and thus he stately moved on (against his inclination) to see the man hanged ; after which the coachman drove off to Westminster Hall. Dibdin alighted. "Well, you scoundrel, I'll punish you for this job ; what's your fare, sir?" "Nothing, your honour, only a shilling for the sight, if you please, that's all." "I'll make *you* pay for the *sight* before I've done with you." "Wery vell, sir, I can't help it—dash my buttons. I never misses a hanging-day—cause vy—I thinks as how it's a duty von owes a fellow-creature that's going to be twisted. Let me ax you, sir, how vou'd you like it if you vas going to be hanged and nobody vas to come to see you, eh?"

Giving Warning.

A gentleman who did not live very happy with his wife, on the maid telling him that she was going to give her mistress warning, as she kept scolding her from morning till night—"Happy girl!" said the master, "I wish I could give warning too."

Passing Sentence.

A fellow in Dublin had once committed some trifling offence, for which the judge pronounced the following sentence:—

Judge. "The sentence of the court is, that you shall be flogged from the Bank to the Quay."

Prisoner (hastily interrupting the Judge). "Thank you, my lord, you have done your worst."

Judge. "No; *and back again.*"

A good Face on a bad Business.

Dodd, the actor, who was a small man, and of a passive temper, had offended a brother comedian, who was a tall, powerful man of six feet, and who had, in consequence, declared that he would beat Dodd whenever he met him. Some time after ill fortune threw them together at the corner of Charles-street, where, as good as his promise, the big man gave Dodd such a confounded smack on the face as almost levelled him with the ground. Dodd recovering, said, "Damme, sir, what's that for—do you mean that in jest or earnest?" "In earnest," replied the other, placing himself in a boxing attitude. "Oh, very well," said Dodd, "if it's in earnest; but I should not have liked such a jest at all," and walked off.

A Bon-Mot of Quin.

In a summer, when the month of July was extremely wet and cold, some person asked Quin whether he ever remembered such a summer? "Yes," replied the wag, very seriously, "last winter."

Gouty Shoes.

A fellow stole Lord Chatham's large gouty shoes; his servant not finding them began to curse the thief. "Never mind," said his lordship, "all the harm I wish the rogue is, that the shoes may *fit him!*

Respect to Strangers.

Dr. Leonard Howard, formerly the vicar of Saint George's, Southwark, was a very facetious man, but rather improvident. Being one day collecting a brief with the parish officers, he called, amongst the rest of the inhabitants, on a grocer with whom he had a running account, and to prevent being first asked for a settlement, he inquired if he was not somewhat in his debt. On referring to the book, there appeared to be seventeen shillings due to the grocer. The doctor, putting his hand into his pocket, took out some silver and a guinea; on which Mr. Fig, eyeing the latter with some degree of surprise, exclaimed, "Why doctor, you seem to have got a *stranger* there." Indeed, I have, Mr. Fig," replied the wit; and returning it again very deliberately into his pocket, "I think, before we part, it may be as well that we should be better acquainted."

Hobson's Choice.

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the facetious Beau Nash, the then master of the ceremonies for Bath, introducing a most lovely woman into the ball-room, "this is Mrs. Hobson. I have often heard of Hobson's choice, but never had the pleasure to view it till now, and you must coincide with me that it reflects credit on his taste."

The Wake; or, Teddy O'Rafferty's Last Appearance.

'Twas at Teddy O'Rafferty's *wake*,
Just to comfort *ould* Judy, his wife,
The lads of the *hod* had a *frake*,
And kept the *thing* up to the life.
There was Father O'Donahoo, Mr. Delany,
Pat Murphy, the docter, that rebel O'Shaney,
Young Terence, *nate* little *knight o' the hod*,
And that *great dust* O'Sullivan just out of *quod*;
Then Florence, the piper, no music is riper,
To all the sweet *creatures*, with emerald *fatures*,
Who came to *drink health* to the dead.
Not Bryan Baroo had a louder *shaloo*
When he gave up his breath to that *tithe* hunter, death,
Than the *howl* over Teddy's *cowld* head:

'Twas enough to have rais'd up a saint,
All the *darlings* with whisky so faint,
And the lads full of fight, had a glorious night,
When *ould* Teddy was *wak'd* in his shed.

Magistrate and the Ass.

Henry IV. of France passing through a small town, perceived the congregation assembled to congratulate him on his arrival. Just as the principal magistrate had commenced a tedious oration, an ass began to bray; on which the king, turning towards the place where the noisy animal was, said gravely, "Gentlemen, one at a time, if you please."

Capacity; or, the Misconception.

A common-councilman's lady paying her daughter a visit at school, and inquiring what progress she had made in her education, the governess answered, "Pretty good, madam, Miss is very attentive; if she wants any thing it is a *capacity:* but for that deficiency you know we must not blame *her.*" "No, madam," replied the mother, "but I blame *you* for not having mentioned it before. Her father, thank God, can afford his daughter a *capacity;* and I beg she may have one immediately, cost what it may."

A curious Calculation.

The difference of rising every morning at six and at eight, in the course of forty years amounts to 29,000 hours, or three years, one hundred and twenty-six days, six hours; so that it is just the same as if ten years of life were to be added, of which we might command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds, or the dispatch of business.

Scotch Economy.

A highlander, who sold brooms, went into a barber's shop in Glasgow to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and after having shaved him, asked the price of it. "Tippence," said the highlander. "No, no," says the shaver, "I'll give you a penny, and if that does not satisfy you take your broom again." The highlander took it, and asked what he had to pay. "A penny," says Strap. "I'll gie ye a baubee," says Duncan, "and if that dinna satisfy ye, pit on my beard again."

Grave Subjects.

A lady asking a gentleman how it was most medical men dressed in black, he replied, "The meaning is very obvious, as they are chiefly occupied in preparing *grave* subjects."

English Love-Letters.

The French ridicule, and not without reason, the absurdity and want of gallantry apparent in English love epistles. We quote two instances; one of rather ancient bearing, the other of modern date. A royal duke long since in addressing a countess, whose regard for him cost her nothing less than honour, run on in a style of rhapsody as to her beauty, &c., but ended with the following curious postscript, "Mutton fell a penny a pound yesterday." And Colonel Berkeley, reminding Miss Foot of the various instances he had given her of his love, says, "Have I not kept my horses waiting for hours in the cold, while I was attending you at the theatre?"

Twelve Golden Rules for Women Cooks.

To be hung up over every kitchen chimney in the kingdom.

FIRST.—*Never get drunk* until the last dish be served up.

SECOND.—*Never be saucy*, unless you happen to be in your airs, and can't help it; but then take care to have the last word.

THIRD.—*Never be sulky*, unless you have a great dinner to dress; your mistress then will be sure to coax you.

FOURTH.—*Never spoil a joint*, unless you have been unjustly found fault with (which must be the fact if you have been accused at all), in which case, if complaint be made of its having been underdone, you may next time roast it to a cinder: and if that should not give satisfaction, you may the following day send it up raw.

FIFTH.—*Never get dinner ready at the time it is ordered*, unless you know that the family are not ready for it; in which case send it up to a moment; if it be cold and spoiled that you know will not be your fault.

SIXTH.—*Never admit that you are in the wrong*, unless the devil will have it that you can't help it. If you should transgress your orders, stand stoutly to it that they were such as you have followed; and if you hav'n't brass enough for that, say you *thought* they were.

SEVENTH.—*Never take snuff*, unless when you are mixing a stew, or stirring the soup, nor ever examine the latter without holding a lighted tallow candle obliquely over the pot; if it should not enable you to see quite to the bottom, what drops from it will at least enrich the contents; and, when you

taste it, be sure to throw back what remains in your spoon.

EIGHTH.—*Never wash your hands* until after you have made the pie ; you must do it then, and to do it sooner is only wasting time and soap.

NINTH.—*Never give warning to quit your place* until you are quite sure it will put the family to the greatest inconvenience, and then be off to a moment ; say "your father's dead, or your mother's dying, and you can't stay if it was ever so." If warning be given to you, from that moment you may spoil every thing that comes under your hands.

TENTH.—*Never tell tales of the family you are with*, unless they should be to their disadvantage ; nor ever speak well of your last mistress, unless it be to contrast her with the present.

ELEVENTH.—*Never cheat*, unless you can do it without being discovered ; but if you don't yourself cheat, never prevent others ; "your master can afford it ;" "service is no inheritance," and "poor servants and tradesfolks must live."

TWELFTH.—*Never tell a lie* when you can get as much by telling the truth ; nor ever tell the truth when you can get more by telling a lie.

THIRTEENTH.—*Never support a sweetheart out of the house*, unless you cannot get one in.

P.S—Lest any fastidious critic, unlearned in the mysteries of the kitchen, should betray his ignorance by commenting on the number of our *rules*, let it be understood that, as at Newmarket, *pounds* once meant *guineas*, so *cooks* ever count by the *baker's* dozen.

A clever Thief.

A leader of a noted band of thieves who infested some of the villages and public fairs in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, had a custom of waiting in some garret, or private place, contiguous to the bustle, and when his light-fingered troops (dispensing with the usual tedious formalities of bargain and barter) had made a transfer of property in their favour, they repaired to the resort of their captain, and deposited their booty.

On a fair-day at Kirkintolloch, the troops being rather unsuccessful, the captain wearying, sallied out himself, and observing a customer weaver with a wallet on his back, containing a web, a small part of the end of which was hanging out of the wallet, the captain placed himself close up to the back of the weaver, and, with a needle and thread, quietly and firmly sewed the end of the web to the tail of his own coat, then made his way through the crowd, pulling the web after him. The weaver feeling that he was relieved of his burden, hastily turning round, and observing the latter end of his web passing from his view with considerable celerity, followed, and found the captain with the web under his arm, and accused him of stealing it. The arch rogue coolly replied, "Have you really lost your web? Hut man, had you only been as cautious as I was, you would not have lost your web. See," continued he, turning up the tail of his coat, "I sewed mine firmly to my coat tail." The weaver seemed satisfied, and the rogue carried off the booty.

The satisfactory Reply.

A gentleman perceiving the common-crier of Bristol unemployed, inquired the reason, "I can't *cry* to-day, sir, as my wife is just dead."

Curious Epitaph.

Here *cool* the *ashes* of
MULCIBER GRIM,
late of this parish,
blacksmith.
He was born in *Seacoal*-lane,
and bred at *Hammersmith ;*
From his youth upwards, he was much addicted to *vices,*
and was often guilty of *forgery ;*
having some talents for *irony,*
he thereby produced many *heats* in his neighbourhood,
which he usually increased by *blowing up the coals.*
This rendered him so unpopular, that
when he found it necessary to adopt *cooling* measures,
his conduct was generally accompanied with a *hiss.*
Though he sometimes proved a *warm* friend,
yet, where his interest was concerned,
he made it a constant rule to *strike while the iron was hot,*
regardless of the injury he might do thereby ;
and when he had any matter of moment upon the *anvil,*
he seldom failed to *turn it to his own advantage.*
Among numberless instances that might be given of the cruelty of his disposition,
it need only be mentioned that he was the means *of hanging* many of the innocent family of the *Bells,*
under the pretence of keeping them from *jangling ;*
and put great numbers of the *Hearts of Steel* into the *hottest flames.*

merely (as he declared) to *soften* the obduracy
of their *tempers.*
At length, after passing a long life in the commission of these *black actions,*
his *fire* being exhausted, and his *bellows* worn out,
he *filed* off to that place where only
the *fervid ordeal* of his own *forge* can be exceeded,
declaring with the last *puff,*
that "man is born to trouble as the *sparks*
fly upwards !"

Harness for a Mare.

A "gentleman," residing in a borough-town some distance from the metropolis, was a short time since elected Mayor, and wishing to out-shine in splendour the whole of his predecessors, wrote to a friend in London, stating the honour conferred upon him in being made a *mare* of, and requesting him to send such equipment as he considered suitably becoming his new station. The order was consequently executed, and when the glorifying, incipient magistrate opened the box, what was his astonishment to find a complete suit of—harness !

Matrimonial Punishment.

A terrible species of punishment was suggested in the case of a man who had *four wives !* namely, to confine him *with them all,* a worthy gentleman thought the punishment too severe, and recommended *hanging, or transportation for life.*

Irish News.

The *Dublin Evening Post* lately gave a long account of an attack upon a farm-house by a gang of villains, which, it concludes by stating, is entirely unfounded !

The Yorkshireman.

A gentleman being at an inn, and seeing the ostler expert about the horses, asked him what countryman he was. "I'se Yorkshire," said the fellow. "And how long have you lived here?" "Sixteen years." "I wonder that in all that time so clever a fellow as you had not made enough to set up an inn yourself!" "Ay, sir, but master's Yorkshire too."

Chinese Jest.

A woman, surprised by her husband, had just time to hide her gallant in a sack, and set him up against the wall. The man coming in asks, "What is there in this sack?" The woman was confused and hesitated a moment for an answer. The gallant, afraid she would blunder, calls out from the inside of the sack, "*Nothing but rice.*"

The Tailor's Clock.

A gentleman, popping his head through a tailor's working shop-window, exclaimed, "What o'clock is it?" Upon which the tailor lifted his lap-board, and struck him a blow on the head, answering, "It has just now *struck* one.

A Simile.

Sir Thomas Overbury says, that the man who has not any thing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potatoe—the only good belonging to him is under ground.

The Decisive Test.

When death puts out our *flame*, the snuff will tell
Whether we were wax or tallow by the smell.

The Comforts of an Inn.

A gentleman, whose veracity may be depended on, slept, or rather should have slept, at the York Hotel, in the city of York, one morning in the month of May, 1822. Having been engaged with a party of friends, he did not retire till midnight; an hour which, in that place, is not considered untimely. Having taken his place by the Highflier Sheffield coach, which left York at half-past eight the next morning, he gave express orders to be called at half-past seven. Having no dread of evil spirits, he straightway composed himself; but his rest was of short duration, for, at one o'clock he was roused by a knocking at the door. "Who's there?" says the sleepy traveller. "Pray, sir, don't you go by the mail?" "No, I go by the Highflier." "Beg your pardon, sir, it's another gentleman." This unwelcome visitor robbed him of his next half-hour's repose; but after many twistings and twinings he slumbered again. Scarcely had Morpheus taken him into his service ere a second voice saluted his ear. "Two o'clock, sir, the Express will be off in half an hour." "What have I to do with the Express? I wish you would express yourself elsewhere." "Laws, sir, why I was towd as how you went by the Express." "I told your master I was to go by the Highflier, and I hope I shall hear no more of you till half-past seven." "I ax your pardon, sir." Again he tumbled and tossed, and again he became subject to the son of Erebus; but like poor Monsieur Tonson, he was doomed to be haunted. At half-past three, he heard a loud thundering at the door, "Sir, I've brong your boots, you mun be up in a moment, the coach is at the door." Out bounced the astonished guest, and

quickly rejoined, "Why did you not speak before? I have had trouble enough with one or the other of you. Why did your master say that the coach went at half-past eight?" "Bless me, sir, is it you as goes by the Highflier? they towd me as how you went by the Nelson. Beg your pardon, sir, I'm sure." In any place but York this would have been the last customer, but the fates conspired. At five he hears another knocking, and his patience being exhausted, he exclaims, "What the devil do you want?" A faltering female replies, "Don't you go by the Highflier, sir?" "To be sure I do." "Well, sir, I'll be sure to call you at half past seven." Half-past seven arrived, and the gentleman made his appearance amidst a numerous assemblage of menials, all laden with petitions and apologies. "Please to remember the porter, sir." "Please to remember the waiter, sir." "Remember boots, sir." "Remember me, sir, if you please; I'm the chamber-maid, I called you, sir." Omnes, "I beg pardon, sir, for disturbing you." "Yes, I'll pardon and remember you too when I am many miles hence." "But don't you mean to gee us nothing, sir?" "Yes, I *do* mean to give you nothing; and I'll remember you all as long as I live, you may rely upon it."

Why is a Woman of Fashion like the Moon?

Because Madam Luna rises when her husband (the Sun) goes to bed; and goes to bed when her husband rises. She never looks so beautiful as when she shines in full opposition to him. She also makes *horns* appear sometimes in the *vapours*, sometimes *cloudy*, sometimes *serene*, but, above all, she is ever *changing*.

The Harlequin and the Bailiff.

Philips, the noted harlequin, was taken up in London for suspicion of debt, and dealt with the honest bailiff in the following manner. He first called for liquor in abundance, and treated all about him, to the no small joy of the officer, who rejoiced in having a calf that would bleed so well (as they term it). Harlequin made the honest bailiff believe that he had six dozen of wine ready packed up, which he would send for to drink while in custody, and likewise allow sixpence a bottle for drinking it in his own chamber. Shoulder-dab listened to the proposal with pleasure. The bailiff went to the place, as directed, and returned with joy to hear that it should be sent in the morning early. Accordingly, it came by a porter, sweating under his load; the turnkey called to his master, and told him the porter and hamper were come in: "Very well," says he, "then let nothing but the porter and hamper out." The porter performed his part very well, he came heavily in with an empty hamper, and seemed to go lightly out with philips on his back. He was dishampered at an ale-house near the water side, crossed the Thames, and soon after embarked for Ireland. He was very fond of this trick, and would take pride in his subject, which was contrived long before he was taken, to be ready on such an emergency.

Condolence.

A wag called on his friend at his country-house, and perceiving him running very fast through his grounds to meet him, told the gentleman he was very sorry to see him go on so ill. "Why so?" replied the other. "I see," rejoined the wag, "you are running through your estate very fast."

Dr. Johnson and the Butcher.

An eminent carcase butcher, as meagre in his person as he was in his understanding, being one day in a bookseller's shop, took up a volume of Churchill's poems, and by way of showing his taste, repeated the following line :

"Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free."

Then turning to Dr. Johnson, "What think you of that, sir ?" said he. "Rank nonsense," replied the other, "it is an assertion without a proof, and you might, with as much propriety, say,

"Who slays fat oxen should himself be fat."

True Politeness.—An Historical Incident.

The following incident may serve both as a proof and illustration of the wit, politeness, and generosity, of the Normans in the middle ages. When Robert, Duke of Normandy, father of William the Conqueror, was at Constantinople, on his way to the Holy Land, he lived in uncommon splendour, and was celebrated for his wit, affability, liberality, and other virtues. Of these, many examples were related to the Greek emperor, who resolved to put the reality of them to a trial. With this view he invited the duke and all his nobles to a feast, in the hall of the imperial palace ; but he took care to have all the tables and seats filled with guests before the arrival of the Normans, of whom he commanded that no notice should be taken. When the duke, followed by his nobles, entered the hall, observing that all the seats were filled with guests, and that none of them returned his civilities, or offered him any accommodation, he walked, without the least

appearance of surprise, to an empty space at one end of the room, took off his cloak, folded it very carefully, laid it upon the floor, and sat down upon it ; in all which he was imitated by his followers. In this posture they dined off such dishes as were set before them, with every appearance of the most perfect satisfaction with their entertainment. When the feast was ended, the duke and his nobles arose, took leave of the company, and walked out of the hall in their doublets, leaving their cloaks, which were of great value, hehind them on the floor. The emperor, who had admired their whole behaviour, was quite surprised at this last part of it, and sent one of his courtiers to intreat the duke and his followers to put on their cloaks. "Go," said the duke, "and tell your master, that it is not the custom of the Normans to carry about with them the seats which they use at an entertainment." Could any thing be more delicate than this refusal ; or more noble and polite than this deportment ?

Sancho and the Planter.

"Sancho," said a dying planter to his slave, "for your faithful services, I mean now to do you an honour, and I leave it in my will that you shall be buried in our family ground !" "Ah, massa !" replied Sancho, "Sancho no good to be buried ; Sancho rather have de money or de freedom ; besides, if de devil come in de dark to look for massa, he mistake and take *de poor Negar man !*"

Modern Mirrors.

An old coquette, looking into her glass, and seeing her wrinkles, cried, "This new glass is not worth a farthing. They cannot make mirrors so well as they used to do."

Honesty's Lodgings.

A mendicant soliciting alms of Dr. Smollett, he gave him, through inadvertence, a guinea instead of a shilling. The poor fellow, who was lame, hobbled after him, and pointed out the mistake. "My God!" said Smollett to a friend who was with him, "what a wretched lodging has *honesty* taken up with," returning the guinea along with another to the overjoyed grateful beggar.

A Sailor's credulity imposed upon.

A sailor's wife, at the end of three months after her marriage, was brought a-bed; all which three months Jack had been at sea, and returned just as his wife had brought him a son. Jack, astonished, declared it could not be his, having been married but so short a time. His wife accused him of the greatest cruelty, in attempting to deny his own child, and asperse her character as a virtuous wife. "Why, damme," says Jack, "it's impossible to be mine in three months." "You know," cried she, "it's nine months since we were married." "Make it out," says Jack. "Why, we have been married three months." "Well?" "And you've been three months at sea, and I've been three months with child." "Damme, but your right, give us a buss at the boy: you've kept your reckoning like a seaman's wife."

A Frenchman, having a violent pain in his breast and stomach, went to a physician for relief. The doctor inquiring where his trouble lay, the Frenchman, with a dolorous accent, laying his hand on his breast, said, "Vy, sare, I have one very bad pain in my *portmanteau*," (meaning his chest.)

The Benevolent Judge.

The celebrated Charles Anthony Domat, author of a voluminous treatise on the civil laws, was promoted to the office of a judge of the provincial court of Clermont, in the territory of Auvergne, in the south of France. In this court he presided with the public applause for twenty-four years. One day, a poor widow brought an action against the Baron de Nairac, her landlord, for turning her out of a mill, which was her sole dependence. Mr. Domat heard the cause, and finding by the clearest evidence, that she had ignorantly broken a covenant in the lease, which gave a power of re-entry, he recommended mercy to the baron for a poor honest tenant, who had not wilfully transgressed, or done him any material injury. Nairac, however, being inexorable, the judge was obliged to pronounce a degree of ejectment, with the damages mentioned in the lease, and costs of suit : but he could not pronounce this just, but cruel, decree, without tears. When an order of seizure, both of person and effects, was added, the poor widow exclaimed, "O just and righteous God ! be thou a father to the widow and her helpless orphans !" and immediately fainted away. The compassionate judge assisted in raising the unfortunate woman ; and, after inquiring into her character, number of children, and other circumstances, generously presented her with 100 louis d'ors, the amount of the damages and costs, which he prevailed upon the baron to accept as a full compensation, and to let the widow again enter upon her mill. "O, my lord," said the poor woman, "when will you demand payment, that I may lay up for that purpose ?" "When my conscience," replied Mr. Domat, "shall tell me I have done an improper act."

The Cares of Man.

If every man's internal care
  Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share,
  Who raise our envy now.

The fatal secret, when reveal'd,
  Of every aching breast,
Would prove that, only while conceal'd,
  Their lot appeared the best.

Safe Travelling.

It was related of a very curious author, that he was often seen walking in the streets with his manuscripts sticking out of his pocket. "Yes," replied a person in company, "that author is too well known; nobody will steal any thing from him."

Ruin's at the bottom.—A Dialogue.

B. How are you my lad? Sit down and tell me how things go on at home.

Y. Bad enough, sir; the poor magpie's dead.

B. Poor mag! so she's gone the way of all flesh. What occasioned her death?

Y. Over-ate herself, sir.

B. A gluttonous devil, upon my soul. What did she get that she liked so well?

Y. Horse-flesh, sir; she died eating horse-flesh.

B. How did she get at it?

Y. Your father's horses, sir.

B. What, has he lost any?

Y. Yes, sir; five died last week by over-work.

B. And why were they so much worked?

Y. Conveying water, sir, to quench the fire.

B. Fire! what fire?

Y. The fire at your father's house, which is now a heap of ruins.

B. My God! my father's house burnt to the ground. How came it on fire?

Y. It is generally supposed by the torches.

B. Torches! what torches?

Y. Why, sir, the torches used at your mother's funeral.

B. What! my mother dead?

Y. Yes, madam is dead and gone.

B. You've, of course, brought a letter from my father?

Y. Why, sir, he took to his bed and died, about two hours after the bad news.

B. Oh, heaven! what news do you allude to?

Y. The run about his bank, sir, which has stopped payment. You are now not worth a shilling, and I have made bold to take the stage waggon to let you know about it.

John Taylor.

This author had the merit of interrupting the servile etiquette of kneeling to the king. "I, myself," says the Water poet, "gave a book to king James once, in the great chamber at Whitehall, as his majesty came from the chapel. The duke of Richmond said merrily to me, 'Taylor, where did you learn the manners to give the king a book and not kneel?' My lord, said I, if it please your grace, I do *give* now; but when I *beg* any thing, then I will kneel."

Fret-Work.

A gentleman who had long danced attendance after the ministry, in hopes of preferment, being one day, as usual, at the Duke of Newcastle's levee, and happened to cast his eyes up to the ceiling, observed to his fellow-solicitors how properly that room was decorated. The gentlemen present said they could see no great ornament about it. "*I* did not say there was," said he, "but I *admire* the propriety *of what there is; for both top and bottom is full of* Fret-work."

The Power of Orthography and Punctuation.

The husband of a pious woman having occasion to make a voyage, his wife sent a written request to the parson of the parish, which, instead of spelling and pointing properly, she spelt and pointed as follows:

"*A person having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation.*"

The parson, who had not examined the contents of the paper, gave it out accordingly.

Anecdote of Garrick.

David Garrick sat many times to Sir Joshua Reynolds for different portraits. At one of these sittings he gave a very lively account of his having sat once for his portrait to an indifferent painter, whom he wantonly teazed; for when the artist had worked on the face till he had drawn it very correctly as he saw it at the time, Garrick caught an opportunity, while the painter was not looking at him, totally to change his countenance and expression; when the poor painter patiently worked on to alter the picture, and make it like what he then saw: and when Garrick perceived that it was thus altered, he seized another opportunity, and changed his countenance to a third character: which, when the poor tantalized artist perceived, he, in a great rage, threw down his palette and pencils, saying, he believed he was painting from the devil, and would do no more to the picture.

Saving Plans.

Mr. Watson, uncle to the late Marquis of Rockingham, a man of immense fortune, finding himself at the point of death, desired a friend who was present to reach him a drawer, in which was an old shirt, that he might put it on. Being asked why he would wish to change his linen when he was so ill, he replied, "Because I am told that the shirt I die in must be the nurse's perquisite, and that is good enough for her!" This was as bad as the old woman, who, with her last breath, blew out an inch of candle, "Because," said she, "I can *see* to die in the *dark!*"

The Speaking Fish.

Lately, a lady, bargaining for a haddock with a fisherman, inquired when the fish had been caught? "This morning, madam," said the owner of the haddock. "You lie," replied a voice, which seemed to issue from the gills of one of the fish, "it is three days ago since I was caught, and two days since you stole me from *Dick Potter;* and I am now stinking." This speech, which had been uttered by a celebrated ventriloquist, who at that instant was passing by, so amazed the lady, that she retired in terror, and closed the hall-door as she withdrew into her house, lest the Speaking Fish might enter with her.

Out of Spirits.

A brandy merchant, who had just received intelligence of the failure of a house which stood indebted to him upwards of five hundred pounds for *rum* and *brandy*, coming into company, appeared somewhat dejected, whereupon, one of the gentlemen present asked him if he was not well? "O, yes," replied another, "he's very well, only he has *lost his spirits.*"

A Dead Pun.

In company, a curious circumstance of a corpse in armour, with *spurs* on, being dug out of an old vault, was mentioned, and the persons present were conjecturing about the mode of the death of the deceased. "I suppose," said a wag, "the gentleman died of a *galloping* consumption.

A Sweet Pun.

A lady, at a late entertainment, asked her guest whether he could eat a *custard.* "Yes," said he, "it is *curst hard* if I cannot."

Sir Isaac Newton and the Shepherd.

There is a story related of Sir Isaac Newton, the celebrated astronomer, that, being one day in the country, he saw a shepherd tending his flock, and inquired of him how far it was to the next town. The shepherd replied, "About a mile," and added, "but unless you make haste, you will be wetted through before you get there." Sir Isaac proceeded; and as the day was uncommonly fine, disregarded the shepherd's caution, till drops of rain began to fall. He then quickened his pace; but before he could reach the inn, he was thoroughly wetted. Struck with the circumstance, when the rain abated, he returned to ask the shepherd how he came to know that there would be rain, when no signs thereof were apparent. The shepherd declined explanation. Sir Isaac offered him a guinea, and afterwards five; but still the shepherd refused to reveal the secret. At length Sir Isaac offered him *twenty* guineas; he then consented, on condition that he should have the money in hand before he spoke. Sir Isaac complied. The shepherd then said, "You see that black ram?" "Yes," said Sir Isaac, "but what has that to do with the question?" "Why," said the shepherd, "whenever that ram makes for shelter, and thrusts his rump into the hedge, I always know that rain will fall within a quarter of an hour."

Original Irish Blunder.

A person having called at the house of a gentleman (who had been some time out of town), asked the maid-servant (an Irish woman), "Pray, has Mr. Mills returned from the country yet?" "Yes, sir," replied the female Paddy "*but he's not in town.*"

Punch in Disgrace.

Lord P—— being one night at a puppet-show, was so struck with the pleasant sallies of Punch, that he resolved to purchase him, and gave Flockton his own price for that merry wag. Next morning he wrote cards of invitation to his friends, requesting their company, as he had made acquaintance with one of the merriest fellows he had ever met, and that the choice spirit would take the chair precisely at four o'clock. In consequence of these invitations, his lordship had a numerous set of guests, and Punch presided. After the usual ceremonies, all being seated, his lordship was astonished that the genius had not yet opened his mouth. "Come Punch," said he, "say a good thing." Not a syllable in reply. "What," resumed his lordship, "are you so sulky for to-day? you were facetious enough last night." Still Punch remained silent; when, at length, his lordship was so provoked and enraged at the disappointment, that he took Punch by the collar, and *kicked him down stairs.*

Whimsical Freak of a Sailor.

The following may be relied on as a fact: Mr. Lawson, master painter of the dock-yard at New York, was a man whose face was much disfigured with the small-pox, and going through the dock-gates one day, he was accosted in a tremendous loud hoarse voice by a sailor, whose face was roughly hewn, in the following singular manner: "Sir, I have got your knife," pulling out a large clasp knife, about two feet long, and striving to thrust it into Mr. Lawson's hand. "My knife!" exclaimed Mr. Lawson, "you can have no knife of mine, for I have neither lost one, nor did I ever have such a knife." The sailor still kept roaring out, "Sir, the knife is

your's, and you must take it." Upon this, Mr. Lawson began to suspect that there was something more than ordinary in the fellow's behaviour, and asked him what he meant by such conduct. "Why, sir," said the sailor, "I belong to the Ugly Club in London, and the members are each presented with a knife, which they are bound, by the laws of the Club, to present to any person they meet uglier than themselves: now, sir, as I consider you several degrees uglier than myself, shiver my timbers, but you must take it:" and thrusting the knife into Mr. Lawson's pocket, he ran away.

Origin of the word Bother.

The word *bother* was first used by a serjeant who, being exposed to the volubility of two Irishmen, *one at each ear*, cried, "Don't *both-ear* me!" Hence *the* verb *to bother*.

Royal Reproof.

George III. ordered Mr. S——, a tradesman of some eminence in London, to wait upon him at Windsor Castle, at eight o'clock in the morning on a day appointed. Mr. S—— was half an hour behind the time, and, upon being announced, his Majesty said, "Desire him to come at eight o'clock to morrow." Mr. S—— appeared the next day again after the time, and received the same command. The third day he contrived to be punctual. Upon his entrance, the king said, "Oh! the great Mr. S——! What sleep do you take, Mr. S——?" "Why, please your Majesty, I am a man of regular habits; I usually take eight hours." "Too much, too much," said the king, "six hours sleep is enough for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool—*eight* for a *fool* Mr. S——."

Conjugal Constancy and Affection.

The Marchioness of Tavistock, a short time previous to her death, when she was preparing to go to Lisbon for the recovery of her health, had a consultation of physicians at Bedford-house; and one of the gentleman present desired, whilst he felt her pulse, that she would open her hand. Her frequent refusals occasioned him to take the liberty of forcing the fingers gently asunder, when he perceived she had shut them to conceal the miniature picture of the Marquis. "O, madam!" observed the physician, "my prescriptions must be useless, if your ladyship is determined to keep before your eyes the representation of an object, which, though deservedly dear to you, serves only to confirm the violence of your illness." "I have kept the picture," answered the Marchioness, "either in my bosom or in my hand, ever since the death of my dear lord; and thus I am determined to preserve it, till I fortunately drop after him into the grave."

The Happy Fellow.

Dick Careless from his inattention to money matters, had incensed his father to such a degree that all the intercession of friends was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his death-bed: the whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered around him.——"I leave my second son, Andrew," said the expiring miser, "my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, prayed Heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself. "I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him, besides, four thousand pounds." "Ah! father," cried Simon, in great

affliction to be sure, "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself." At last, turning to poor Dick, "As for you, you have always been a sad dog; you'll never come to good; you'll never be rich: I'll leave you a shilling to buy a halter." "Ah! father," cries Dick, without any emotion, "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself." This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless imprudent creature.

The Dragoon.

A dragoon in Dublin was shot for desertion, and his horse and accoutrements taken away at the same time. When on his trial, an officer asked him, "What could induce him to take away his horse?" To which he replied, "He ran away with me." "What," said the officer, "did you do with the money you sold him for?" "*That*," said the fellow, "please your honour, ran away too."

The Ruling Passion.

A gambler, on his-death bed, having seriously taken leave of his physician, who told him that he could not live beyond eight o'clock next morning, exerted the small strength he had left to call the doctor back: which having accomplished with difficulty, for he could hardly exceed a whisper, "Doctor," said he, "I'll bet you five guineas I live till nine."

Landscapes.

An Irish captain being on the ocean many leagues from the most remote part of land, beheld at a short distance four sail of ships, and in the joy of his heart exclaimed, "Arrah! my lads, pipe all hands on deck to behold this rich landscape."

Counsellor Garrow's Fortune told.

A witness in the Court of King's Bench, being cross-examined by Mr. Garrow, that learned gentleman asked him, if he was not a *fortune*-telier? "I am not," answered the witness; "but if every one had his due, I should have no difficulty in telling your fortune." "Well, fellow!" says Mr. Garrow, "pray what is to be my fortune?" "Why, sir," rejoined the witness, "I understand you made your *first speech* at the Old Bailey, and I think it is probable that you will there make your *last speech*."

Anecdote of Lord Chancellor More.

Lord Bacon gives the following anecdote of More, when he was Lord chancellor. A person, who had a suit in chancery, sent him two silver flagons, not doubting of the agreeableness of the present. On receiving them, More called one of his servants, and told him to fill those two vessels with the best wine in his cellar; and turning round to the servant who had presented them, "Tell your master,' replied the inflexible magistrate, "that if he approves my wine, I beg he will not spare it."

A new Light.

An old woman, on the day devoted to St. Michael, the archangel, going into a church in Paris, where there was a representation of that angel discomfiting the devil, put one large taper close to the saint, and another close to the fiend. "Woman," exclaimed the priest, "you are making an offering to Satan, you know not what you do." "I know what I do well enough; but as I do not certainly know where I am going, it is well to have a friend everywhere."

Anecdote of Dr. Johnson.

The first time Dr. Johnson was in company with Mrs. Thrale, neither the elegance of his conversation, nor the depth of his knowledge, could prevent that lady being shocked at his manners. Amongst other pieces of indecorum, his tea not being sweet enough, he put his fingers into the sugar-dish, and supplied himself with as little ceremony and concern as if there had not been a lady at the table. Every well-bred cheek was tinged with confusion; but Mrs. T. was so exasperated, that she ordered the sugar-dish immediately from the table, as if its contents had been contaminated by the fingers of Pomposo. The Doctor prudently took no notice, but peaceably swallowed, as usual, his several cups of tea. When he had done, instead of placing his cup and saucer upon the table, he threw them both very calmly under the grate. The whole tea-table was thrown into confusion. Mrs. T. screamed out, "Heavens! doctor, what have you done? You have spoiled the handsomest set of china I have in the world!" "I am sory for it, madam," answered Dr. Johnson; "but I assure you I did it out of pure good breeding; for, from your treatment of the sugar-dish, I supposed you would never touch any thing again that I once soiled with my fingers."

A Stroke at a Sleeping Sovereign.

Dr. South, once preaching before Charles II. (who was not very often in a church), observed that the monarch, and all his attendants, began to nod, and, as nobles are common men when they are asleep, some of them soon after snored, on which he broke off his sermon, and called—"Lord Lauderdale, let me entreat you to rouse yourself; you snore so loud that you will wake the king."

Poetry and Pastry.

A german poet, having lately written a gastronomic song upon the pastry of one of the best pastry-cooks of his place, the latter thought he could not better testify his gratitude than by sending him one of the objects he had celebrated in his song. The poet was at first enchanted with the work ; but, to his grief, on finishing the last morsel, he recognised in the paper, upon which it lay when baked, the copy of his song with which he had testified his homage to the pastry-cook. In a great rage he ran to his shop, and accused him with the crime of *læsæ poeticæ.* "Ah, sir," replied the artist, not in the least disconcerted, "why so angry ? I have only followed your example ; you have made a song upon my pastry, and I have made pastry upon your song !"

Fishing for a Dinner.

As Cunningham, the pastoral poet, was fishing on a Sunday near Durham, the reverend, as well as corpulent, Mr. Brown, chanced to pass that way, and knowing Mr. Cunningham, austerely reproached him for breaking the Sabbath, telling him that he was doubly reprehensible, as his good sense should have taught him better. The poor poet turned round and replied, "Your external appearance, reverend sir, says that if your dinner were at the bottom of the river with mine, you would angle for it, though it were a fast-day, and your Saviour stood by to rebuke you."

Invisible Girl.

An Irish gentleman being asked some time since, what brought him to London, he answered, that he came to *see* the *invisible girl.*

Anecdote of Burke.

It is well known that the celebrated Edmund Burke, on his first *debut* in life, improved himself not a little under the banners and patronage of the opposition, for which purpose he was a constant frequenter of the various debates and disputations held at the house of one Seacoke, a baker, but who, notwithstanding his situation in life, was gifted with such a vein of eloquence that he was unanimously constituted perpetual president of the famous disputing society held at the Robin-Hood near Temple-bar. On a certain memorable occasion in the House of Commons, Mr. Burke exclaiming, "*I quit the camp*," suddenly left the opposition benches, and going over to the Treasury side of the house, thundered a violent philippic against his former friends and associates. Mr. Sheridan concluded a spirited reply to that unlooked for attack, nearly in the following words, "That gentleman, to use his own expression, has *quitted the camp;* but he will recollect that he has quitted it as a deserter, and I sincerely hope he will never return a spy. But I for one," he continued, "cannot sympathize in the astonishment, with which so flagrant an act of apostacy has electrified the house, for neither I nor that gentleman have forgotten from whom he has borrowed those weapons which he now uses against us. So far, therefore, from being astonished at that gentleman's present tergiversation, I consider it not only characteristic, but consistent; for it is but natural that he who, on his first starting in life, should commit so gross a blunder as to go to a *baker's* for his *eloquence*, should conclude such a career by coming to the *House of Commons for his bread.*"

Anecdote of the Duke of Buckingham.

In one of Dryden's plays there was this line, which the actress endeavoured to speak in as moving and affecting a tone as she could,

"My wound is great, because it is so small!"

and then she paused, and looked very distressed. The Duke of Buckingham, who was in the boxes, rose immediately from his seat, and added, in a loud ridiculing tone of voice,

"Then 'twould be greater were it none at all!"

which had so great an effect upon the audience that Dryden lost his benefit.

Farmer and Attorney.

An opulent farmer applied to an attorney about a law-suit, but was told he could not undertake it, being already engaged on the other side; at the same time he said that he would give him a letter of recommendation to a professional friend, which he did; and the farmer, out of curiosity, opened it, and read as follows:—

"Here are two fat wethers fallen out together,
If you'll fleece one, I'll fleece the other,
And make them agree like brother and brother."

The perusal of this epistle cured both parties, and terminated the dispute.

A Remedy for grief.

The Marshal de Mouchy maintained that the flesh of pigeons possessed a consoling virtue. Whenever this nobleman lost a friend or relation he said to his cook, "Let me have roast pigeons for dinner to-day. I have always remarked," he added, "that, after eating two pigeons, I rise from table much less sorrowful."

The Devil among the Tailors.

Some time ago, a French teacher, resident in Oxford, by the name of Ducane, called at Mr Wickham, a mercer, who lived opposite University College, for a waistcoat piece, but could not recollect the name of the material he wished for. He said that he thought it was de English for de diable. Mr. Wickham mentioned the several names of his infernal highness, such as Old Nick, Beelzebub, &c. "No, no, it was not dat," was the reply. At length Mr. W. thought of Satan. "O dat is vat I vant," said Ducane ; "I vant a *satan vescoat.*"

Diversity.

A learned and witty dissenting minister, not many years deceased, married three wives ; the first for her pecuniary advantages, the second on account of her personal charms, the third he married in his old age, for the sake of securing her attention and his own comfort ; she, however, proved a very shrew. "Well," said the Reverend to a friend, "I have in my time had three wives ; the world, the flesh, and the devil."

The Question.

A person applied to Quin, as manager, to be admitted on the stage. As a specimen of his dramatic powers, he began the famous soliloquy of Hamlet.

"To be, or not to be, that is the question."

Quin, indignant at the man's absurd elocution, exclaimed, very decisively, "No question, upon my honour ; not to be, most certainly."

Curious Request.

The following occurence took place not many miles from town:—A barber and a young female having had their banns published, attended at the church to be married. When the minister came to a certain part of the ceremony, the bridegroom very gravely asked the clergyman "If he might not take this woman in marriage on trial for a term of years, as he knew it was the custom in parts where he had been?" The clergyman of course answered in the negative. "Well, sir, then," says the barber, "I suppose I must risk it; so you may go on in the usual way." The ceremony was then duly performed.

A man boasting in a coffee-house, that he had drank *six bottles of wine*, a by-stander observed, it was more than he could *swallow*.

Botany Bay Theatricals.

Some years ago one of the male convicts in Botany Bay wrote a farce, which was acted with great applause in the theatre, Port Jackson. Barrington, the noted pickpocket, furnished the prologue, which ended with these two lines,—

"True patriots we, for be it understood,
We *left* our country for our *country's good.*"

Perfidy Punished.

Among the lives of female heroines, lately published at Paris, it appears that, in 1722, a M. d'Estache, formerly a cornet in the French dragoons, having seduced a young woman of the name of St. Cheron, the daughter of a brother officer, and by whom she became pregnant, he at length carried the insult so far as to refuse to marry her, under the shameful pretence of having been intimate with her mother in the early part of his life. The abused damsel had two brothers, lieutenants of horse in the regiments of Brisac, who would have compelled M. d'Estache to marry their sister, to retrieve her honour, and vindicate their calumniated mother; but d'Estache wounded the eldest in the face with a pistol, and shot the youngest with a gun out of a window. This injured family had a sister, who for some time abandoned herself to grief and rage, but the last of those passions at length prevailing, prompted her to a revenge above the daring of her sex; this young gentlewoman being informed that her sister's ravisher and brother's murderer was at Montpellier, went thither from Gignac, where she lived, and arrived there on the 5th of March, in the evening. She found means on

the 7th to be introduced to the guilty author of her family's disgrace, and without any ceremony shot him dead with a pistol. Having done the deed, she wrote the next day to the Regent, and to M. le Blanc, secretary of war, owning the fact, but denying it to be an offence, and justifying her innocence by the provocation, yet at the same time humbly imploring for mercy. Her letters were received on the 16th, in the morning, and his royal highness the duke regent immediately despatched an express to the lieutenant criminal of Montpellier, to send the information against her to M. le Blanc, and not to give judgment till further orders. The ladies of Montpellier, one and all, declared their approbation of the action, and two of them even made themselves prisoners to bear her company in her confinement, which was not of long continuance; for, notwithstanding that she had acted the heroine's part rather than that of the Christian, she soon obtained a pardon.

An Hibernian Remark.

Dean Swift once dining with the mayor of Dublin, was served with part of a duck, and asking for apple-sauce, was told by the mayor there was none; upon which he cut an apple-pie, and put a spoonful of the apples on his plate. The mayor exclaimed, "Why, doctor, you eat *duck* like a *goose*."

SCRAPIANA.

A gentleman in the country lately addressed a passionate *billet-doux* to a lady in the same town, adding this curious postscript: "Please to send a *speedy* answer, as I have *somebody else in my eye*."

A Mr. Johnstone having been lost in the dreadful conflagration of the theatre royal Covent-garden, Mr. John Johnstone, of Drury-lane, received a letter from an Irish friend, requesting to know *by the return of post* if it was he that was *really burned* or not.

An English labourer in Cheshire attempting to drown himself, an Irish reaper, who saw him go into the water, leaped after him and brought him safe to shore. The fellow attempting it a second time, the reaper a second time got him out ; but the labourer determined to destroy himself, watched an opportunity and hanged himself behind the barn-door. The Irishman observed him, but never offered to cut him down ; when, several hours afterward, the master of the farm-yard asked him, upon what ground he had suffered the poor fellow to hang there ? "Faith," replied Patrick "I don't know what you mean by ground ; I *know* I was so good to him that I fetched him out of the water two times ; and I *know*, too, he was wet through every rag, and and I thought *he hung himself up to dry*, and you know I could have no right to prevent him."

An Irish counsellor having lost his cause, which had been tried before three judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer, and the other two but indifferent, some of the other barristers were very merry on the occasion. "Well, now," says he, "at any rate it was a *bad* cause, and I have lost no great things by it. But who the devil could help it when there were an hundred judges on the bench ?" "An hundred ?" said a stander-by, there were but three." "By Jove !" replied he, "there were *one* and *two cyphers*."

The *gallery wit* of the Dublin theatres, has long been celebrated; for perhaps the mob of that city, are the wittiest blackguards in Europe, and the *deities* of the upper gallery never fail to mark their approbation or hatred for all public characters who happen to catch their eyes, by plaudits or groans: even the Viceroy if present comes in for his share in these attentions, just as he happens to be popular or unpopular; and some of those august personages unable to bear this kind of attack, have uniformly absented themselves from the theatre. The late amiable Manners, Duke of Rutland, and his beautiful Duchess, appeared one night in the vice regal box, when a celebrated *abbess*, named Peg Plunket, with a few of her *nymphs*, appeared in the side boxes. The upper gallery wits immediately began upon the Paphian Priestess with "Ha, Peg! who *slept* with you last night, Peg?" To which she immediately answered in a tone of reproof, "*Manners*, you blackguards." This was so palpable a hit at the representative of royalty, who was a frequent visitant at her *nunnery*, that it threw the house into a roar of laughter, and the noble duke retired under much embarrassment.

The great Algernon Sidney seemed to show very little concern at his death; he had, indeed, got some friends to intercede with the king for a pardon; but when it was told him that his majesty could not be prevailed upon to give him his life, but that, in regard to his ancient and noble family, he would remit part of his sentence, and only have his head cut off; "Nay," said he, "if his majesty is resolved to have my head, he may make a whistle of my tail, if he pleases."

A seedsman being lately held to bail for using inflammatory language respecting the Reform Bill, a wag observed, it was probable in the line of his profession, to promote business, he wished to *sow sedition.*

An Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose country was the best living; said the Welshman, "There is such noble house-keeping in Wales, that I have known above a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner." "Ay," answered the Englishman, "that was because every man toasted his own cheese."

A poor man lately applied to a clerical *bon vivant* in the country to preach a funeral sermon on his deceased wife, at the same time requesting to know the expense. "Two guineas," was the reply. "Couldn't your reverence do it for one?" "Why I could preach you a sermon for one guinea, but it would not be *worth your hearing.*"

One telling another that he had once so excellent a gun, that it went off immediately upon a thief's coming into the house, although it was not charged. "How he devil can that be?" said the other. "Because," said the first, "the thief carried it off; and, what was worse, before I had time to charge him with it."

A person reading in a newspaper that the Bishop of London had refused to grant a licence to the floating chapel on the river Thames, cried out, "That he was not at all surprised at his lordship's refusal; for," says he, "the chapel does not float in his *see.*"

Curious Courtship.

A young gentleman and lady happened to be in the same pew in a free church in America. During the course of the sermon the youth read something in the eyes of the fair, which made a deeper impression on his mind than the pious lecture of the preacher. As love, although blind, is never at a loss for expedients, he presented the maiden, whose charms had attracted his notice, with the following passage, being the 5th verse of the Second Epistle of John :—

"Now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another."

After reading this passage, the lady, in reply, promptly referred her suitor to another passage in the Old Testament—namely, the 16th verse of the 1st chapter of Ruth :—

"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee : for whither thou goest, I will go ; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge : thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Gaming for Money.

In the reign of Richard the First, an edict was issued concerning gaming, by which no person in the army was permitted to play at any sort of game for money, except knights and clergymen, who in one whole day and night should not each lose more than twenty shillings, on pain of forfeiting one hundred shillings to the archbishop of the army. The two kings might play for what they pleased ; but their attendants not for more than twenty shillings, otherwise they were to be whipped naked through the army for three days.

Judge Jefferies, when on the bench, told an old fellow with a long beard that he supposed he had a conscience as long as his beard. "Does your lordship," replied the old man, "measure consciences by beards? If so, your lordship has none at all."

At the fashionable *supper* parties it is considered ungenteel to cut the *pastry;* as, if not touched, it will serve most of the suppers for the season, which are generally provided by *contract.* A few nights ago, on the bill of fare being handed about, a gentleman called for some *pigeon-pie;* but, on its being opened, the interior was *wood.* The lady of the house said, with great *nonchalance,* "that there was a mistake, for the pie consisted not of *house,* but *wood, pigeons.*"

A gentleman filled up a banker's check for his butcher, whose name was Govis, "Pay Mr. *Bovis,*" which word in Latin signifies *of an ox.*

A young man, one day, was railing, in a jocular way, at Fortune, and lamenting the absence of her smiles; "but," says he, "I think I shall go and *make a hole* in the Bank, rob it, and so get rich at once." "Then, certainly," said a lady present, "you will be *exalted.*" "Yes," he replied, "I shall get into a *new-line.*"

Diogenes seeing a boy throwing stones at a gallows, cried out, "Well, done! you will come to your mark at last."

The following order was received from a farmer by a druggist in a country town: "Sir, please to send me a clanging drink for a cow, *after calving Dick Baldwin.*"

Some words in French have no correspondent rhyme. A lady asking a poet a rhyme for *coiffe* (a lady's head dress), was answered, "Madam, there is none ; for what belongs to a lady's head has neither *rhyme* nor *reason*."

A Yorkshireman and Leicestershireman contending for the superior fertility of their respective counties, the Leicestershireman declared that he could turn a horse into a field new-mown, and the next morning the grass would be grown above his hoofs. "Pho ! that's nothing," cried the Yorkshireman, "you may turn a horse into a field in Yorkshire, and not be able *to find him next morning*."

At a general illumination, some time back, the mob having gathered round a house which happened to be a butcher's, began to call out, "Lights, lights ;" when the master of the house opened one of his windows, and put out a pole, at the end of which was suspended a *bullock's lights*, which so amused the mob that, upon the butcher assuring them he meant to light up, they went on, and left his windows unmolested.

"As you do not belong to my parish," said a clergyman to a begging sailor, with a wooden leg, "you cannot expect that I should relieve you." "Sir," said the sailor, with a noble air, "I lost my leg fighting for *all parishes*."

A blind man who goes about the streets of London, whining out a long story about his misfortunes, has, amongst other prayers for the charitable and humane, the following curious wish, "May you never *see the darkness I now see*."

A gentleman who lived in Great Turnstile, Holborn, being the subject of conversation in a party, a person inquired where he lived, if he had a large house, kept a good table, &c. "Oh ! yes," answered another, "he lives in *the greatest stile* in holborn."

A person looking at a London directory, and observing a man put in it as a *diamond merchant*, expressed his surprise, as the man had the words expressed *coal merchant* on his door. "Oh !" cried Suet, "tis only an error of the press ; you see they have omitted the word *black* before that of diamond."

The late Lord Norbury, some time since, going as a judge on the Munster circuit, was, as usual, so strict in the administration of criminal justice, that few, of whose guilt there were any strong grounds of suspicion, were suffered to escape, merely through any slovenly flaws in the wording of their indictments, or doubts upon the testimony. Dining, as usual, with the seniors of the bar at the next inn, a gentleman, who sat near the judge, asked leave to help his lordship to part of a *pickled tongue*. Lord Norbury replied, "he did not like *pickled* tongue, but if it had been *hung* he would *try* it." Mr. Curran, who sat at the other side, said, that "the defect was easily obviated, for, if his lordship would only *try* it, it would certainly be *hung*."

"Who is that lovely girl?" exclaimed Lord Norbury, riding in company with his friend, Counsellor Grahaarty. "Miss Glass," replied the barrister. "Glass," reiterated the facetious judge ; "by the love which man bears to woman I should often become intoxicated, could I press such a *glass to my lips*."

A very witty baronet, lounging one day in Dalby's chocolate-house, when, after a long drought, there fell a torrent of rain ; a country gentleman observed, "This is a most delightful rain ; I hope it will bring up *every thing out of the ground.*" "By Jove, sir," said Sir John, "I hope not, for I have sowed three wives in it, and I should be very sorry to see them come up again."

A lawyer being sick, made his last will, and gave all his estate to fools and madmen : being asked the reason for so doing ; "From such," said he, "I had it, and to such I give it again."

A judge, on passing sentence of death upon an Irishman, said as usual, "I have nothing now to do but to pass the dreadful sentence of the law upon you." "Oh, don't trouble yourself on my account," interrupted Pat. "I must do my duty," resumed the judge. "You must go from hence to the place of execution, where you are to be hanged by your neck till you are dead ; and the Lord have mercy on your soul!" "I am much obliged to you," says the prisoner, "but I never heard of any one *thriving* after *your prayers.*"

The late father O'Leary, of witty celebrity, had once a pamphleteering war of polemics with the protestant bishop of Cloyne, in which the prelate inveighed with great acrimony against the superstitions of popery, and particularly against the doctrine of purgatory. Father O'Leary, in his reply, slily observed, "that much as the bishop disliked purgatory, he might possibly go much farther and fare worse."

When the British ships under Lord Nelson were bearing down to attack the combined fleet off Trafalgar, the first lieutenant of the Revenge, on going round to see that all hands were at quarters, observed one of the men devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun. So very unusual an attitude in an English sailor excited his surprise and curiosity, he went and asked the man if he was afraid. "Afraid!" answered the honest tar, "no; I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as prize-money—the greatest part among the officers."

A dancer said to a Spartan, "You cannot stand so long upon one leg as I can." "True," answered the Spartan, "but any *goose* can."

Mr. Fox, in the course of a speech, said, "If any thing on my part, or on the part of those with whom I acted, was an obstruction to peace, I could not lie on my pillow with ease." George Tierney (then in the administration) whispered to his neighbour, "If he could not *lie* on his pillow with ease, he can *lie* in this house with ease."

A *very shrewd* person wishing to catch a mouse that eat his books, baited and set a trap, and sat *by it to watch!*

A gentleman on circuit narrating to his lordship some extravagant feat in sporting, mentioned that he had lately shot thirty-three hares before breakfast. "Thirty-three *hairs!*" exclaimed Lord Norbury; "zounds' sir! then you must have been firing at a *wig*."

When George the Second, in coming from Holland, happened to meet with a violent storm at sea, the captain of the yacht cried to the chaplain, "In five minutes more, doctor, we shall be with the Lord." "The Lord forbid," answered the doctor.

A certain captain, who had made a greater figure than his fortune could well bear, and the regiment not being paid as was expected, was forced to put off a great part of his equipage; a few days after, as he was walking by the road-side, he saw one of his soldiers sitting lousing himself under a hedge. "What are you doing there, Tom?" said the officer. "Why, faith, sir," answered the soldier, "I am following your example—getting rid of part of my retinue."

The famous Tony Lee, a player in King Charles the Second's reign, being killed in a tragedy, having a violent cold, could not forbear coughing as he lay dead upon the stage, which occasioning a good deal of laughter and noise in the house, he lifted up his head, and speaking to the audience, said, "This makes good what my poor mother used to tell me; for she would often say that *I should cough in my grave, because I used to drink in my porridge.*" This set the house in such good humour, that it produced a thundering clap, and made every one readily pardon the solecism he had before committed.

Sir John Stuart Hamilton, who had severely suffered in person and circumstances from the persecutions of the law, used to say, that an attorney was like a hedge-hog, for it was impossible to touch him any where without pricking one's fingers.

It appears from the experience of all ages and nations, that the work done by freemen comes cheaper in the end than that performed by slaves.

Dr. Sheridan and his Pupil.

Dr. Sheridan, the celebrated friend of Swift, had a custom of ringing his scholars to prayers, in the school-room, at a certain hour every day. The boys were one day very devoutly at prayers, except one, who was stifling a laugh as well as he could; which arose from seeing a rat descending from the bell-rope in the room. The poor boy could hold out no longer, but burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which set the others a going when they saw the cause. Sheridan was so provoked that he would whip them all if the culprit was not pointed out to him, which was immediately done. The poor pupil of Momus was instantly hoisted, and his posteriors laid bare to the rod; when the witty schoolmaster told him if he said any thing tolerable on the occasion, as he looked on the boy as the greatest dunce in the school, he would forgive him. The trembling culprit, with very little hesitation, addressed his master with the following beautiful distich:—

There was a rat, for want of stairs,
Came down a rope—to go to prayers.

Sheridan instantly dropped the rod, and instead of a whipping gave him half-a-crown.

Jack Ketch's Commission.

A culprit asked Jack Ketch if he had any commands to the other world? "Why," said Jack, "not many; I'll only," added he, as he had adjusted the knot under his left ear, "just trouble you with a *Line*."

Superstition.—Lord Byron.

The courier bringing a letter from England, in which the death of his old physician Polidori was stated, Lord Byron remarked, "I was convinced something very unpleasant hung over me last night. I expected to hear that somebody I knew was dead; so it turns out—who can help being superstitious? Scott believed in second sight; Rousseau tried whether he would be damned or not by aiming at a tree with a stone; Goethe trusted to the chance of a knife's striking the water whether he was to succeed in some undertaking." He might also have mentioned Swift, who placed the success of his life on the drawing a trout he had hooked out of the water. Byron on another occasion observed, "Several extraordinary things have happened on my birth-day; so they did to Napoleon: and a more wonderful circumstance still occurred to Marie Antoinette. At my wedding, something whispered me that I was signing my death-warrant. At the last moment I would have retreated if I could have done so. I am a great believer in presentiments. Socrates' demon was no fiction; Monk Lewis had his monitor, and Bonaparte many warnings." Byron had also a belief in unlucky days; he once refused to be introduced to a lady because it was on a Friday the introduction was to take place, that day having been, for some reason or other, most innocently cursed in the superstitious calendar. On this same *ill-starred* day he would never pay visits.

Five Chief Upholders of a Commonwealth.

The Seaman—the Farmer—the Merchant—the Shepherd—and the Ploughman.

Importance of Despatch.

The benevolent Dr. Wilson once discovered a clergyman at Bath, who he was informed was sick, poor, and had a numerous family. In the evening he gave a friend fifty pounds, requesting he would deliver it in the most delicate manner, and as from an unknown person. The friend replied, "I will wait upon him early in the morning." "You will oblige me by calling directly. Think, sir, of what importance a good night's rest may be to that poor man."

Typographical Correctness.

In the printing-house of Henry Stevens, every person spoke Latin, from the garret to the kitchen, from the master to the old maid who served in the shop. The brothers were so very anxious to have all books accurately printed at their press, that after diligently examining every sheet twice before they printed it off, they put out a third proof at their door, and promised a louis d'or to any person that should discover an error in it.

Fancy Pictures.

In a convivial assembly, some of the company questioning whether the little hamlet of Auburn, in the county of Westmeath, was roally the subject of Dr. Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and a doubt arising from the circumstance of the doctor's not having been actually on the spot when he composed that pathetic piece, an old Irish gentleman present, with the zeal of a warm defender of his country's rightful honour, exclaimed, " Why, gentlemen, was Milton actually in *kell* when he wrote his *Paradise Lost?*"

Lord O——.

The present Lord O—— being under the correction of his schoolmaster, received the following reproachful accompaniment with the rod :—"One of your ancestors invented an Orrery, and another of them gave to the world a translation of Pliny, but you, I fear, will never invent any thing but mischief, nor translate any thing but an idle boy into a foolish man ; so that, instead of myrtle, you shall be honoured with birch."

Out of his Element.

A person of the name of Fish, having made a short trip in a balloon, on coming again to *terra firma*, was seized with a swoon. A gentleman asking one of the crowd collected around him what was the matter, was answered, "Nothing but a *flat fish*, who has been out of his element."

Proofs of Civilization.

A person who had resided for some time on the coast of Africa, was asked, if he thought it possible to civilize the natives. "As a proof of the possibility of it," said he, "I have known some negroes that thought as little of a *lie* or an *oath* as any European."

A modern writer of travels records, that in one of his peregrinations he traversed a wide extent of uncultivated regions, but at last perceived a *gibbet*, "the sight of which," says he, "gave me infinite pleasure, as it proved that I was in a *civilized country*."

Sarcasm of Dr. Johnson's.

One evening at Oxford, Dr. Johnson was present at a private party, when, among other topics, an essay on the future life of brutes was mentioned, and a gentleman present was inclined to support the author's opinion, that the lower animals have an "immortal part." He familiarly remarked to the doctor, "Really, sir, when we see a very sensible dog, we don't know what to think of him." Upon which, Johnson, turning quickly round, replied, "True, sir; and when we see a very foolish *fellow*, we don't know what to think of him."

All Fives: or, a Collection of Wonders.—There are Five Strange Wonders in the World.

To hear a Lawyer tell Truth;
To see a Prodigal turn Thrifty;
To see an Informer refuse a Bribe;
To see an Usurer throw away Money;
To see a Whore turn Honest.

The Merry Andrew.

A certain country squire asked an Irish merry andrew why he played the fool? "For the same reason that you do—*for want.* You do it for want of wit—I for want of money."

Good Fortune when least expected.

A poor retailer of fruit, who had three small children, could scarcely, in dear times, earn so much as was necessary to procure herself and children bread; but for the hire of the damp hole, which her landlord called a room, it was impossible. The hard-hearted man distrained for his rent, really took her bed, and her little wretched furniture, and ordered them to be sold by auction. The poor wretched widow and her orphans were present at the sale. Even the best things were thrown away for a trifle, and there was not enough produced for the rent. In the catalogue there was a very small and much smoked picture of Saint Jerome, an inheritance from her grandmother, which hung over her bed, and to which she and her children offered up their pious prayers. As they were accustomed to do, they mechanically raised up their little hands when Saint Jerome was put up, and the tears of the mother flowed abundantly. A painter, who was present, examined the picture a considerable time, and at last bid a dollar. Another connoisseur doubled the bidding. The painter, to alarm his rival, at once immediately rose to a louis d'or, but the connoisseur said, without pondering, "Twenty-five guilders." "Fifty," answered the painter. "A hundred," replied the connoisseur. The astonishment and joy of the poor woman may be well conceived, who not only saw all her debts paid by the little Jerome,

but a considerable overplus remaining. She could scarcely believe her ears, when she heard that the two connoisseurs still kept out-bidding each other ; and the painter first was silent at an offer of six hundred guilders. "You are fortunate," said he, after the painting was knocked down to his rival, "you are fortunate, sir, in being richer than I am ; otherwise you would hot have had it under a thousand." It was an original of Raphael's.

Extraordinary Perseverance.—A Curious Typographical Anecdote.

The Rev. William Cary, curate of Lastleigh, in Devonshire, completed, in the year 1809, a work, entitled "A System of Divinity," which extends to twenty-six volumes. He first attempted to publish it by subscription, but not succeeding, he formed the singular resolution of printing it by his own hand labour. To effect this, he purchased as many worn-out and cast-off types, of a country printer, as were sufficient to set up two pages, and made a press for himself. With these materials he went to work in 1795, performing every operation himself, and working off page by page. He struck off forty copies of the first three hundred pages, twenty-six of which he distributed among the universities, the bishops, the Royal Society, and the reviewers. Disappointed at not receiving the encouragement he expected from this proceeding, he resolved to spare himself any further expense of paper upon those before whom he had thrown pearls in vain ; and as he had only reserved fourteen copies of the forty with which he had commenced, fourteen only he continued to print ; at the end of twelve years of unremitting toil, he finished the whole twenty-six volumes ; a rare morceau for the bibliomaniacs of the next century !

A parallel to the above is to be found in Fransham, the Norwich Pagan, who died in 1811. He one day made this remark, "Every man has some great object which he wishes to accomplish, and why should not I have mine? I will choose such an one as no mortal being ever yet chose; I will get a cup and ball, and I will catch the ball on the spiked end, 666,666 times." And this he actually accomplished!

The Masquerade Dress.

A gentleman, who, on account of his ugliness, was called Cupid, had the evil custom of still more disfiguring his grotesque person, by a striking negligence in his clothes and linen.

One day he had a desire of going to the masquerade, and asked the advice of a friend, how he should disguise himself, so that no one might know him. "Nothing in the world can be more easy," replied the latter, "put on clean linen."

Too keen for the Lawyer.

A highwayman meeting a counsellor in his chariot on the Surrey-road, presented a blunderbuss, and demanded his money, with the usual compliment. The gentleman readily surrendered about sixty guineas, but kindly told the thief, that, for his own safety, he had better put the robbery on the footing of an exchange, by selling him the blunderbuss for what he had just taken from him. "With all my heart," said the highwayman, and gave it to the advocate, who immediately turned the muzzle, and told him "that, if he did not re-deliver his purse, he would shoot him." "That you may do if you can," replied Turpin, "for I promise you it is not loaded," and rode off very coolly with his booty.

An Ill Wind.

The late Sir William Yorke was famous for the keenness of his wit; he was likewise so remarkable for the foulness of his breath, that he was commonly called the Bug. Coming into the Smyrna coffee-house one day, after a ride, he complained bitterly of the north wind, as it blew in his face all the way home. "Then, Sir William," said Colonel Cutwell, who sat next him, "the north wind had the worst of it."

Anecdote of the late Mr. Justice Park.

When the late Mr. Justice Park was at Harrowgate a year or two ago, he had occasion to write to town. Before dating his letter, remembering that Harrowgate is spelt both with and without the *w*, he called the waiter, and, in his usual hesitating manner, said, "Pray, waiter, is there—a—*w*——in Harrowgate?" "Oh sir," said the moral waiter, astounded at such a query from a grave old gentleman; "Oh, sir, we never allow any such doings in this house?"

Not Dead, but Speechless.

Two Irishmen went a little way into the country to see some of their friends, and drinking too freely, they were much in liquor. Their friends would fain have persuaded them to stay all night, but they were determined to go home. They set out accordingly; but, before they had got a mile, one of them took a reel, and fell flounce into a ditch. The other hearing him fall, called out, "Patrick, if you are dead tell me!" "No, honey," says Patrick, "I am not dead, but I'm quite speechless."

The Jury Puzzled.

A lawyer, who some years ago was distinguished by the epithet of the extraordinary special pleader, and was afterwards raised to the peerage, is said to have received the sum of £20,000 in one single cause, the defence of a young lady of rank, who was indicted for child murder. The principal evidence was a female accoucher, who had been forcibly carried to the lady's house blind-folded. She swore that her guide forded a river *twice* in going to the house where her assistance was wanted ; "When," said the lawyer, "it was known that there was but one straight river between the houses ; and supposing the guide, in order to deceive the midwife, should have made a wheel round to pass it *again*, she must then have forded a third time." The ingenuity of this remark so completely puzzled the jury, that they acquitted the prisoner without going out of court.

Curious Bargain.

A witty knave coming into a lace-shop upon Ludgate-hill, said he had occasion for a small quantity of very fine lace, and having pitched upon that he liked, asked the woman of the shop how much she would have for as much as could reach from one of his ears to the other, and measure which way she pleased, either over his head or under his chin. After some words, they agreed, and he paid the money down, and began to measure, saying, "One of my ears is here, and the other is nailed to the pillory in Bristol, therefore I fear you have not enough to make good your *bargain*; however, I will take this piece in part, and desire you will provide the rest with all expedition."

Punctuality.

Mr. Scott, of Exeter, travelled on business till about eighty years of age. He was one of the most celebrated characters in this kingdom for punctuality, and, by his methodical conduct, joined to uniform diligence, he gradually amassed a large fortune. For a long series of years, the proprietor of every inn he frequented in Devon and Cornwall knew the day, and the very hour, he would arrive. A short time before he died, a gentleman, on a journey in Cornwall, stopped at a small inn at Port Isaac to dine. The waiter presented him with a bill of fare, which he did not approve of; but observed a fine duck roasting, "I'll have that," said the traveller. "You cannot, sir," said the landlord, "it is for Mr. Scott, of Exeter." "I know Mr. Scott very well," rejoined the gentleman; "he is not in your house." "True, sir," said the landlord, "but *six months ago, when he was here last, he ordered a duck to be ready for him this day, precisely at two o'clock;*" and to the astonishment of the traveller, he saw the old gentleman on his Rosinante jogging into the inn yard about five minutes before the appointed time.

Sir R. Sutton and the King of Prussia.

Some repartees, if, strictly speaking, they are not to be brought under the head of jests, yet, for the readiness of the thought, and the politeness of the expression, are somewhat better. Of this sort was the answer made by Sir Robert Sutton to the late King of Prussia, on his asking him at a review of his tall grenadiers, if he would say an equal number of Englishmen could beat them? "No, sir," answered Sir Robert, "I won't pretend to say that, but I believe *half the number would try.*"

Spanish Gallantry.

Queen Elizabeth having taken notice of the Duke de Villa Medina's gallant behaviour at a tournament, told him one day that she would absolutely know who his mistress was. Villa Medina excused himself awhile, but at last yielding to her curiosity, he promised to send her her picture. The next morning he sent her majesty a packet, wherein the queen finding nothing but a small looking-glass, presently understood the Spaniard's meaning. It must needs be confessed that this was a very ingenious contrivance; and there's no question but this great and witty princess, who was so well pleased to be accounted beautiful, was well enough satisfied at this dumb declaration of love.

An unpleasant Bed-fellow.

A Scotchman and an Irishman were sleeping at an inn together. The weather being rather warm, the Scotchman in his sleep put his leg out of the bed. A traveller, in passing the room door, saw him in this situation, and having a mind for a frolic, gently fixed a spur upon Sawney's heel, who, drawing his leg into the bed, so disturbed his companion that he exclaimed, "Arrah, honey, have a care of your great toe, for you have forgot to cut your nails I belaiv." The Scotchman being sound asleep, and sometimes, perhaps, not a little disturbed by other companions, still kept scratching poor Pat, till his patience being quite spent, he succeeded in rousing Sawney, who, not a little surprised at finding the spur on his heel, loudly exclaimed, "Deil take the daft chiel of an ostler, he's ta'en my boots off last night, and left on the spur."

Fortunate Escape.

Of all the disinterested professors I have ever heard of, I take the boatswain of Dampier's ship to be the most impudent, but the most excusable. You are to know that, in the wild researches that navigator was making, they happened to be out at sea, far distant from any shore, in want of all the necessaries of life ; insomuch, that they began to look, not without hunger, on each other. The boatswain was a fat, healthy, fresh fellow, and attracted the eyes of the whole crew. In such an extreme necessity all forms of superiority were laid aside. The captain and lieutenant were safe only by being carrion ; and the unhappy boatswain in danger only by being worth eating. To be short, the company were unanimous, and the boatswain must be cut up. He saw their intention, and desired he might speak a few words before they proceeded, which being permitted, he delivered himself as follows :—"Gentlemen sailors, far be it that I should speak it for any private interest of my own, but I take it that I should not die with a good conscience if I did not confess to you that I am not sound. I say, gentlemen, justice, and the testimony of a good conscience, as well as love of my country, to which I hope you will all return, oblige me to own that black Kate of Deptford has made me very unfit to eat ; and I speak it with shame, I am afraid, gentlemen, I shall poison you." The speech had a good effect in the boatswain's favour ; but the surgeon of the ship protested he had cured him very well, and offered to eat the first steak himself. The boatswain replied (like an orator, with a true notion of the people, and in hopes to gain time), that he was heartily glad if he could be for their service, and thanked the sur-

geon for his information. "However," said he, "I must inform you for your own good that I have ever since my cure been very thirsty and dropsical; therefore I promise it will be much better to tap me, and drink me off than eat me at once, and have no man in the ship fit to be drank afterwards." As he was going on with his harangue, a fresh gale arose, and gave the crew hopes of a better repast at the nearest shore, to which they arrived next morning.

Fair and Reasonable.

A worthy old gentleman in the country having employed an attorney, of whom he had a pretty good opinion, to do some law business for him in London, he was greatly surprised, on his coming to town, and demanding his bill of law charges, to find that it amounted to at least three times the sum he expected; the *honest* attorney assured him that there was no article in his bill but what was *fair and reasonable.* "Nay," said the country gentleman, "there's one of them I am sure cannot be so, for you have set down three shillings and fourpence for going to Southwark, when none of my business lay that way; pray, what is the meaning of that, sir?" "Oh sir," said he, "that was for fetching the chine and turkey from the carrier's that you sent me for a present out of the country."

The Gallant Writing Master.

A writing master, in Islington, having engaged the affections of a female scholar, with a fortune of £20,000, led her to the Hymeneal altar. A few days previous he had been asked by her guardian how miss came on in her writing? To this the master gravely replied, "Vastly well, indeed, sir, I shall soon have her in *joining-hand.*"

Dr. Busby and his Pupil.

A scholar of Dr. Busby's coming into a parlour where the doctor had laid down a fine bunch of grapes for his own eating, takes them up, and says aloud, "I publish the banns between these grapes and my mouth ; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it." The doctor being but in the next room, overheard all that was said, and coming into the school, he ordered the boy who had eaten his grapes to be taken up, or, as they called it, horsed on another boy's back, but before he proceeded to the usual discipline, he cried out aloud, as the delinquent had done, "I publish the banns between my rod and this boy's breech, if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it." "I forbid the banns," cried the boy. "Why so ?" said the doctor. "Because the parties are not agreed," replied the boy. Which answer so pleased the doctor, who loved to find any readiness of wit in his scholars, that he ordered the boy to be set down.

Noble Blood.

A nobleman of the thick blood of the Irish nation, paid his addresses to the daughter of a friend, who valued money more than ancestry ; the old gentleman hinted to his Lordship that he supposed his fortune was equivalent to his daughter's ? "Why no, sir," replied his lordship, "I cannot say 'tis altogether so considerable ; but then you know, sir, there is my blood." "Your blood !" returns the gentleman ; "if you squander my daughter's fortune away, she must not depend on your blood for a subsistence ; a hog's blood would be of more service then and would make much better puddings."

A Counsellor silenced.

The veteran counsellor Caldbeck, one day cross-examining a country fellow, as a witness, asked him in several ways what he thought a particular person to be, from his own knowledge, hearsay, or belief; but could extract no other answer than that "he did not know, and could not tell." "Come, fellow," said the counsellor, "answer me on your oath; what would you take me to be if you did not actually know my person, and should meet me in the street?" "Why then," says the fellow, "since you ask me, I will tell you, sir. By vartue of my oath, if you had not that wig and gown upon you, I should take you for a *little ould pedlar;*" (a palpable hit.) The learned counsellor was silenced.

A Pun for the Fishes.

It was said that a fishmonger had discovered a new mode of opening *oysters;* on hearing which a person observed, "No doubt then it will astonish the *natives.*"

Law.

To him that goes to law, nine things are requisite: in the first place, a good deal of money—secondly, a great deal of patience—thirdly, a good cause—fourthly, a good attorney—fifthly, a good counsel—sixthly, good evidence—seventhly, a good jury—eighthly, a good judge—and, ninthly, good luck.

A Cockney's Pun.

A Londoner told his friend he was going to Margate for a change of *hair*, "You had better," said the other, "go to the *wig-maker's shop.*"

Singularity of Two Brothers.

In a manuscript in one of the libraries of Paris, we are told the Count de Ligniville, and Count d'Autricourt, twins, descended from an ancient family in Loraine, resembled each other so much that when they put on the same kind of dress, which they did now and then for amusement, their servants could not distinguish the one from the other. Their voice, gait, and deportment the same, and these marks of resemblance were so perfect, that they often threw their friends, and even their wives, into the greatest embarrassments. Being both captains of light horse, the one would put himself at the head of the other's squadron, without the officers ever suspecting the change. Count d'Autricourt having committed some crime, the Count de Ligniville never suffered his brother to go out without accompanying him, and the fear of seizing the innocent instead of the guilty, rendered the orders to arrest the former of no avail. One day, Count de Ligniville sent for a barber, and after having suffered him to shave one half of his beard, he pretended to have occasion to go into the next apartment, and putting his night-gown upon his brother, who was concealed there, and tucking the cloth which he had about his neck under his chin, made him sit down in the place which he had just quitted. The barber immediately resumed his operation, and was proceeding to finish what he had begun, as he supposed, but, to his great astonishment, I found that a new beard had sprung up. Not doubting that the person under his hands was the devil, he roared out with terror, and sunk down in a swoon on the floor. Whilst they were endeavouring to call him to life, Count d'Autricourt retired again to the closet, and count de Ligniville, who was half

shaved, returned to his former place. This was a new cause of surprise to the poor barber, who now imagined that all he had seen was a dream, and he could not be convinced of the truth until he beheld the two brothers together. The sympathy that subsisted between the two brothers was not less singular than their resemblance. If one fell sick, the other was indisposed also ; if one received a wound, the other felt pain ; and this was the case with every misfortune that befel them, so that on this account they watched each other's conduct with the greatest care and attention. But what is still more astonishing they both often had the same dreams. The day that Count d'Autricourt was attacked in France by the fever of which he died, Count de Ligniville was attacked by the same in Bavaria, and was near sinking under it.

A Duel prevented.

A noble lord, not very courageous, was once so far engaged in an affair of honour as to be drawn to Hyde Park to fight a duel ; but just as he came to the Porter's Lodge an empty hearse came by ; on which his lordship's antagonist, who was a droll officer, well known, called out to the driver, "Stop here, my good fellow, a few minutes, and I'll send you a fare." This operated so strongly on his lordship's nerves that he begged the officer's pardon, and returned home in a whole skin.

A Dainty Dish.

Dominico, the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV., at supper, fixed his eyes on a dish of partridges. The king, who was fond of his acting, said, "Give that *dish* to Dominico." "*And the partridges, too, sire?*" Louis, penetrating into the artfulness of the question, "*and the partridges too.*" The dish was gold.

Sad Blunders.

During the reign of James II., when the king was much disliked for his oppression, and the number of taxes imposed upon the people, his majesty, in the progress of a tour, stopped at Winchelsea, when the corporation resolved to address him ; but, as the mayor did not possess much literature, it was settled that the town-clerk should be his prompter. Being introduced to the presence of the king, the town-clerk whispered to the trembling mayor, "Hold up your head, and look like a man." His worship, mistaking this for the beginning of a speech, repeated aloud to the king, "*Hold up your head, and look like a man.*" The town-clerk, in amaze, again whispered him, "What do you mean by this, sir?" The mayor, in the same manner, repeated, "*What do you mean by this, sir?*" The town-clerk, alarmed, whispered still more earnestly, "I tell you, sir, you'll ruin us all." The mayor, still imagining this to be part of his speech, concluded his matchless performance with, "*I tell you, sir, you'll ruin us all.*"

Military Rhetoric.

That sort is best which is most reasonable and catching. An instance we have in that old commander at Cadiz, who proved a good orator. Being to say something to his soldiers, (which he was not used to do,) he made them a speech to this purpose: "What a shame would it be, you Englishmen, that feed upon good beef and beer, to let those rascally Spaniards, that eat nothing but oranges and lemons, beat you." And thus he put more courage into his men than he could have done by a learned oration.

A Matrimonial Case.

My lord and his lady scold, wrangle and fight,
Yet are both of one mind, and are both in the right:
She calls him a fool; he knows he's not wise;
He calls her a w——, and she can't say he lies.

Fashionable Manner of Behaving like a Gentleman.

The old Duchess of Gordon was a singular specimen of address, wit, and pleasant feeling. Her daughter that married the Duke of Richmond was brought to bed "in due season." Charles Fox complimented her on the birth of her grandson, adding, "they have not been long about making him." "Why, truly not," replied her grace, "I kept count, and my daughter was delivered exactly nine months from the hour they came together: Lord Lennox has, as I always said he would, behaved *quite like a gentleman* on this occasion."

An Emperor's Dream.

The emperor Charles V. having one day lost himself in the heat of the chase, and wandered in the forest far from his train, after much fatigue in trying to find a route, came at last to a solitary hedge ale-house, where he entered to refresh himself. On coming in, he saw four men, whose mien presaged him no good; he however sat down and called for something. These men, pretending to sleep, one of them rose, and, approaching the emperor, said, he had dreamt that he took his hat: and accordingly took it off. The second saying, he had dreamt he had taken his coat, took that also. The third, with a like prologue, took his waistcoat. And the fourth, with much politeness, said, he hoped there would be no objection to his feeling his pockets; and seeing a chain of gold about his neck, whence hung his hunting-horn, was about to take that too. But the emperor said, "Stop, my friend, I dare say you cannot blow it; I will teach you." So, putting the horn to his mouth, he blew repeatedly, and very loud. His people, who searched for him, heard the sound, and entering the cottage, were surprised to see him in such a garb. "Here are four fellows," said the emperor, "who have *dreamt* what they please: I must also *dream* in my turn." Sitting down, and shutting his eyes a little while, he then started up, saying, "I have dreamt that I saw four thieves hanged;" and immediately ordered his dream to be fulfilled, the master of the inn being compelled to be their executioner.

Discontent and Ingratitude.

"When I give away a place," said Louis XIV, "I make a hundred discontented, and one ungrateful."

Precedence.

A lawyer and a physician having a dispute about precedence, referred it to Diogenes, who gave it in favour of the lawyer, in these terms: "Let the thief go *before*, and the executioner *follow*."

Hanging preferred to Drowning.

Two Irishmen about to be hanged during the rebellion of 1798, the gallows was erected over the margin of a river. When the first man was drawn up the rope gave way, he fell into the stream, and escaped by swimming. The remaining culprit, looking up to the executioner, said, with genuine native simplicity, and an earnestness that evinced his sincerity, "Do, good Mr. Ketch, if you please, tie me up tight, for, if the rope breaks, I'm sure to be drowned, for I can't swim a stroke."

Strong Testimony.

A mountebank, expatiating on the virtues of his *drawing salve*, and reciting many instances of its success, was interrupted by an old woman, who asserted rather *iron*-ically, that she had seen it draw out of a door *four rusty tenpenny nails*, that defied the united efforts of two of the strongest blacksmiths in the country, with their hammers and pincers.

The Quaker and Parson.

A quaker, that was a barber, being sued by the parson for tithes, Yea and Nay went to him, and demanded the reason why he troubled him, as he had never any dealing with him in his whole life: "Why," said the parson, "it is for tithes." "For

tithes," said the quaker, "I pr'ythee, friend, upon what account?" "Why," says the parson, "for preaching in the church." "Alas, then," replied the quaker, "I have nothing to pay thee; for I come not there." "Oh, but you might," says the parson, "for the doors are always open at convenient times;" and, thereupon, said he would be paid, seeing it was his due. Yea and Nay hereupon shook his head, and making several wry faces, departed, and immediately entered his action (it being a corporation town) against the parson for forty shillings. The parson, upon notice of this, came to him, and very hotly demanded why he put such a disgrace upon him, and for what he owed him the money? "Truly, friend," replied the quaker, "for trimming." "For trimming!" said the parson, "why, I was never trimmed by you in my life." "Oh! but thou might'st have come and been trimmed, if thou had'st pleased, for my doors are always open at convenient times, as well as thine."

Cunning of a Country Girl.

Miss Cully, daughter of the amazing rich Northumbrian grazier of that name, eloped with a poor curate. She was pursued and taken before they could reach Gretna Green. After being locked up for three months, it was announced to her father by her nurse and attendants, that she was "in the way that all women wish to be who love their lords." He sent for the curate, who refused to marry her unless £20,000 was paid him down. The unhappy father complied, and the day after

"*A consummation devoutly to be wished,*"

the bride appeared as taper as a leek, and the prominence before had faded away; in fact, the old man was hoaxed, and upbraided his daughter

severely for deceiving him. She silenced him with "What, sir, would you prefer your daughter as a *strumpet*, to being a virtuous woman? If so, I'll instruct my sister how to act so as to please you."

Whimsical Notice.

A grocer, in Dublin, announces in the papers of that city, that he has whiskey on sale *which was drunk by his Majesty while he was in Ireland.*

A Wounded Tar Speculating.

At the battle of the Nile, a sailor had his leg struck off by a cannon shot; he raised himself up, and looking at the stump, exclaimed coolly, "Ah! that's eighteen-pence a-day for me; curse you, master mounseer, you might as well have taken it off above the knee when you were at it, and then I should either have had two shillings or Greenwich. Fire away boys, and revenge the loss of my timber."

Anecdote of Louis XIV.

While the Edystone light-house was erecting, a French privateer took the men upon the rock, together with their tools, and carried them to France; and the captain was in expectation of a reward for the achievement. While the captives lay in prison, the transaction reached the ears of Louis XIV., when he immediately ordered them to be released, and the captors put in their places—declaring, that "though he was at war with England, he was not so with all mankind." He directed the men to be sent back to their work, with presents; observing, "that the Edystone light-house was so situated as to be of equal service to all nations having occasion to navigate the channel between England and France."

Anecdote of G. A. Stevens.

When George Alexander Stevens was a first actor in the Norwich company, he performed the part of Horatio, in the "Fair Penitent." The Calista was a Mrs. B——, who had been long the celebrated heroine in tragedy, and the lady in high life in comedy. Mrs. B——, in her decline, sacrificed too often to the intoxicating god. In proportion as the action of the play advanced towards a conclusion, by endeavouring to raise her spirits with a cheerful glass, she became totally unfit to represent the character. In her last scene of Calista, it was so long before she died, that George, after giving her several gentle hints, cried out, "Why don't you die, you —— ?" She retorted, as loud as she could, "You robbed the Bristol mail, you dog !" This spirited dialogue so diverted the audience, that much clapping ensued. The manager seeing no end of this merry business, dropped the curtain, and put an end to the tumult.

Acquaintance Claimed.

One Captain Broughton, who lived by his wits, visiting a friend in the Tower, about dinner time, his friend being absent, in his walk saw divers dishes of meat, and bottles of wine, carrying up to a lord's lodging, and immediately after followed the guests, among whom the captain puts in, and sits down to dinner, where he ate and drank freely; but the lord had often an eye upon this stranger, and seeing him very familiar, after dinner he inquired of his guests whose relation he was, which the captain hearing, boldly salutes him in these words: "My lord, do you not know me ?" "No, indeed," said the lord. Quoth the captain, "Sure you do, my lord, for you

and I have been in all the prisons in England." "How!" said my lord, "I never was in any but this of the Tower in my life." "True, my lord," answered the captain, "and I have been in all the rest." At which my lord and the company laughed heartily.

The Complaisant Painter.

Vigee, taking the portrait of a lady, perceived that when he was working at her mouth she was twisting her features in order to render it smaller, and putting her lips into the most extreme contraction. "Do not trouble yourself so much, madam," exclaimed the painter, "for, if you choose, I will draw you without any mouth at all."

An Honest Confession.

On a time a bill was brought into the House of Assembly at Jamaica, for regulating wharfingers. Mr. Paul Phipps, who was a distinguished member, rose and said, "Mr. Speaker, I very much approve of the bill, the wharfingers are all a set of knaves, *I was one myself ten years!*"

The Irishman's Triumph.

An Irishman saw the sign of the Rising Sun near the Seven Dials, and underneath was wrote, *A. Moon*, the man's name who kept it being Aaron Moon. The Irishman, thinking he had discovered a just cause for triumph, roars out to his companion, "Only see, Phelim! see here! they talk of the Irish bulls; only do but see, now! here's a fellow puts up the Rising Sun, and calls it *A Moon*."

Black-Eyed Susan.

Gay wrote this well-known ballad upon Mrs. Montford, a celebrated actress, contemporary with Cibber. After her retirement from the stage, love, and the ingratitude of a bosom friend, deprived her of her senses, and she was placed in a receptacle for lunatics. One day, during a lucid interval, she asked her attendant what play was to be performed that evening, and was told that it was Hamlet: in this tragedy, whilst on the stage, she had ever been received with rapture in Ophelia. The recollection struck her, and with that cunning which is so often allied to insanity, she eluded the care of the keepers, got to the theatre, and concealed herself until the scene in which Ophelia enters in her insane state; she then pushed on the stage before the lady who had performed the previous part of the character could come on, and exhibited a more perfect representation of madness than the utmost exertions of mimic art could effect. She was, in truth, Ophelia herself, to the amazement of the performers, and the astonishment of the audience. Nature having made this last effort, her vital powers failed her. On going off, she exclaimed, "It is all over!" She was immediately conveyed back to her late place of security, and in a few days after—

"Like a lily drooping,
Bowed her head and died."

Stocks too Low.

A wag, passing through a country town, observed a fellow placed in the stocks. "My friend," said he, "I advise you by all means to *sell out.*" "I should have no objection, your honour," he replied drily, "but at present they seem *too low.*"

The two Mr. Smith's.

James Smith, one of the authors of the "*Rejected Addresses*," is not only a wit but an attorney, and he dwells or dwelt in Austin-friars. Now, it so happened, that another James Smith, solicitor, came to dwell in the same building, in Austin-friars, with our friend the parodist; and the consequences of two James Smiths, attorneys, of No. —, may be easily conjectured. Letters, messages, papers of all kinds, were continually going astray, and the confusion was most amazing. At last, one morning, James Smith, the new comer, made his appearance in the chambers of his namesake with an open letter in his hand. "This, sir," said he, "I find is intended for you. It is a confidential letter, but I have read it from beginning to end." "You made a mistake of the same kind a few days ago, and it is most unpleasant." "I really can see no remedy for this confusion, but that one or other of us should leave the building." "I agree with you," said our James; "and you, of course, must be the man to leave." "I do not see why it should be me, and not you," was the answer. "Because, my dear fellow," replied the wit, "you are here James the second, and therefore should abdicate."

The Grocer of Smyrnà; or; Impartial Justice.

A grocer of Smyrna had a son, who with the help of the little learning that country afforded, obtained the post of Naib, that is deputy of the Cadi, and as such, visited the markets, and inspected the weights and measures of all who sold by retail. As he was one day executing his office, the neighbours, who were sufficiently acquainted with his father's character, to know that it was necessary for him to be

cautious, advised him to conceal the weights he commonly used, and replace them with others that would bear the strictest scrutiny. But the grocer smiled at their advice, and depending on his relation to the inspector, whom he thought would never expose him to a public affront, stood very carelessly at his shop-door, waiting for his coming.

The Naib, who had abundant reason to suspect the dishonest practices of his father, was determined not to spare him, but to detect his villany, and make him an example of public justice. Accordingly, he stopped at his door, and said to him, "Bring out your weights that we may examine them." The grocer, instead of obeying, endeavoured to turn it off with a smile; but was soon convinced that his son was in earnest, by hearing him order the officers to search his shop, and seeing them produce the instruments of his fraud, which, after the most impartial examination, were condemned and broken to pieces. Counfounded at such unexpected proceedings, he stood motionless, but hoped the public shame he had suffered would plead sufficiently with his son, to remit all further punishment of his crime. In this, however, he was mistaken; the Naib rendered it as severe as for the most indifferent offender, sentencing him to a fine of fifty piastres, and to receive a bastinado of as many blows on the soles of the feet.

The whole sentence was immediately executed; after which, the Naib, leaping from his horse, threw himself at his feet, and wetting them with his tears, thus addressed him: "Father, I have discharged my duty to my God, my sovereign, my country, and my station; permit me now, by my respect and submission, to pay the debt I owe to a parent. Justice is blind: it is the power of God upon earth:

it has no regard to father or son. God and our neighbour's rights are above the ties of nature. You had offended against the laws of justice: you deserved this punishment: you would in the end have received it from some other hand. I am sorry it was your fate to receive it from me. My conscience would not suffer me to act otherwise. Behave better for the future, and, instead of blaming, pity my being reduced to so cruel a necessity."

After saying these words, he again mounted his horse, and continued his journey amidst the acclamations of the whole city, for so remarkable a piece of justice. Nor did he lose his reward: the Sultan, who was soon informed of it, raised him to the post of Cadi, and afterwards to the dignity of Mufti; in which high office he continued the guardian of their laws, and the favourite of his country.

How to Raise the Rent.

A farmer in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, was thus accosted by his landlord: "John, I am going to raise your rent." John replied, "Sir, I am very much obliged to you, for I cannot *raise* it myself."

An Embarrassment.

Notwithstanding Lord Rochester was the most debauched and impudent nobleman of his time, and though he had exhibited as a mountebank on Tower-hill, yet he had not confidence enough to speak in the house of peers. One day making an attempt, he gave a true picture of this defect. "My lords," said he, "I rise this time—My lords, I mean to divide this discourse into four branches—My lords, if ever I attempt to *branch* in this house again, I'll give you leave to cut me off *root* and *branch* for ever."

An Irish Negro.

A negro, from Montserrat, where the Hiberno-Celtic is spoken by all classes, happened to be on the wharf at Philadelphia, when a number of Irish emigrants were landed; and seeing one of them with a wife and four children, he stepped forward to assist the family on shore. The Irishman, in his native tongue, expressed his surprise at the civility of the negro; who, understanding what had been said, replied, in Irish, that he need not be astonished, for he was a bit of an Irishman himself. The Irishman, surprised to hear a black man speak his dialect, it entered his mind, with the usual rapidity of the Irish fancy, that he really was as Irishman, but that the climate had, no doubt, changed his complexion. "If I may be so bold, sir," said he, "may I ask you how long you have been in this country?" The negro-man, who had only come hither on a voyage, said, he had been in Philadelphia only about four months. Poor Patrick turned round to his wife and children, and looking as if for the last time on their rosy cheeks, concluding that in four months they must also change their complexions, exclaimed, "O Merciful Powers! Judy, did you hear that? he has not been more than four months in this country, and he is already almost as black as jet."

The Good-for-nothing Preacher.

Two reverend gentlemen who were conversing together, one complained to the other that he found it a great hardship to preach twice a-week. "Well," said the other, "I preach twice on a Sunday and *make nothing of it!*"

Scarce Articles.

George the First, on a journey to Hanover, stopped at a village in Holland, and while the horses were getting ready, he asked for two or three eggs, which were brought him, and charged two hundred florins. "How is this?" said his majesty, "eggs must be very scarce in this place." "Pardon me," said the host, "eggs are plentiful enough, but kings are scarce." The king smiled, and ordered the money to be paid.

Nautical Sermon.

When Whitfield preached before the seamen at New York, he had the following bold apostrophe in his sermon :—

"Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine headway over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the Heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Hark! don't you hear distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves rise and dash against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam ends! What next?"

It is said that the unsuspecting tars, reminded of former perils on the deep, as if struck by the power of magic, arose, with united voices and minds, and exclaimed, '*Take to the long boat.*'

Money Lenders.

Dr. Arbuthnot says, "that money-lenders are like *wire-drawing mills*, if they get hold of a man's finger, they will pull in the *whole body* at last."

The Powers of Translation.

A Welsh curate having preached several sermons, which were considered superior to his own powers of composition, was asked by a friend, how he managed? He replied, "Do you see, I have got a volume of sermons by one Tillotson, and a very good book it is; so I translate one of the sermons into Welsh, and then back again into English, after which the devil himself would not know it again."

A good Place.

"I can't conceive," said one nobleman to another, "how it is that you manage. I am convinced that you are not of a temper to spend more than your income, and yet, though your estate is less than mine, I could not afford to live at the rate you do." "My lord," said the other, "I have a place." "A place? you amaze me, I never heard of it till now; pray what place?" "I am my own steward."

A left-handed Excuse.

A servant girl, who always attended divine service, but who also could not read, had, from constant attendance, got the service by rote, and could repeat it extremely well. But a few Sundays previous to her marriage she was accompanied in the same pew by her beau, to whom she did not like it to be known that she could not read; she, therefore, took up the prayer-book, and held it before her. Her lover wished to have a sight of it also, but, unfortunately for her, she held it upside down. The man, astonished, says, "Good heaven! why you have the book wrong side upwards." "I know it, sir," said she confusedly, "I always read so, for I am *left-handed*."

The Quiet Wife.

A man whose wife had for some time been indisposed, going home one evening, was informed by the servant that she was dead. "Well," said the husband, "I am going to the club; send for me if I should be wanted." In about two hours he returned, and was going to bed as usual, when the maid cried out, "Lord, sir, do not go there! I have made a bed for you in the other chamber." "Yes, but I will, Betty," returned he, "I never yet had a peaceable day with her, and am determined to have one quiet night before we part."

The Long-headed Lawyer.

A student of the Middle Temple being just called to the bar, sent for a peruke-maker to measure him for a new tie-wig. The peruquier, on applying his apparatus in one direction, was observed to smile. On which the young barrister desiring to know what ludicrous circumstance gave rise to his mirth, the barber replied, "That he could not but remark the extreme length of his honour's head." "That's well," said the student; "we lawyers have occasion for long heads." The barber, who had by this time completed the dimensions, now burst out into a fit of laughter; and, on explanation being insisted on, at last declared, "That he could not possibly contain himself, when he discovered that his honour's head was just as thick as it was long."

Loss, much Felt.

Mr. Bannister passing by a house that had been almost consumed by fire, inquired whose it was. Being told it was a hatter's, "Oh, then," rejoined he, "the loss will be *much felt.*"

Actors not the only Persons on the Stage.

Two actors belonging to Covent-Garden Theatre, being on their way to Brighton, stopped at an inn to change horses, where there was a coach coming towards London, waiting the same accommodation, on the roof of which was seated a farmer's man, who hailed the two actors thus: "So, masters, you are going a mumming I see." "How the devil does that fellow know we are performers?" said one of the actors. "Don't you see he's on the *stage* himself," replied the other.

The Stage-struck Youth.

A foolish stage-struck youth ran away from his friends, and got amongst a most low and miserable set of strollers. A relation after a time discovered him just as he was going on the stage in *King Richard;* and, on reading him a pretty severe lecture on his folly and disobedience, received an answer suitable to all the ridiculous consequence and assumed pomp of a mock monarch. To which he answered, "These are fine lofty words, but 'tis a great pity, Mr. King Richard, that you could not afford to buy a better pair of shoes." The actor, looking at his toes, which were staring him in the face, without losing his vivacity, cried, "Shoes! O, sir, shoes are things we *kings* don't stand upon!"

Wholesome Advice.

A forward young lady was walking one morning on the Steyne, at Brighton, when she encountered a facetious friend. "You see, Mr.——," said she, "I am come out to get a little sun and air." "I think, madam, you had better get a little husband first," was the reply.

The Stage-struck Servant.

About the time when Murphy so successfully attacked the stage-struck heroes in the pleasant farce of "The Apprentice," an eminent poulterer went to a spouting-club in search of his servant, who, he understood, was that evening to make his *debut* in Lear, and entered the room at the moment he was exclaiming—"I am the king ; you cannot touch me for coining." "No, you dog," cried the enraged master, catching the mad monarch by his collar, "but I can for not *picking the ducks*."

Witty Reply.

A young lady was accosted by a clergyman in a lane when going to the church, who asked her why she did not go across the fields ; upon which she replied, "They were too *stile-ish* for her."

Cultivation of Potatoes.

During the protracted debates upon the subject of public scarcity in 1802, Mr. Wilberforce one night made a long and able speech, in the course of which, he recommended great encouragement to the cultivation of potatoes, as a source of cheap food for the poor. A reporter, who was desirous of being attentive to every thing which fell from that honourable gentleman, unluckily fell asleep, and only awaked just as Mr. Wilberforce was concluding. He was extremely mortified at having missed the speech, and asked a droll "fellow-labourer," the well-known Charles Wilson, who sat next him, to detail the leading points of the honourable member's argument. The other told him, with great gravity, that Mr. Wilberforce had been extremely eloquent in recommending the culture of potatoes, that he instanced their good effects in the gigantic stature, broad shoulders, vigorous constitution, and comely persons of the Irish peasantry, of whom he had seen so many herculean specimens in his walks through St. Giles's and Covent-garden, and withal lamented that his parents and guardians had not fed him in his early youth upon those salubrious roots, which would have rendered him *tall* and *athletic*, instead of the tiny person he was.

The text was quite enough for the spinner of eloquence, who amplified these points in his next day's paper to a speech of four columns, without a single sentence of what Mr. Wilberforce had really uttered. On the next day, being at his post as usual, Mr. Wilberforce rose with the identical newspaper in his hand. The call of "Privilege! Privilege!" echoed from several voices, and Mr. Wilberforce addressed the chair, by expressing his unwillingness

at all times to restrain the liberty of the press, or to oppose the standing orders of the house, against that usage which had long prevailed, of detailing in the public papers what passed there in discussion; but where a gross misrepresentation was made of the speech of a member, it ought not to pass in silence. He held in his hand a report, purporting to be a report of his own speech the preceding night, and he would appeal to the house whether it contained a syllable of what he had said. (Read! read! echoed from all sides.) Mr. Wilberforce put on his spectacles, and proceeded to the reading, but every sentence produced in the house a burst of laughter, until he came to that part where he was stated to have lamented that he had not been early fed upon potatoes, and thereby rendered tall, broad shouldered, and athletic, instead of the tiny person he was. This threw the house into a roar of laughter, when Mr. Wilberforce himself, dismounting his spectacles, good humouredly joined in the laugh, and said, "Well, I protest the thing is so ludicrous, that it is hardly worth serious notice, and I shall pursue it no farther."

Bank Notes.—An Anecdote.

When Brennan, the noted highwayman, was taken in the south of Ireland, curiosity drew numbers to the gaol to see the man loaded with irons, who had long been a terror to the country. Among others was a banker, whose notes at that time were not held in the highest estimation, who assured the prisoner that he was very glad to see him there at last. Brennan, looking up, replied, "Ah! sir, I did not expect that from *you;* indeed, I did not: for you well know that when all the country refused your notes, I *took* them."

Deaf and Dumb.

The late Countess of Kenmare, who was a devout Catholic, passing one day from her devotions at a chapel in Dublin, through a lane of beggars, who are there certainly the best actors in Europe in the display of counterfeit misery. Her ladyship's notice was particularly attracted by one fellow apparently more wretched than all the rest, and she asked him, "Pray, my good man, what is the matter with you?" The fellow, who well knew her simplicity and benevolence, answered, "Oh! my lady, I'm deaf and dumb." "Poor man!" replied the innocent lady, "how long have you been so?" "Ever since I had the *faver* last Christmas." The poor lady presented him with a half-crown, and went away piously commiserating his misfortunes.

Anecdote of Carlini.

That laughter is by no means an unequivocal symptom of a merry heart, there is a remarkable anecdote of Carlini, the drollest buffoon ever known on the Italian stage at Paris. A French physician being consulted by a person who was subject to the most gloomy fits of melancholy, advised his patient to mix in scenes of gaiety, and particularly to freqent the Italian theatre. "And," said he, "if Carlini does not dispel your gloomy complaint, your case must be desperate indeed!" "Alas! sir," replied the patient, "I myself am Carlini, but while I divert all Paris with mirth, and make them almost die with laughter, I am myself actually dying with chagrin and melancholy!" Immoderate laughter, like the immoderate use of strong cordials, gives only a temporary appearance of cheerfulness, which is soon terminated by an increased depression of spirits.

A serious Truth.

A labourer's daughter, who had been in service from her childhood, when weary, would be frequently wishing to be married, that, as she emphatically termed it, she might *rest her bones.* Hymen at last listened to her prayers, and a neighbouring clod-hopper led her to the altar, nothing loth. Some time afterwards her late mistress meeting her, asked her, "Well, Mary, have you rested your bones yet?" "Yes, indeed," replied she, with a sigh, "I have rested my *jaw-bones.*"

Power of Imagination.

A very extraordinary circumstance happened lately at Wells. The landlady of the White Hart inn, observing the appearance of blood trickling down the breeches and stockings of an eminent land-surveyor of the neighbourhood, who was at her house, she asked him if his nose had been bleeding? He replied, "No;" but upon seeing the same appearance himself, he clapped both his hands to his stomach, complained of a violent pain there, and exclaimed, "I am a dead man—I have burst a blood-vessel—send for a surgeon immediately." Upon which he fainted away, was stripped, and put into a warm bed. Two surgeons soon arrived and examined the body; they found no apparent orifice from whence the blood issued; but, upon searching his clothes, which seemed to be very bloody, they found in his waistcoat pocket a bottle which had been filled with red ink. This unravelled the mystery, as the cork had been forced out; and is a strong proof of the astonishing effects of imagination in suspending the human faculties.

A True Prophet.

Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, when a certain bill was brought into the House of Lords, said, among other things, "that he prophesied last winter this bill would be attempted in the present session and he was sorry to find that he had proved a true prophet." Lord Coningsby, who spoke after the bishop, and always spoke in a passion, desired the house to remark, "that his right reverend friend had set himself forth as a prophet, but for his part he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that furious prophet, Balaam, who was reproved by his own ass." The bishop, in a reply, with great wit and calmness, exposed this rude attack, concluding thus :—"Since the noble lord had dicovered in our manners such a similitude, I am content to be compared to the prophet Balaam ; but, my lords, I am at a loss to make out the other part of the parallel ; where is the ass ? I am sure I have been reproved by nobody *but his lordship.*"

Reasons for Marrying.

A country justice of the peace, when upwards of seventy years of age, married a girl about nineteen, and being well aware that he was likely to be rallied on the subject, he resolved to be prepared. Accordingly, when any of his intimate friends called upon him, after the first salutations were passed, he was sure to begin the conversation, by saying, he believed he could tell them news. "Why," says he, "I have married my tailor's daughter." If he was asked why he did so, the old gentleman replied, "Why, the father *suited* me so well for forty years past, that I thought the daughter might *suit* me for *forty years to come.*"

Mal apropos Wit.

In the year 1797, when democratic notions ran high, it may be remembered that the King's coach was attacked as his Majesty was going to the House of Peers. A gigantic Hibernian, on that occasion, was conspicuously loyal in repelling the mob. Soon after, to his no small surprise, he received a message from Mr. Dundas to attend at his office. He went, and met with a gracious reception from the *great man*, who, after prefacing a few encomiums on his active loyalty, desired him to point out any way in which he would wish to be advanced, his Majesty having particularly noticed his courageous conduct, and being desirous to reward it. Pat scratched and scraped for a while, half thunderstruck. "The devil take me if I know what I'm fit for." "Nay, my good fellow," cried Harry, "think a moment, and *dinna* throw *yoursel* out o' the way o' fortun'." Pat hesitated a moment, smirking as if some odd idea had strayed into his noddle, "I'll tell you what, mister, make a *Scotchman* of me, and, by Saint Patrick, there'll be no fear of my getting on." The minister gazed awhile at the *mal apropos* it. "Make a *Scotchman* of *you*, sir, that's impossible for I can't give you *prudence*."

Two Negatives.

Mr. Pitt was disputing at a cabinet dinner on the energy and beauty of the Latin language. In support of the superiority which he affirmed it to have over the English, he asserted that two negatives made a thing more positive than one affirmative possibly could. "Then," said Thurlow, "your father and mother must have been two complete *negatives* to make such a *positive* fellow as you are."

Anecdote of Sheridan.

Sheridan was very desirous that his son Tom should marry a young woman of large fortune, but knew that Miss Callander had won his son's heart. One day he requested Tom to walk with him, and soon entered on the subject of his marriage, and pointing out to him in glowing colours the advantage of so brilliant an alliance. Tom listened with the utmost patience, and then descanted on the perfections of the woman who proved the pride and solace of his declining years. Sheridan grew warm, and expatiating on the folly of his son, at length exclaimed, "Tom, if you marry Caroline Callander I'll cut you off with a shilling!" Tom could not resist the opportunity of replying, and looking archly at his father, said, "Then, sir, you must borrow it." Sheridan was tickled at the wit, and dropped the subject.

Dean Swift and the Lawyers.

Dean Swift having preached an assize sermon in Ireland, was invited to dine with the judges; and having in his sermon considered the use and abuse of the law, he then pressed a little hard upon those counsellors who plead causes, which they knew in their consciences to be wrong. When dinner was over, and the glass began to go round, a young barrister retorted upon the dean; and after several altercations, the counsellor asked him. "If the devil were to die, whether a *parson* might not be found who, for money, would preach his funeral sermon?" "Yes," said Swift, "I would gladly be the man, and I would then give the devil his due, as I have this day done his *children*."

Anecdote of Alexander the Great.

Alexander the Great, passing through Corinth, had the curiosity to go to see the philosopher Diogenes, who was there at that time. He found him seated in a covered tub, with the open part turned towards the sun. "I am the great king Alexander," said he to the philosopher. "And I am the dog Diogenes," replied the philosopher. "I am a good man," said Alexander. "Well, who has any reason to fear the good?" replied Diogenes. Alexander admired the subtlety of his mind, and the free manner in which he spoke. After having some conversation with him, he said to him, "I see, Diogenes, that you are in want of many things; I shall be very glad to give you my assistance. Ask of me whatever you please." "Get then from between me and the sun," said he, "and do not take from me that which you cannot give me" Alexander was astonished, having never before met with any man who was above all human concerns. "Who is the richer man," continued Diogenes, "he who is content with his cloak and his wallet, or he who, having an extensive kingdom, is not satisfied, and who every day exposes himself to a thousand dangers to extend its limits?" Alexander's courtiers were very angry that so great a king should so long honour with his conversation such a surly wretch as Diogenes, who did not even rise from his seat while he spoke to him. The king perceived their anger, and, turning about, said to them, "If I were not Alexander, I would wish to be Diogenes."

Nonsense.

A gentleman being asked to give a definition of nonsense, replied in a Johnsonian style, "Sir, it is nonsense to *bolt* a door with a *boiled carrot*."

Dr. Johnson's Humanity to a Hare.

Dr. Johnson, in his tour through North Wales, passed two days at the seat of Colonel Middleton, of Gwyngag. While he remained there, the gardener caught a hare amidst some potatoe plants, and brought it to his master, then engaged in conversation with the doctor. An order was given to carry it to the cook. As soon as the doctor heard this sentence, he begged to have the animal placed in his arms, which was no sooner done, than, approaching the window, then half open, he restored the hare to her liberty, shouting after her to accelerate her speed. "What have you done?" cried the colonel; "why, doctor, you have robbed my table of a delicacy, perhaps deprived us of a dinner." "So much the better, sir," replied the humane champion of a condemned hare; for if your table is to be supplied at the expense of the laws of hospitality, I envy not the appetite of him who eats it. This, sir, is not a hare *ferœ naturœ*, but one which has placed herself under your protection; and savage indeed must be that man who does not make his hearth an asylum for the confiding stranger."

Science of Optics.

A gentleman remarked the other day to an Irish baronet, that the science of *optics* was now brought to the highest perfection; for that, by the aid of a telescope, which he had just purchased, he could discern objects at an incredible distance. "My dear fellow," replied the good humoured baronet, "I have one at my lodge in the county of Wexford, that will be a match for it; it brought the church of Enniscorthy so near to my view, that I could hear the whole congregation singing psalms."

A Neapolitan's Firmness.

The Neapolitans in general hold drunkenness a very great abhorrence. A story is told there of a nobleman, who, having murdered another in a fit of jealousy, was condemned to suffer death. His life was offered to him on the sole condition of saying that when he committed the deed he was intoxicated. He received the offer with disdain, and exclaimed, "I would rather suffer a thousand deaths than bring eternal disgrace on my family, by confessing the disgraceful crime of intoxication." He persisted, and was executed.

To Let.

Sheridan inquiring of his son what side of politics he should espouse on his inauguration to St. Stephen's chapel; the son replied, that he intended to vote for those who offered best, and that in consequence he should wear on his forehead a label, "To let." To which the facetious critic rejoined, "I suppose, Tom, you mean to add, *unfurnished?*"

Anecdote of Charles II.

Charles the Second asked Bishop Stillingfleet how it happened that he preached in general without book, but always read the sermons which he delivered before the court. The bishop answered, that the awe of seeing before him so great and wise a prince made him afraid to trust himself. "But will your majesty," continued he, "permit me to ask you a question in my turn? Why do you read your speeches to parliament?" "Why, doctor," replied the king, "I'll tell you very candidly. I have asked them so often for money, that I am ashamed to look them in the face!"

Four Bon Vivants.

Theo. Cibber, in company with three other bon vivants, made an excursion. Theo. had a false set of teeth; a second, a glass eye; a third, a cork leg; but the fourth had nothing particular, except a remarkable way of shaking his head. They travelled in a post-coach, and while at the first stage, after each had made merry with his neighbour's infirmity, they agreed that at every waiting-place they would all affect the same singularity. When they came to breakfast, they were all to squint; and as the countrymen stood gaping round when they alighted, "Od rot it," cried one, "how that man squints!" "Why, dom thee," said a second, "here be another squinting fellow!" The third was thought to be a better squinter than the other two, and the fourth better than all the rest. In short language cannot express how admirably they squinted, for they went one degree above the superlative. At dinner they appeared to have cork legs, and their stumping about made more diversion than they had done at breakfast. At tea they were all deaf; but at supper, which was at the Ship, at Dover, each man resumed his character, the better to play his part in a farce they had concerted among them. When they were ready to go to bed, Cibber called out to the waiter, "Here, fellow, take out my teeth." "Teeth, sir!" said the man. "Ay, teeth, sir. Unscrew that wire, and they'll all come out together." After some hesitation, the man did as he was ordered. This was no sooner performed, than a second called out, "Here, you, take out my eye." "Lord, sir," said the waiter, "your eye!" "Yes, my eye. Come here, you stupid dog; pull up that eye-lid, and it will come out as easy as possible."

This done, the third cried out, "Here, you rascal, take off my leg." This he did with less reluctance, being before apprised that it was cork, and also conceived that it would be his last job. He was, however, mistaken. The fourth watched his opportunity, and, while the frightened waiter was surveying with rueful countenance the eye, teeth and leg, lying on the table, cried out, in a frightful hollow voice, "Come here, sir, take off my head!" Turning round, and seeing the man's head shaking like that of a mandarine upon a chimney-piece, he darted out of the room, and after tumbling headlong down stairs, he ran about the house, swearing that the gentlemen up stairs were certainly all devils.

College Frolic.

The poet Gray was notoriously fearful of fire, and kept a ladder of ropes in his bed-room. Some mischievous young men at Cambridge, who knew this, roused him from below, in the middle of a dark night, with the cry of fire! The staircase, they said, was in flames. Up went his window, and down he came by his rope ladder, as fast as he could, into a tub of water, which they had kindly placed there to receive him.

Travellers will Lie.

Mr. Twiss, a romancing traveller, was talking of a church he had seen in Spain a mile and a half long. "Bless me!" said Garrick, "how broad was it?" "About ten yards," said Twiss. "This is, you'll observe, gentlemen," said Garrick to the company, "not a round lie, but differs from his other stories, which are as broad generally as they are long."

Barber Shaved by a Lawyer.

"Sir," said a barber to an attorney who was passing his door, "will you tell me if this is a good seven-shilling piece?" The lawyer, pronouncing the piece good, deposited it in his pocket, adding, with gravity, "If you'll send your boy to my office, I'll return the fourpence."

Sympathy.

As a certain musician, who had a very bad voice, was singing one day, he took notice of a gentlewoman, who fell a crying; when, imagining that the sweetness of his melody awakened some passion in her breast, he began to sing louder, and she to weep more bitterly. He had no sooner ended the song, but, going to the lady, he asked her why she cried. "Oh!" said she, "I am the unfortunate woman whose ass the wolves devoured yesterday, and no sooner did I hear you sing, but I thought on my poor ass, for surely never were voices so much alike."

Match-making.

In a small party, the subject turning on matrimony, a lady said to her sister, "I wonder, my dear, you have never made a *match*, I think you want the *brimstone*." She replied, "No, not the *brimstone*, only the *spark*."

Warped in Travelling.

A crooked gentleman, on his arrival at Bath, was asked by another, what place he had travelled from? "I came *straight* from London," replied he. "Did you so?" said the other; "then you have been terribly *warped by the way*."

Matrimonial Quarrel.

A clergyman was reproving a married couple for their frequent dissentions, which were very unbecoming both in the eye of God and man, seeing, as he observed, that they were both *one*. "Both *one!*" cried the husband. Was your reverence to come by our door sometimes, you would swear we were *twenty*."

A Pun in Perfection.

James the I. of England, and VI. of Scotland, though in some degree a man of sense and wit, seems to have been remarkably deficient in the more important talent of steadiness and vigour of mind. It is said that he was not unconscious of this defect; and that he was once told of it in a very curious manner from the pulpit. He heard of a famous preacher who, according to the fashion of the times, was very witty in his sermons and peculiarly happy in his choice of texts. James got this person to preach before him; who, with all suitable gravity, gave out his text in the following words; "James *I.* and *VI.*, in the latter part of the verse. "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven by the winds and tossed." "God's chickens!" whispered the king, "he is at me already!" The preacher went on and trimmed the king soundly. The text is genuine, and the application of it witty, even independently of the pun, which seems so well suited to the taste of the times of "James I. and VI."

Gun Charged too High.

A person whose name was Gun, complaining to a friend that his attorney, in his bill, had not let him off easily. "That is no wonder," said he, "as he charged you too high."

Irish Dreaming.

When General V—— was quartered at a town in Ireland, he and his lady were regularly besieged, as they got into their carriage, by an old beggar woman, who kept her post at the door, assailing them daily with fresh importunities. Their charity and patience became exhausted: not so the petitioner's perseverance. One morning, as Mr. V—— stepped into the carriage, our oratrix began—"Oh, my lady! success to your ladyship, and success to your honour's honour, this morning, of all the days in the year; for sure did I not *dream* last night her ladyship gave me a pound of tea, and your honour gave me a pound of tobacco." "But, my good woman," said the general, "don't you know that dreams go by the rule of contrary!" "Do they so?" rejoined the old woman: "then it must *maan*, that your honour will give me the tea, and her ladyship the tobacco."

Dr. Johnson's Dictionary.

When Johnson had completed his Dictionary, the delay of which had quite exhausted the patience of Millar, the bookseller, the latter acknowledged the receipt of the last sheet in the following terms:

"Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of the copy of the Dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him."

To this uncourteous intimation, the doctor replied in this smart retort:

"Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find (as he does by this note) that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for any thing."

Rocks of Scilly.

A man, who had a sovereign contempt for his wife, said to her, "One may learn geography from your face; on one side you may see the Blue Mountains, on the other the Black Forest, here the Red Sea, and here (pointing to his forehead) you may evidently behold the Rocks of Scilly."

Severe Rebuke.

Sir William B—— being at a parish meeting, made some proposals that were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, "Sir," says he to the farmer, "do you know that I have been to two universities, and at two colleges in each university?" "Well, sir," said the farmer, "what of that? I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was, the more he sucked the greater calf he grew."

General Dissolution.

A gentleman happened to remark, one intensely hot evening, that Parliament would soon be *dissolved*, a young lady immediately added, "*So shall we all, if this weather continues.*"

Indian Acuteness.

Soon after the settlement at New England, Governor Dudley, taking a walk, met a stout Indian begging, and saying he could get no work. The governor told him to go to his house, and he would give him work. "But," says the negro, "why you no work, massa?" "O," said the governor, "my head works." He, however, turned out an idle good-for-nothing fellow, and his master found it necessary one day to have him flogged. With this view he gave him a letter, desiring him to carry it to the keeper of the workhouse. The negro, suspecting its contents, committed it to the care of one of his comrades, who got a sound whipping for his trouble. The governor having learnt this, asked Mungo why he did so? "O, massa," said he, "*head work.*"

Sporting Ardour.

The late Duke of Grafton, when hunting, was thrown into a ditch; at the same time a young curate, calling out "Lie still, my Lord," leaped over him, and pursued his sport. Such apparent want of feeling, we may presume, was properly resented. No such thing. On being helped out by his attendants, his Grace said, "That man shall have the first good living that falls to my disposal—had he stopped to take care of me, I never would have given him any thing:" being delighted with an ardour similar to his own, or with a spirit that would not stoop to flatter.

Generosity Rewarded.

The following anecdote of the Hon. Mr. Rigby has been attested by persons whose veracity may be relied on: Like most young gentlemen in Ireland, he used to play, and sometimes pretty deep. Being one evening at hazard, in a public place, he was very successful; and having won a considerable sum, he was putting it in his purse, when a person behind him said, in a low voice to himself, "Had I that sum, what a happy man should I be!" Mr. R——, without looking back, put the purse over his shoulder, saying, "Take it, my friend, and be happy." The stranger made no reply, but accepted it, and retired. Every one present was astonished at Mr. Rigby's uncommon beneficence, whilst he received additional pleasure, on being informed that the person who had received the benefit was a half-pay officer in great distress. Some years after, a gentleman waited upon him, in his own equipage, and, being introduced to Mr. R., acquainted him that he came to acquit a debt he had contracted with him in Dublin. Mr. R. was greatly surprised at this declaration, as he was an entire stranger. "Yes, sir," continued the visitor, "you assisted me with above a hundred pounds, at a time when I was in the utmost indigence, without knowing or even seeing me;" and then related the affair of the gaming-table. "With that money," continued the stranger, "I was enabled to pay some debts, and fit myself out for India, where I have been so fortunate as to make an ample fortune." Mr. Rigby declined taking the money, but, through the pressing solicitation of the gentleman, accepted a valuable diamond ring.

Both Parties Agreed.

"I wonder," says a woman of honour, "why my husband and I quarrel so often, for we agree uniformly in one grand point ; he wishes to be master, and so do I."

Matrimonial Service.

A friend of mine, a cosey old bachelor, who has been looking into a prayer-book, says, that the Matrimonial service exactly resembles Matrimony itself, since they both begin with "Dearly beloved," and both end with "Amazement."

Haughtiness Humbled.

As Mr. Reynell, a man of some fortune in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, was one day taking his ride, and being, according to his own idea, a person of no small consequence, he thought proper to show it by riding on the foot-path. Meeting a plain farmer-looking man, he ordered him imperiously to get out of his way. "Sir," said the other, "I don't understand this : I am upon the foot-path, where I certainly have a right to walk." "Do you know, sir," said Mr. Reynell, "to whom you speak ?" "I do not, indeed." "Sir, I am Mr. Reynell, of Edinburgh." "Well, sir, but that certainly does not entitle you to ride on the foot-path, and to drive a humble pedestrian off it." "Why, sir, I am a trustee of this road." "If you are, you are a very bad one." "You are a very impudent fellow. Who are you, sir ?" "I am John, Duke of Montague." It is almost unnecessary to add that the haughty Laird, after a very awkward apology, went off into the main road.

The Value of Married Men

"A little more intimation, my dear," whispered Lady B—— to the gentle Susan, who was walking languidly through a quadrille. "Do leave me to manage my own business, Mamma," replied the provident nymph; "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man." "Of course not, my love; but I was not aware who your partner was."

Advantages of Low Prices.

A gentleman in one of the steam-boats asked the steward, when he came round to collect the passage-money (one shilling each for the best cabin), if there was no danger of being blown up? The steward promptly replied, "No, sir, not the least; we cannot afford to blow people up at these low prices."

Lying Counsellors.

During a cause in which the boundaries of a piece of land were to be ascertained, the counsel of the one party stated, "We lie on this side, my lord;" and the counsel of the other party, "And we lie on this side." The chancellor stood up and said, "If you lie on both sides, whom will you have me to believe?"

Sagacious Magistrate.

A spark being brought before a magistrate on a charge of horse-stealing, the justice, the moment he saw him, exclaimed, "I see a villain in your countenance." "It is the first time," said the prisoner, very coolly, "that I knew my countenance was a *looking-glass*."

Appropriate Toast.

Dr. Egerton, the late Bishop of Durham, on coming to that see, employed a person of the name of Due as his agent, to find out the true value of the estates held by lease under him, and, in consequence of Due's report, greatly raised both the fines and rents of the tenants; on which the following toast was frequently drank in the bishopric: "May the *Lord* take the *bishop*, and the *devil* have his *Due*."

Fry-day; or, Eggs and Bacon.

Suett, meeting Bannister, said, "I intend dining with you soon, on eggs and bacon. What day shall I come?" To which the other replied, "Why, if you will have that dish, you must come on a *friday*."

Irish Acumen v. *Pathetic Appeal.*

A lawyer upon a circuit in Ireland, who was pleading the cause of an infant plaintiff, took the child up in his arms, and presented it to the jury, suffused with tears. This had a great effect, until the opposite lawyer asked the child—"What made him cry?" "He pinched me!" answered the little innocent. The whole court was convulsed with laughter.

Poor Miles Button.

"Which is the deepest, the longest, the broadest, and the smallest grave in the church-yard?" said a pedestrian to his companion, whilst meditating among the tombs in the burying-ground at Esher. "Why," replied his companion, "it is that in which poor Miles Button lies buried, for it contains *Miles* below the sod, *Miles* in length, and *Miles* in breadth; and yet, after all, it is but a *Button-hole*."

Counsellor Foiled.

A countryman, on a trial respecting the right of a fishery, at the late Lancaster assizes, was cross-examined by Serjeant Cockel, who, among many other questions, asked the witness, "Do'st thou love fish?" "Yea," said the poor fellow, with a look of native simplicity, "but I donna like *Cockle* sauce with it." A roar of laughter followed, in which the sergeant joined, with his usual good humour.

Matrimonial Similies.

There are three things which a good wife should resemble, and yet those three things she should not resemble. She should be like a town clock—keep time and regularity. She should not be like a town clock—speak so loud that all the town may hear her. She should be like a snail—prudent, and keep within her own house. She should not be like a snail—carry all she has upon her back. She should be like an echo—speak when spoken to. She should not be like an echo—determined always to have the last word.

Curious Distribution of Happiness.

To give happiness, it is said, is godlike: but there are, it seems, different ways of giving it. We presume few would choose it as it was said once to have been administered by a captain in our navy, who, on meeting a friend as he landed at Portsmouth, boasted that he had left the whole ship's company the happiest fellows in the world. "How so?" asked his friend. "Why, I have just flogged seventeen, and they are happy it is over; and all the rest are happy that they have escaped."

Philosophic Tobacco Stopper.

It is said of Sir Isaac Newton that he *did* once in his life go *a wooing*, and, as it was to be expected, had the greatest attention and indulgence paid to the little peculiarities which ever accompany great genius. Knowing he was fond of smoking, the lady assiduously provided him with a pipe, and they were then seated as if to open the business of Cupid. Sir Isaac smoked a few whiffs—seemed at a loss for something—whiffed again—and, at last, drew his chair nearer to the lady; a pause of some minutes ensued—Sir Isaac seemed more uneasy. Oh, the timidity of some men, thought the lady. When, lo! Sir Isaac whiffed with redoubled fury, and drew the captive hand nearer his head; already the repeated salute had vibrated from the hand to the heart, when, (pity the damsel, gentle reader!) Sir Isaac only raised the fair hand to make the fore finger, which he much wanted—*A tobacco stopper!!!*

Beggar's Feeling Wish.

A beggar, in Dublin, had been a long time besieging an old gouty, testy, limping gentleman, who refused his mite with irritability; on which the mendicant said, "Ah, please your honour's honour, I wish your *heart* was as *tender* as your *toes*."

Drowned, but not Lost.

An Englishman travelling in Kilkenny, came to a ford, and hired a boat to take him across. The water being more agitated than was agreeable to him, he asked the boatman if any person was ever *lost* in the passage. "Never," replied Pat, "my brother was *drowned* here last week, but we *found* him the next day."

Precedence, or the Bishop and the Judge.

A dispute about precedence once arose between a Bishop and a Judge, and, after some altercation, the latter thought he should quite confound his opponent by quoting the following passage: "For, on these two hang all the law and the prophets." "Do you not see," said the lawyer, in triumph, "that even in this passage of scripture, *we* are mentioned first?" "I grant you," says the bishop, *you* hang first."

Apt Title.

A Hampstead coachman, who drove two miserable hacks, styled his vehicle the Regulator. A brother whip called out the other day, while passing him, "I say, Tom, don't you call your coach the Regulator?" "Yes, I do," replied the other. "Ay, and a devilish proper name it is," resumed Jehu. "Why so?" "Why, because all the other coaches *go by* it."

The Two Wranglers.

When Mr. D—— was once at Slaughter's coffee-house, two strangers came and seated themselves in the same box, and began a very warm dispute on a literary subject. One of them, who had reason on his side, was very polite and moderate: the other, who was glaringly wrong in his argument, was very loud and violent. In about half an hour, the moderate man, sick of vociferation and insolence, retired; when his adversary, flushed with his victory, turned round to Mr. D———, and exclaimed, "Well, sir, don't you think that I have mauled my antagonist to some purpose?" "Yes, sir," replied he drily, "you have; and if ever I should happen to fight with the Philistines, I should wish to make use of your jaw-bone."

The Frenchman and Pigs.

A Frenchman happening to stop under a gateway, saw a sow and a litter of pigs pass him. He stood some time admiring the diversity of colours, till he found an opportunity of popping one under his coat, and running off with it. This he attempted, but was pursued by the ostler, who overtook and seized him, with the pig in his possession. He was taken to Bow-street, and fully committed. When the trial came on, the circumstances of the theft being clearly proved, he was found guilty, and was asked what he had to say why sentence should not be passed, "Me lor, I vil trouble you attendez two tree vord dat I sal say, I, French gentleman, no understand vat you call de tief in dis country. Mais I vil tell you tout d'affair, and you vil find dat I am innocent. Me lor, I never tief a pig in my lifetime." "Why, it was upon you." "Oh, certainly, but I vas take him vid his own consent." "What do you mean?" "Vy, ven I vas see de mamma pig, and *his* childrens, I was very much in love vid dem, and dis little pig, I look his face, I say, you pretty little vellow, you come live vid me for one month? He says, 'a week! a week!' So I have taken him for a week, dat's all."

Disinheritance.

Rose, private secretary to Louis XIV., having married his daughter to M. Portail, president of the parliament, was constantly receiving from his son-in-law complaints of his daughter's ill-tempers. To one of these he at length answered, that he was fully convinced of her misconduct, and was resolved to punish it; in short, that if he heard any more of it he would *disinherit her*. He heard no more.

French Trumpeter.

In the war on the Rhine, in 1794, the French got possession of the village of Rhinthal by a very curious *ruse de guerre* of one Joseph Werck, a trumpeter. This village was maintained by an Austrian party of six hundred hussars. Two companies of foot were ordered to make an attack on it at ten o'clock at night. The Austrians had been apprised of the intended attack, and were drawn up ready to charge on the assailing party. On perceiving this, Werck detached himself from his own party, and contrived, by the favour of the darkness, to slip into the midst of the enemy; when, taking his trumpet, he first sounded a rally in the Austrian manner, and next moment the retreat, the Austrians, deceived by the signal were off in an instant at full gallop; and the French became masters of the village without striking a blow.

Birds of a Feather.

Lord Erskine and Dr. Parr were considered, even by their personal friends, to be the vainest men of the age. The doctor said to the Ex-Chancellor, in one of their social meetings, "Erskine, I mean to write your epitaph when you die." Lord Erskine replied, "Doctor, it is almost a temptation to commit suicide."

A Good Thing well applied.

Dr. Henniker, being engaged in private conversation with the great Earl of Chatham, his lordship asked him how he defined wit. "My lord," said the doctor, "wit is like what a pension should be, given by your lordship to your humble servant, *a good thing well applied.*"

Whimsical Extracts of Wills.

From the Will of Gen. Blackett, Governor of Plymouth, proved 1782.

"I desire my body to be kept so long as it may not be offensive ; and that one of my toes or fingers may be cut off to secure a certainty of my being dead. I further request my dear wife that, as she has been troubled with *one old fool*, she will not think of marrying a *second*."

From the Will of the Rev. Dr. Appleby, of St. Bride's, proved 1783.

"I leave my body to be dressed in a flannel waistcoat, an old surtout coat, and breeches without lining and pockets ; no shoes *(having done walking)*, and a worsted wig, if one can be got, in order that I may rest comfortably."

From the Will of a Mariner of Bristol, proved 1795.

"My executors to pay, out of the first monies collected, to my beloved wife, if living, *one shilling*, which I give as a token of my love, that she may buy *hazel nuts*, as I know she is better pleased with cracking them than she is *with mending holes in her stockings*."

Inscription on a Sign Board, by a Watchmaker, at Oxford.

Here are fabricated and renovated, trochiliac horologies, portable and permanent, linguaculus or taciturnal ; whose circumgirations are performed by internal, spiral, elastic, or extensive pendulous plumbages ; diminutives, simple or compound, invested with aurent or argent integuments.

Anecdotes of George Frederick Cooke, the Eccentric Actor.

The morning after his last exhibition of his favourite character of *Richard the Third*, on March 20, 1812, in the city of New York, he was visited by Mr. Francis, who expressed the pleasure he had received from witnessing his performances the last evening. "Why," says Cooke, "I was not well, and I had forgotten in the day that I was to play at night. I was sitting here quietly, when I was wanted at the theatre. 'For what?' says I, 'To play *Richard* sir.' I had no devotion to the deed, but I went. I made shift to get through the first act. In the second, sir, I was somewhat better. In the third I began to feel. In the fourth act I was alive; and in the fifth, I think I may say, *Richard was himself again.*"

During one of his provincial engagements, he had offended the public by disappointing them, and on a following night the audience was thin, and the gentlemen in the boxes near the stage, by concert, turned their backs to the scene when Cooke came on. He was dressed for *Falstaff*, and immediately noticing this unusual appearance, and comprehending the intent, instead of beginning the part, he said, in a voice sufficiently audible for those who were reproving him, "Call you this *backing* your friends? A plague of such *backing, I say!*"

Lost Money Found.

A young lady, on hearing that a thousand coins had been found near the Brighton race-course, innocently exclaimed, "I dare say they are my brother's, for I know he *lost a thousand* the last time he was at the races!"

Every Body has his Bubbly-Jock.

A gentleman, in conversing with Sir Walter Scott, remarked that he believed that it was possible that perfect happiness might be the lot of somebody or other. Sir Walter dissented. "Well," said the gentleman, "there is an idiot who I'm certain will confirm my opinion ; he seems the very *beau ideal* of animal contentment." The daft individual was snooving along, humming to himself, when Sir Walter Scott addressed him. "Weel Jamie, hoo are ye the day ?" "Brawley, ou brawley," answered he. "Now, Jamie, have you plenty to eat and drink ?" "Ou, ay." "And keep you warm ?" "Ou, ay." "And are a' the folk kind to ye ?" "Ou, ay." "There," said the poet's antagonist, crowing, "is a perfectly happy creature." "Not so fast," continued Sir Walter. "Is there naething, Jamie, that bothers you at a' ?" "Ou, ay," said the idiot, changing his merry look, "there's a muckle bubbly-jock (a turkey) that follows me wherever I gang." "Now," said Sir Walter, "you see from this that the very simplest and stupidest of mankind are haunted by evil of some kind or other ; in short, every one has his bubbly-jock."

Blackee's Rebuke.

A black man proceeding along one of the streets at the west-end of the town, was saluted with the sound of "How d'ye do, blackee—how do, Snowball ?" He turned round in anger, but, on perceiving the parrot, he said, "Ah ! ah ! you rogue, you grow rich now, have a fine golden house of your own, insult poor man, but I know your fader when he lived in a bush—mind that, and keep civil tongue."

All on One Side.

A buck being taken before a justice who was rather crooked, after the other witnesses were examined, "What have you to say?" said the justice. "Nothing at all," replied the spark, "for I see *you are all on one side.*"

Lawyer answered.

An evidence in a court speaking in a very harsh and loud voice, the lawyer employed on the other side, exclaimed in an angry manner, "Fellow, why do'st thou *bark* so furiously?" "Because, replied the rustic, "I think I sees a *thief.*"

Everlasting Sashes.

An advertisement in an Irish paper lately, setting forth the many conveniencies and advantages to be derived from metal window sashes, among other particulars observed, "That these sashes would last *for ever*; and *afterwards*, if the owner had no use for them, they might be sold for *old iron.*"

Curious Excise Entry.

Alexander Gun, an excise officer in Scotland, being dismissed from his employment for misconduct, an entry was made in a book, kept for the purpose, as follows:—

"*A Gun*, discharged for making a *false report.*"

Advantages of a Thick Head.

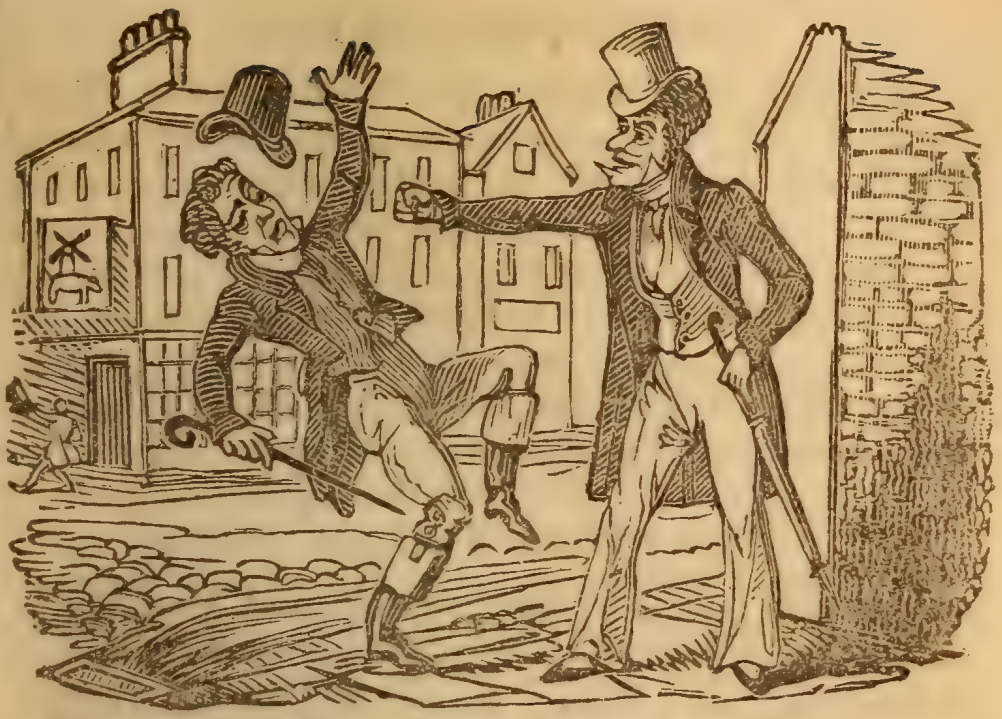
A gentleman, a few years since, having brought an action for an assault, his servant was called as a witness to support it; who, after a few questions observed, "that he was certain, if his master had not a very *thick* head, the blow which the defendant gave him would have cracked his skull."

Apt Reply of a Child.

A little boy having been much praised for his quickness of reply, a gentleman present observed, that when children were keen in their youth, they were generally stupid and dull when they advanced in years, and *vice versa.* "What a *very sensible boy, sir,* must *you* have been!" returned the child.

Anecdote of the late General Otway.

This officer had been many years in the service with the rank of colonel, during which time several junior colonels had got regiments over his head. His friends frequently entreated him to state his services, and petition the king: he resisted their importunities for a considerable time; but being at length prevailed upon, he desired the chaplain of the regiment he served in to draw up a petition, which being done and sent to the colonel, he took notice that it concluded with the words, "and your petitioner shall ever pray." He sent for the chaplain, and told him that he had made a mistake, and imagined he was presenting a petition for himself by the manner he had concluded it. He desired the petition to be altered from the usual conclusion: he insisted that the word *pray* was unfit to come from an officer. It was to no purpose that he was informed of the usual mode of drawing the prayer of all petitions, he would not give up his opinion upon the matter; he insisted it should run thus,—and your petitioner shall ever *fight;* he took the petition to court, and presented it to George the Third, who was pleased with the novelty of the conclusion, and the honest bluntness of the officer; and in the course of a few weeks a regiment became vacant, which he gave to Otway.



The Retort Courteous.

An honest, simple Irishman, a short time ago, landed on one of the quays at Liverpool, in search of harvest work. A fellow on the quay thinking to *quiz* the poor stranger, asked him, "How long, Pat, have you broke loose from your father's cabin? and how does the potatoes eat now?" The Irish lad, who happened to have a shilelah in his hand, answered, "O, they are very well my jewel, would you like to taste the *stalk?*" and knocking the inquirer down, coolly walked off.

The late Earl of Abercorn.

This independent nobleman was once solicited by his brother to apply for a living which was vacant, and in the gift of the crown, worth £1,000 a year. Lord A.'s answer was as follows:—"I never ask favours. Enclosed is a deed of annuity for £1,000 per annum. "ABERCORN."

Anecdote of Peter the Great

The renowned Peter the Great being at Westminster Hall in term time, and seeing multitudes of people swarming about the courts of law, is reported to have asked some about him, what all those busy people were, and what they were about ? and being answered, "They are lawyers." "Lawyers !" returned he, with great vivacity, "why I have but four in my whole kingdom, and I design to hang two of them as soon as I get home."

A Welsh Discourse.

A Welsh parson in his discourse told his congregation "how kind and respectful we should be one to another," and said, "we were even inferior to brutes in that point." He brought in an example of two goats, which met one another upon a very narrow bridge over a river, so that they could not pass by without one thrusting the other off. "How do you think they did ? I'll tell you, one laid him down and let the other leap over him. Ah ! beloved, let us live like goats."

Wilkes and the Bear.

Wilkes, with a friend, went to Dolly's to dine. A person was sitting in a box eating a beefsteak. Wilkes doubting whether he would have beef or mutton-steak, said to this person, "pray, sir, is the beef tender ?" "Why don't you order a steak and try, instead of asking me," was the answer. "Do you not see," said Wilkes, turning to his friend, "the difference between this place and the bear garden ? There they lead a bear to the stake ; here they bring the steak to the bear."

A Whimsical Apology.

Mr. Carbonel, the wine-merchant, who served George the Third, was a great favourite with the good old king, and was admitted to the honours of the royal hunt. Returning from the chase one day, his majesty entered, in his usual affable manner, into conversation with him, riding side by side with him for some distance. Lord Walsingham was in attendance, and watching an opportunity, whispered to Mr. Carbonel, that he had not once taken his hat off before his majesty, "What's that, what's that, Walsingham?" inquired the good-humoured monarch. Mr. Carbonel at once said, "I find I have been guilty of unintentional disrespect to your majesty in not taking off my hat, but your majesty will please to observe that, whenever I hunt, my hat is fastened to my wig, and my wig to my head, and I am on the back of a high-spirited horse; so that if any thing *goes off*, we must *all go off together!*" The king laughed heartily at this whimsical apology.

Dean Swift and Margaret Styles.

Dean Swift knew an old woman of the name of Margaret Styles, who was much addicted to drinking. Though frequently admonished by him, he one day found her at the bottom of a ditch, with a bundle of sticks, with which, being in her old way, she tumbled in. The dean, after severely rebuking her, asked her, "Where she thought of going to?" (meaning after death.) "I'll tell you, sir," said she, "if you'll help me up." When he had assisted her, and repeated the question—"Where do I think of going to?" said she, "where the best liquor is, to be sure."

Repartee of Henry, Duke of Norfolk.

When Henry, Duke of Norfolk (the only Protestant of the family before the late Duke), was attending James II. in his duty as Earl Marshal, to the Popish chapel of the Court, he stopped short at the door, and, making his bow to the king, suffered him to pass on without accompanying him. The king was piqued, and turning round, observed, "My lord, your father would have gone further." "Your majesty's father would not have gone so far."

An Electioneering Anecdote.

Mr. Coote, an ancestor of the late Lord Bellamont, adopted the following method to carry his election for the county of Cavan, in Ireland. Opposed by two gentlemen, leagued in interest, and who had been repeatedly returned to Parliament for that county, Mr. Coote, on mounting the hustings, placed four bags before him, each containing 1,000 guineas. After thanking the first that voted for him for his suffrage, he said, "Pray, friend, how many miles are you from home?" "Five, your honour." "Then there are five guineas to carry you home." A second voter. "How many miles, sir, are you from home?" "Ten, sir," "There are ten guineas to bear the expenses of your journey." The news instantly ran like wild-fire; in short, before two bags were thus expended, the election was entirely in favour of Mr. Coote. As this gentleman made no canvass previous to the election, nor so much as asked a single voter for his suffrage, no law then in being, could bring the manœuvre under the description of bribery and corruption.

The Expeditious Painter.

A certain nobleman having built a chapel, had a mind the stair-case leading to it should be ornamented with some scripture history, which he at last determined should be the Children of Israel passing through the Red Sea, and the Egyptians pursuing them. A painter was employed on this occasion, and fell to work immediately, and after he had daubed the wall from top to bottom with red paint, he called to his lordship, and told him the work was done. "Done!" quoth the peer. "What's done? Where are the Children of Israel?" "My lord, they are gone over," replied the painter. "But, zounds! where are the Egyptians, then?" "The Egyptians, my lord? why they are drowned, to be sure."

Bad Temper.

A gentleman of considerable talent and sarcastic humour, and withal a very good man, though occasionally troubled with an infirmity of temper, or *genus irritabile*, so common to poets and men of superior attainments, on being remonstrated with, by an old friend, at so frequently losing his temper on trifling occasions, wittily replied, "Losing my temper, sir! I have been trying to lose it these thirty years, for I know it is a d—d bad one."

Crab's Tails.

A lady remarking to a bookseller that she had just got *Crabbe's Tales*, and thought them excellent; another lady heard the observation with astonishment, and, on the departure of the speaker, asked the bookseller, with a very grave face, "If he could tell her how the *crab's tails* were dressed, as she was very desirous of tasting them."

Whimsical Circumstance.

When Isaiah Thomas, the printer, of Massachusetts, was printing his almanack for 1788, one of his boys asked him what he should put opposite July 13. Mr. Thomas being engaged, replied, "any thing he liked." The boy returned to the office, and set—hail, rain, and snow! The country was all amazement—the day arrived, when it actually rained, hailed, and snowed violently; from that time Thomas's Almanacks were in great demand.

VARIETIES.

1.—Joe Millar, sitting in the window at the Sun Tavern, in Clare-street, while a fish-woman was passing by, crying, "Buy my soals, buy my maids?" "Ah! you wicked old creature!" said Joe, "are you not content to sell your own soul, but you must sell your maid's too?"

2.—The Hibernian schoolmaster, settled in a village near London, who advertised that he intended to keep a Sunday school twice a week—Tuesday and Thursday, reminds us of the mock mayor of a place in the west, who declared, on his election, that he was resolved to hold his quarter-sessions *monthly*.

3.—Lord B——, who sports a ferocious pair of whiskers, meeting Mr. O'Connell in Dublin, the latter said, "When do you mean to place your whiskers on the *peace establishment?*" "When you place your tongue on the *civil list?*" was the witty rejoinder.

4.—It was said of a great calumniator, and a frequenter of other persons' tables, that he never *opened his mouth* but at another man's expense.

5.—One morning a party came into the public rooms, at Buxton, somewhat later than usual, and requested some tongue. They were told that Lord Byron had eaten it all. "I am very angry with his lordship," said a lady, loud enough for him to hear the observation. "I am sorry for it, madam," retorted Lord Byron, "but before I ate the tongue I was assured *you* did not want it."

6.—It was with as much delicacy as satire that Porson returned, with the manuscript of a friend, the answer, "That it would be read when Homer and Virgil were forgotten, *but not till then.*"

7.—A beauish marquis waited on some ladies, in order to take them to the Paris Observatory, where the celebrated Cassini was to observe an eclipse of the sun. The arrival of this party had been delayed by the toilet; and the eclipse was over when the petit-maitre appeared at the door. He was informed he had come too late, and that all was past. "Never mind, ladies," said he, "step up; Monsieur Cassini is a particular friend of mine; he will be so obliging as to *begin again* for me."

8.—Dr. Robertson observed that Johnson's jokes were the rebukes of the righteous, described in scripture as being like excellent oil. "Yes," exclaimed Burke, "oil of vitriol!"

9.—A Dublin shoe-black, of some pretensions to wit, seeing a jackeen (dandy, in the Irish metropolis, is the equivalent,) of consequence passing his stand on Carlisle Bridge, observed to his fellows:—"There he goes, and the only polish he has is on his boots, and it was I gave him that."

10.—Foote being in company, and the "Tuscan grape" producing more riot than concord, he observed one gentleman so far gone in debate as to throw the bottle at his antagonist's head, upon which, catching the missile in his hand, he restored the harmony of the company, by observing that "if the bottle was passed so quickly, not one of them would be able to stand out the evening."

11.—On the Duke of York's horse Moses winning a match at Ascot, his royal highness appeared to look very thoughtful. A spectator asked Mr. Hunt, who happened to be present, what he supposed the royal sportsman could then be pondering on? "Why, you know," replied Mr. H., "that the duke is a bishop, and he is doubtless thinking of Moses and the profits."

12.—"In one of my visits, very early in life, to that venerable master Dr. Pepusch," says Dr. Burney, "he gave me a short lesson, which made so deep an impression that I long endeavoured to practise it. 'When I was a young man,' said he, 'I determined never to go to bed at night till I knew something that I did not know in the morning.'"

13.—*Theatrical Attraction.*—In a little town in Germany, the directors of the theatre, seeking to draw a house, advertised, that in a melo-drame which was to be performed, they would exhibit the head of a noted robber; and, in order to effect this, one of the actor's was placed in such a manner that the head alone was exhibited upon a table; but a wag, willing to have a laugh at the expense of the manager, slily placed a small quantity of sneezing-powder in such a manner that it came in contact with the nose of the reputed robber's head, and caused it to burst into a violent fit of sneezing, to the great amusement of the audience.

14.—The *Great Book* is the French police register of prostitution. There is no mincing those things in France. If a woman of light conduct, whatsoever her station in life, be caught two or three times as a party in suspicious assignations, down she goes upon the Great Book. Her five francs monthly subscription are demanded, as from a common prostitute, and she is subject to *la visite* from the *officier de Sante*. An English lady of some rank, but light morals, was once nearly caught by the police. The latter behaved civilly, however, and sent her a note to advise more caution in her amours in future.

15.—A grave writer on the laws of England says, that "when a jury of matrons is empannelled, the *foreman* ought to be a *woman* of known and good repute!"

16.—The painter Vernet relates that somebody had once employed him to paint a landscape, with a cave, and St. Jerome in it. He accordingly painted the landscape, with St. Jerome in the entrance of the cave. But when he delivered the picture, the purchaser, who understood nothing of perspective, said, "The landscape and the cave are well made, but St. Jerome is not in the cave." "I understand you, sir," replied Vernet, "I will alter it." He therefore took the painting, and made the shade darker, so that the saint seemed to sit further in. The gentleman took the painting, and it again appeared to him that the saint was not in the cave. Vernet then wiped out the figure, and gave it to the gentleman, who seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he saw strangers, to whom he showed the picture, he said, "Here you see a picture, by Vernet, with St. Jerome in his cave." "But we do not see the saint," replied the visitors. "Excuse me, gen-

tlemen," answered the owner "he is there, for I have seen him standing at the entrance, and afterwards farther back, and therefore I am quite sure that he is in it."

17.—A country gentleman, walking in his fields, saw his gardener asleep under a tree. "What," said he, "asleep when you should be at work—you idle wretch you are not worthy that the sun should shine on you." "I am truly sensible of my own unworthiness," replied the man, "and therefore I laid me down in the shade."

18.—*Theatrical Eloquence.*—An address, delivered by the manager of a small theatre in Ireland, there being only three persons in the house:—"Ladies and gentlemen—As there is nobody here, I'll dismiss you all; the performances of this night will not be performed; but the performances of this night will be repeated to-morrow evening."

19.—A gentleman, having a remarkably long visage, was one day riding by the school, at the gate of which he overheard young Sheridan say to another lad, "That gentleman's face is longer than his life." Struck by the strangeness of this rude observation, the man turned his horse's head, and requested an explanation. "Sir," said the boy, "I mean no offence in the world; but I have read in the Bible at school, that a man's life is but a *span*, and I am sure your *face* is double that length." The gentleman could not help laughing, and he threw the lad sixpence for his wit.

20.—"What is eternity?"—The following beautiful answer, by a pupil of the Deaf and Dumb school at Paris, contains a sublimity of conception scarcely to be equalled:—"The life time of the Almighty."

21.—At Gibralter there was a great scarcity of water, and a general complaint of the want of it. An Irish officer said, "He was very easy about the matter, for he had nothing to do with water, if he only got his tea in the morning, and punch at night, it was all that he wanted."

22.—A certain bon vivant parson, having made too free with the bottle at a dinner in the neighbourhood, had the misfortune in returning home to fall from his horse; some country fellows who saw the accident replaced him in his saddle, but with his face towards the horse's tail; in this situation old Dobbin conveyed him safely to his own door. His wife, seeing the condition he was in, exclaimed, "Good God! my dear, you are wonderfully cut." "Cut, indeed," says he, feeling before him with both his hands, "gad, I believe they have cut my horse's head off."

23.—Lord Hunsdon, a distinguished nobleman in the court of Elizabeth, once said, "To have the courage to notice an offront is to be upon a level with an adversary: to have the charity to forgive it, is to be above him."

24.—It was so natural for Dr. Watts, when a child, to speak in rhyme, that even at the very time he wished to avoid it he could not. His father was displeased at this propensity, and threatened to whip him if he did not leave off making verses. One day when he was about to put his threat in execution, the child burst into tears, and, on his knees, said—

"Pray father, do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make."

25.—Lord Chancellor Hardwick was very fond of entertaining his visitors with the following story of his bailiff, who, having been ordered by his

lady to procure a sow of a particular description came one day in the dining-room when full of company, proclaiming, with a burst of joy he could not suppress, "I have been at Royston fair, my lady, and I have got a sow exactly of your ladyship's size."

26.—*A Match for a Bailiff.*—Two Sheriff's officers were recently sent to execute a writ against a Quaker, well known in the city. On arriving at his house, they saw his wife, who, in reply to their inquiries whether her husband was at home, replied in the affirmative ; at the same time requesting they would be seated, and he should speedily see them. The officers waited patiently for some time, but he did not make his appearance ; and the fair Quakeress coming into the room, they reminded her of her promise that they should see her husband. "Nay, friends," replied she, "I promised that he should see thee, he has seen thee—he doth not like thy looks ; and therefore hath avoided thy path, and quitted his house by another road."

27.—As Sir Walter Scott was riding, a short time since, with a friend, in the neighbourhood of Abbotsford, he came to a field-gate, which an Irish beggar, who happened to be near, hastened to open for him. Sir Walter was desirous of rewarding this civility by the present of sixpence, but found that he had not so small a coin in his purse. "Here, my good fellow," said the baronet, "here is a shilling for you ; but mind, you owe me sixpence." "God bless your honour!" exclaimed Pat ; "may your honour live till I pay you."

28.—In the evening of the day on which Sir Eardley Wilmot kissed hands on being appointed chief justice, his son, a youth of seventeen, attended

him to his bed-side. "Now," said he, "my son, I will tell you a secret worth knowing and remembering. The elevation I have met with in life, particularly this last instance of it, has not been owing to any superior merit or abilities, but to my *humility;* to my not setting up myself above others, and to an uniform endeavour to pass through life, void of offence towards God and man."—A gentleman once went to him under the impression of great wrath and indignation at a real injury he had received from a person high in power, and which he was meditating how to resent in the most effectual manner. After relating the particulars, he asked Sir Eardley if he did not think it would be *manly* to resent it? "Yes," said the christian knight, "it will be *manly* to resent it, but it will be *God-like* to forgive it." This had such an effect upon the gentleman, that he came away quite a different man, and in a very subdued temper from that in which he went.

29.—Lord Waldegrave abjured the Catholic religion; he was afterwards appointed ambassador at Paris, and was one day teased upon the subject of his conversion by the Duke of Berwick. "Pray Mr. Ambassador," said he, "who had most to do in your conversion—the ministers of state, or the ministers of religion?" "That is a question," said his lordship calmly, "you must excuse my answering, for when I ceased to be a Catholic I renounced confession."

30.—'Tis reported of Foote, that when he was applied to for the principal and interest of a debt rather considerable, he wrote his creditor the following concise and comprehensive note: "It is not my interest to pay the principal, and I have not the principle to pay the interest."

31.—Lord Stanley came plainly dressed to request a private audience of King James I., but was refused admittance into the royal closet by a sprucely-dressed countryman of the king's. James hearing the altercation between the two, came out, and inquired the cause. "My liege," replied Lord Stanley, "this gay countryman of yours has refused me admittance to your presence." "Cousin," said the king, "how shall I punish him? Shall I send him to the Tower?" "O no, my liege," replied Lord Stanley, "inflict a severer punishment; send him back to Scotland."

32.—An honest Hibernian, whose *bank-pocket* (to use his own phrase) had stopped payment, was forced to the sad necessity of perambulating the streets of Edinburgh two nights together for want of a few pence to pay his lodgings, when accidentally hearing a person talk of the *Lying-in* Hospital, he exclaimed, "That's the place for me! Where is it, honey? for I've been *laying-out* these two nights past."

33.—Sir Henry Sidney was the virtuous and brave father of a still more renowned son, Sir Philip Sidney. He once said to a friend of a fretful and querulous temper, with all the sententiousness and wisdom of the philosophers of old, "Take from me, sir, this maxim: A weak man complains of others, an unfortunate man complains of himself, but a wise man complains neither of others nor of himself."

34.—An Hiberman lad, ascending one day with a hod of bricks, just as he reached the top of the ladder fell a distance of forty feet; a chimney-sweeper, who was passing at the time, said, "Where the devil did you come from?" "Please your honour," replied Paddy, "I came from the North of Ireland."

35.—At a grand review by George III. of the Portsmouth fleet, in 1789, there was a boy who mounted the shrouds with so much agility as to surprise every spectator The king particluarly noticed it, and said to Lord Lothian, "Lothian, I have heard much of your agility; let us see you run up after that boy." "Sire," replied Lord Lothian, "it is my duty to *follow your majesty.*"

36.—A loving husband once waited on a physician to request him to prescribe for his wife's eyes, which were very sore. "Let her wash them" said the doctor, "every morning with a small glass of brandy." A few weeks after the doctor chanced to meet the husband. "Well, my friend, has your wife followed my advice?" "She has done every thing in her power to do it, doctor," said the spouse, "but she never could get the glass higher than her mouth."

37.—A fellow, walking down Holborn-hill on a sultry summer evening, observed an old gentleman without his hat, panting and leaning upon a post, and courteously asked him what was the matter? "Sir," says the old man, "an impudent puppy has just snatched my hat off, and run away with it; I have run after him until I have lost my breath, and cannot, if my life depended on it, go a step farther." "What, not a step?" says the fellow. "Not a step," returned he. "Why then, by Jupiter, I must have your *wig;*" and snatching off his fine flowing caxon, the thief was out of sight with it in a minute.

38.—The late Duke of N——, who was what is called a six-bottle man, was very fond of the society of a person much his inferior in rank, and their intimacy has been very rationally accounted for on the principle of mutual assistance. The duke, when

inebriated, lost his voice, but retained the use of his limbs; his friend, on the contrary, retained his power of speech, but could not stand. So the duke, who could not speak, rang the bell; and his friend, who could not move, ordered more wine.

39.—Mr. Palmer going home, after the business of the theatre was concluded one evening, saw a man lying on the ground, with another on him beating him violently; upon this he remonstrated with the uppermost, telling him his conduct was unfair, and that he ought to let his opponent get up, and have an equal chance with him. The fellow drolly turned up his face to Mr. Palmer, and drily replied "Faith, sir, if you had been at so much trouble to get him down as I have you would not be for letting him get up so readily."

40.—When Rabelais was on his death-bed, a consultation of physicians was called. "Dear gentlemen," said the wit to the doctors, raising his languid head, "let me die a natural death."

41.—There was a lady of the west country that gave a great entertainment at her house to most of the gallant gentlemen thereabouts, and among others Sir Walter Raleigh. This lady, though otherwise a stately dame, was a notable good housewife; and in the morning betimes she called to one of her maids that looked to the swine, and asked, "Are the pigs served?" Sir Walter Raleigh's chamber was close to the lady's. A little before dinner the lady came down in great state into the great chamber, which was full of gentlemen, and as soon as Sir Walter cast his eyes upon her, "Madam," said he, "are the pigs served?" The lady answered, "You know best whether you have had *your breakfast.*"

42—*Rank.*—A French nobleman having a dispute with a simple officer, addressed him in the following imperious style. "Remember, sir, who *you* are, and who *I* am." The officer, who knew that the marquis had attained rank and fortune by means of the king's having been partial to his wife, immediately replied, "If you go by that, my lord, we are both of us what *his majesty* has been pleased to *make us; I* an officer, and *your lordship a cuckold.*"

43.—Zimmerman, who was very eminent as a physician, went from Hanover to attend Frederick the Great in his last illness. One day the king said to him, "You have, I presume, sir, helped many a man into another world?" This was rather a bitter pill for the doctor; but the dose he gave the king was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery: "Not so many as your majesty, nor with so much honour to myself."

44.—*Mutual Obligation.*—A tradesman's letter to a debtor—"Sir, if you will favour me with the amount of my bill, you will oblige *me;* if not, I must oblige *you.*"

45.—Captain Mason was once inspecting the Tower Hamlets' Recruits at Bethnal-green, and discovering a man not quite so clean in his appearance as he ought to be, bawled out with stentorian lungs to the drill serjeant, "Who is that man standing second in the front rank?—"*Donaghoo,* sir," replied the serjeant. "*Dont know who?*" said the captain; "if you don't, who the devil should? But I'll teach you how to know," and was about to order him to the guard-house, when an explanation of the mistake took place, to the great amusement of the corps.

46.—"Mademoiselle," said Louis XV. to a young lady belonging to his court, "I am assured that you are very learned, and understand four or five continental languages." "I know only two, sire," answered she, trembling. "Which are they?" "English and Italian." "Do you speak them fluently." "Yes, sire, very fluently." "That is quite enough to drive a husband mad!"

47.—The Irish have been generally considered as a blundering nation; but perhaps they are not more likely to commit errors of this nature than ourselves. No Irishman ever uttered a better bull than did an honest John, who being asked by a friend, "has your sister got a son or daughter?" replied, "Upon my word, I don't yet know whether I am an *uncle* or an *aunt.*"

48.—Once, in a large company, Dr. Richard Busby sat at table between Mrs. Lough and Mrs. Sherlock, when the conversation turned upon wives. Dr. Busby said, he believed wives in general were

good, "though to be sure," added he, looking first to the right, and then to the left, "there may be a bad one *here*, and a bad one *there*."

49.—*Effect of Eloquence.*—A country clergyman preaching a very dull sermon, set all his congregation asleep, except a poor fellow, who was generally considered deficient in intellect. At length the reverend orator, looking round, exclaimed, with great indignation,—"What! all asleep but this poor idiot!" "Ay," quoth the fellow, "and if I had not been an idiot I should have gone to sleep too."

50.—*Folly of Burying a Lawyer.—Scene.—The Street of a Village.*—A funeral procession entering the church-yard.

Stranger. Pray, sir, who is it they are taking to his long home?

Farmer. Mr. M'Quirk, sir, a great attorney in these parts.

Stranger. What! do you bury attorneys in this county.

Farmer. Bury them? to be sure we do! Why, don't you?

Stranger. Oh, no! we never think of such a thing. When an attorney dies, we lay him out, throw open the window, and lock the door: in the morning the body is gone! There is, to be sure, a strong smell of brimstone in the room; but it soon goes off.

Farmer. Surprising!

51.—Lord Camden once presided at a trial in which a charge was brought against a magistrate for false imprisonment, and for setting the plaintiff in the stocks. The counsel for the magistrate, in his reply, said, the charges were trifling, particularly that of setting in the stocks, which every body knew was no punishment at all. The Chief Justice rose, and, leaning over the bench, said, in a half whisper,

"Brother, were you ever in the stocks?" "In the stocks, my lord! no, never." "Then I have," said his lordship, "and I assure you, brother, it is no such trifle as you represent." His lordship's knowledge of the stocks arose from the following circumstance. When he was on a visit to Lord Dacre, his brother-in-law, at Alveley in Essex, he walked out one day with a gentleman remarkable for his absence of mind. When they had reached a hill at some distance from the house, his lordship sat down on the parish stocks, which stood by the road side; and, after some time, asked his companion to open them, as he wished to know what the punishment was; this being done, the absent gentleman took a book from his pocket, and sauntered about, until he forgot both the judge and the situation, and returned to Lord Dacre's house. When the judge was tired of the experiment he had so rashly made, he found himself unable to open the stocks; and asked a countryman, who passed by, to assist him. "No, no, old gentleman," replied Hodge, "you was not set there for nothing." Lord C—— protested his innocence, but in vain; the countryman walked on, and left his lordship to meditate for some time longer in his foolish situation, until some of Lord D——'s servants, chancing to pass that way, released him.

52.—Her late majesty Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales, took great interest in the welfare of the celebrated little minstrel, Miss Randles: she was invited to pass a few days at Black heath, where she was introduced to the Princess Charlotte, who soon became very much attached to her. One day while amusing themselves in some innocent pastime, the princess Charlotte said to Miss Randles: "Do you know that my grandfather is the King of

England and my father Prince of Wales?" "Well," quickly replied Bessy, "and my father is organist of Wrexham."

53.—A person once came running almost out of breath to the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, saying, "My lord, I bring you tidings of calamity to the nation, and I do not know how far the direful effects of it may spread, to endanger the church and state." "What is the matter, man?" said the impatient chancellor. "My lord," continued the person, "a rebellion has broke out—" "Where, where?" "In the Isle of Man." "In the Isle of Man?" repeated the vociferous chancellor, "a tempest in a tea-pot."

54.—A man was tried at the Old Bailey for stealing a pair of boots from a shop door in Holborn, with which he ran away.

Judge—To witness, who had pursued and seized the prisoner. What did he say when you caught him?

Witness. My lord, he said that he took the boots in joke.

Judge. And pray how far did he carry the joke?

Witness. About forty yards, please your lordship.

55.—At a late meeting of the fraternity of ranters, at Shotley Bridge, their preacher, after descanting for some time on the superiority of the brute creation over man, on the score of gratitude, clinched his argument with the following illustration: "If you look to the hens, they never so much as take a drink of water without raising their bills to heaven, in token of gratitude;" and then added, "Oh! that we were all hens!" To which one of the truly edified congregation loudly responded, "Amen!"

56.—One day when Sir Isaac Heard was with his majesty King George III. it was announced that his majesty's horse was ready to start for hunting.

"Sir Isaac," said the monarch, "are you a judge of horses?" "In my younger days, please your majesty," was the reply, "I was a great deal among them." "What do you think of this, then?" said the king, who was by this time preparing to mount his favourite; and without waiting for an answer, added, "We call him *Perfection.*" "A most appropriate name," replied the courtly herald, bowing as his majesty reached the saddle, "*for he bears the best of characters.*"

57.—A butcher in Smithfield, lying at the point of death, said to his wife, "My dear, I am not long for this world; therefore, I advise you to marry our man John; he's a lusty strong fellow, fit for your business." "O! dear husband," said she, "never let that trouble you, for John and I have agreed upon the matter already."

58.—A curious conversation is said to have taken place on board one of the Margate hoys which, being overheard, occasioned no small merriment among the passengers. A gentleman, who was totally unacquainted with the custom of those vessels, remained on deck till all the cabins were doubly occupied, one excepted, in which was a lady. He addressed himself to her: "Pray, madam, be so kind as to make room for me." "Good God, sir! you cannot come here; go to the other cabins." "I have, madam, and I find they are all full." "Sir, it is impossible to admit you here, for *I am undressed.*" "Well, madam, I scorn to take any advantage of you; I will, therefore, undress, too!"

59.—A facetious farmer of Yorkshire, who had a mind to be witty at the expense of decorum, lately received a rebuff, which was taken with as much good humour as it was given. A lady has been walking with him over the farm, showing him her

sheep and other stock ; on their return, just as they were entering the house, the lady exclaimed, "Dear me, you have not seen my *calf*, sir." "No, ma'am," said the farmer, "I never saw any higher than your *ankle*." The lady, of course, felt herself rather confused at this unexpected sally ; but, soon recollecting herself, observed, "that she should never see a *calf* again without thinking of *him*."

60.—A country fellow being examined as witness in a trial on an action for defamation, the judge bade him repeat the very words he had heard spoken. The fellow was loth to speak, and hemmed and hawed for a good space ; but, being urged by the judge, he at last spoke : "My lord," said he, "*you are a cuckold*." The judge, seeing the people begin to laugh, called to him, and bade him address *himself to the jury*.

61.—*Civility*—Two gentlemen at Bath having a difference, one went to the other's door early in the morning, and wrote *scoundrel* upon it. The other called upon his neighbour, and was answered by a servant, that his master was not at home, but that if he had any thing to say, he might leave it with him. "No, no," says he, "I was only going to return your master's visit, as he *left his name* at my door this morning."

62.—A person having the misfortune to admit as a lodger into his house an individual of improper character, named Bell, turned him out, with this remark, that "he would never keep a *bell* in his house that *wanted hanging*."

63.—An Irishman was once brought before a magistrate, charged with marrying six wives. The magistrate asked him how he could be so hardened a villain ? "Please your worship," says Paddy, "*I was trying to get a good one*."

64.—A gentleman observed one day to Mr. Henry Erskine who was a great punster, that punning is the *lowest* sort of wit. "It is so," answered he, "and therefore the *foundation* of all wit."

65.—At one of our sea-ports a noble naval commander, who was a strict disciplinarian, accosted a drunken sailor in the street, with "What ship do you belong to?" Jack, who was a dry fellow, notwithstanding he was drunk, and had a very eccentric countenance, answered with much sang-froid, "Don't know." "Do you know who I am?" "No." "Why, I am commander-in-chief." "Then," replied he, archly, "you have a d——d good berth of it—that's all I know!"

66.—Fletcher, bishop of Nismes, was the son of a tallow-chandler. A proud duke once endeavoured to mortify the prelate, by saying, at the levee, that he smelt of tallow; to which the bishop replied, "My lord, I am the son of a chandler, it is true, and if your lordship had been the same, you would have remained a tallow-chandler all the days of your life."

67.—*New Fruit.*—A fellow, who loved laughing better than his meat, put a number of rams' horns into a basket, and went up and down the streets at the west end of the town, crying, "New fruit, new fruit, ho!" as loud as he could bawl. Lord Jersey, hearing the noise, put his head out of the drawing-room window, and asked the fellow to show him his fruit; which having looked at, he asked him if he was not ashamed thus to disturb a quiet neighbourhood; "for who the deuce," says the peer, "do you think will buy horns?" "Well, master," replied the fellow, "do not put yourself in a passion: though you are provided, I may meet with other men that are not."

68.—*Simplicity and Gratitude.*—The late Madame de Namoun had charitably brought up a poor child. When the child was about nine years old, she said to her benefactress, "Madam, no one can be more grateful for your charity than I am, and I cannot acknowledge it better than by telling everybody I am your daughter; but do not be alarmed, I will not say that I am your lawful child, only your illegitimate daughter."

69.—*Bacon and Hog.*—Sir Nicholas Bacon, a judge in the time of Queen Elizabeth, was once, while on the bench, importuned by a criminal to spare his life on account of his kindred. "How so?" asked the judge. "Because my name is *Hog* and yours is *Bacon:* and *hog* and *bacon* are so near a kin, that they cannot be separated." "Ay," said the judge, "but you and I cannot be kindred except ye be hanged: for *hog* is not *bacon* until it be *well hanged.*"

70.—A certain king's sergeant of the present day, famous for browbeating the evidences by him in any and every trial in which he is concerned, was interrogating an old woman at Exeter, who was brought to prove a circumstance which happened in her memory, and could not be ascertained by her. Sergeant D. said to her, "Why, old woman, will you take upon you, on your oath, to say that you remember this circumstance, which happened so very long time ago?" "O yes, sir," replied the woman, "I can remember things much longer ago than that?" "Why, what can you remember longer ago than that?" rejoined the sergeant. "Why," said the woman, "I remember when you yourself was a broken tradesman in this town, and did not pay any one more than half-a-crown in the pound," This put the court into an immoderate fit of laughter;

after which the sergeant told the court, that the woman was certainly wrong in her information, "*for that he did not pay them any thing in the pound.*"

71.—*A Tender Maid.*—Counsellor Garrow, during his cross-examination of a prevaricating old female witness, by which it was essential to prove that a *tender* of money had been *made*, had a scrap of paper thrown to him by a counsel on the other side, and on it was written—

"Garrow, submit ; that tough old jade
Can never prove—*a tender maid!*"

72.—In the parish of Mandreville, says a French writer, a few leagues from Elbeuf, in Normandy, stood a small statue of St. Matthew, which represented the Evangelist in the act of *driving the devil out of the head of a woman* at his knees. The bishop of the diocese, on his first visitation in this parish, pointing to the statue, said pleasantly to the priest, "Ah ! Monsieur Abbe, if this saint of yours was but better known, your benefice would be far more valuable than my bishopric."

73.—*The Force of Habit.*—It is said of a Bath physician, that he could not prescribe even for himself without a fee, and therefore, when unwell, he took a guinea out of one pocket, and put it into the other.

74.—*A high Authority.*—Mr. Curran was once engaged in a legal argument ; behind him stood his colleague, a gentleman whose person was remarkably tall and slender, and who had originally intended to take orders. The judge observing that the case under discussion involved a question of ecclesiastical law, "Then," said Curran, "I can refer your lordship to a *high* authority behind me, who was once intended for the church, though, in my opinion he was fitter for the steeple."

75.—An aged widow had a cow, which fell sick. In her distress, for fear of the loss of this her principal means of support, she had recourse to the rector, in the virtue of whose prayers she had implicit faith, and humbly besought his reverence to visit her cow, and pray for her recovery. The worthy man, instead of being offended at his trait of simplicity, in order to comfort the poor woman, called in the afternoon at her cottage, and, proceeded to visit the sick animal. Walking thrice round it, he at each time gravely repeated, "*If she dies she dies; but if she lives she lives.*" The cow happily recovered, which the widow entirely attributed to the efficacy of her pastor's prayer. Some short time after, the rector himself was seized with a quinsey, and was in imminent danger, to the sincere grief of his affectionate parishioners, and of none more than the grateful widow. She repaired to the parsonage, and after considerable difficulty from his servants, obtained admission to his chamber, when thrice walking round his bed, she repeated, "*If he dies he dies; but if he lives he lives;*" which threw the doctor into such a fit of laughter, that the imposthume broke, and produced an immediate cure.

76.—A very ugly gentleman was requested by a beautiful woman, to accompany her a little way, when she led him to a painter's house, and having whispered to the artist, she retired, saying that she would return shortly. On quitting the chamber, the gentleman demanded to know what he was wanted for. "I thought you knew," replied the painter, "that I am taking that lady's likeness in the character of a saint being tempted by the devil, and she means you to sit for the tempter."

77.—An inhabitant of Caermarthenshire, who, like most of his countrymen, was very superstitious,

went to the parson of the parish, and declared that he saw the ghost of his friend, Taffy Evans, a convivial ostler, who died a month before. "And how did you know," said the parson, "that it was the ghost of Taffy, friend Owen?" "Oh!" answered Owen, "because hur was staggering drunk!"

78.—A certain reverend drone in the country, preaching a very dull sermon to a congregation not used to him, many of them slunk out of the church one after another, before the sermon was nearly ended. "Truly," said a gentleman present, "this learned doctor has made a very *moving* discourse."

79.—A Scotch parson, in the time of the rump, said in his prayer, "Lord bless the grand council—the parliament, and grant that they may a' hang together." A country fellow standing by, said, "Yes, yes, with all my heart, and the sooner the better; and I am sure it is the prayer of all good people." "But, friends," says the parson, "I don't mean as that fellow means, but pray that they may a' hang together in accord and concord." "No matter what cord," replied the other, "if it be but a strong cord."

80.—"I live in Julia's eyes," said an affected dandy in Colman's hearing. "I don't wonder at it," replied George, "since I observed she had a *sty* in them when I saw her last."

81.—On the first night of Congreve's "*Way of the World*," the audience hissed it violently. When the uproar was at its height, Congreve walked on the stage and addressed the audience. "Is it your intention to damn this play?" The cry was, "Yes, yes! Off, off!" "Then I tell you, this play of mine will be a living play when you are all dead and damned;" and he walked slowly off.

82.—"Pray, Mr. Abernethy, what is the cure for the gout?" asked an indolent and luxurious citizen. "Live upon sixpence a day, and earn it!" was the pithy answer.

83.—A gentleman once introduced his son to Rowland Hill, by letter, as a youth of great promise, and as likely to do honour to the university of which he was a member; "but he is shy," added the father, "and idle, and, I fear, buries his talents in a napkin." A short time afterwards, the parent, anxious for the reverend gentleman's opinion, inquired what was thought of his son. "I have shaken the napkin," said Rowland Hill, "at all corners, and there is nothing in it."

84.—A gentleman asked his friend one day in what part of London he thought the most *sudden deaths* occurred, "Why," he replied, "the Old Bailey."

85.—A person below the middle stature, observed he could boast two negative qualifications, viz., that he never wore a *great* coat, nor ever lay *long* in bed.

86.—Boswell dining one day with Dr. Johnson, asked him if he did not think that a good cat was more essential to the community than a good poet. "I don't suppose," said the doctor, "that there's a dog in the town but what thinks so."

87.—Soon after Dr. Johnson's return from Scotland to London, a Scottish lady, at whose house he was, as a compliment, ordered some hotch-potch for his dinner. After the doctor had tasted it, she asked him if it was good. To which he replied, "Very good for *hogs!*" "Then, pray," said the lady, "let me help *you* to a little more."

88.—A certain lodging-house was very much infested by vermin; a gentleman who slept there one night, told the landlady so in the morning, when she

said, "La, sir, we haven't a single bug in the house." "No, ma'am," said he, "they're all *married*, and have large families, too."

89.—A jockey-lord met his old college tutor at a great horse fair. "Ah! doctor," exclaimed his lordship, "what brings you here among these high-bred cattle? Do you think you can distinguish a *horse* from an *ass?*" "My lord," replied the tutor, "I soon perceived *you* among these horses."

90.—Mr. Moore having been long under a prosecution, in Doctor's Commons, his proctor called on him one day whilst he was composing the tragedy of the *Gamester*. The proctor having sat down, he read him four acts of the piece, being all he had written, by which the man of law was so much affected, that he exclaimed, "Good God! can you add to this couple's distress in the last act?" "O! very easily," said the poet, "I intend to put them in the spiritual court."

91.—A gentleman being asked what article of trade was most adulterated, replied, Religion!!!

92.—At Worcester assizes, a cause was tried about the soundness of a horse, in which a clergyman, not educated in the school of Tattarsall, appeared as a witness. He was confused in giving his evidence, and a furious blustering counsellor, who examined him, was at last tempted to exclaim, "Pray, sir, do you know the difference between a horse and a cow?" "I acknowledge my ignorance," replied the clergyman, "I hardly know the difference between a horse and a cow, or a bully and a bull, only that a bull, I am told, has horns, and a bully, (bowing respectfully to the counsellor,) luckily for me, has none."

93.—A female having been summoned before the court of judicature, in Calcutta, deposed that a cir-

cumstance involved in the cause occurred in her presence. The judge asked where it happened. She replied, "In the verandah of such a house." "Pray, my good woman," said the judge, "how many pillars are in that verandah?" The woman, not perceiving the trap that was laid for her, said, without much consideration, that the verandah was supported by four pillars. The counsel for the opposite party immediately offered to prove that the verandah contained five pillars, and that, consequently, no credit could be given to her evidence. The woman, perceiving her error, addressed the judge, and said, "My lord, your lordship has for many years presided in this court, and every day that you come here you ascend a flight of stairs, may I beg to know how many steps these stairs consist of?" The judge confessed he did not know. "Then," replied she, "if your lordship cannot tell the number of steps you daily ascend to the seat of justice, it cannot be astonishing that I should forget the number of pillars in a balcony which I never entered half-a-dozen times in my life."

94.—Dr. Glynn, being one day in attendance on a lady in the quality of her physician, took the liberty of lecturing her on the impropriety of her eating cucumber, of which she was immoderately fond, and gave her the following humorous receipt for dressing them: "Peel the cucumber," said the doctor, "with great care, then cut it into very thin slices, pepper and salt it well, and then *throw it away!*"

95.—Dr. Graham being on his stage at Chelmsford, in Essex, in order to promote the sale of his medicines, told the country people that he came there for the good of the public, not for want. Then speaking to his merry Andrew, "Andrew," said he,

"do we come here for want?" "No, faith, sir," said Andrew, "we have enough of that at home."

96.—A letter received some time since from Ireland, mentions that a coast officer of Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, after going his round, entered in his diary, "That he had not seen anything but one ship—*out of sight.*"

97.—Milton, the British Homer, and prince of modern poets, in his latter days, and when he was blind, (a thing some men do with their eyes open,) married a *shrew.* The Duke of Buckingham, one day in Milton's hearing, called her a *rose.* "I am no judge of flowers," observed Milton, "but it may be so, for I feel the *thorns* daily."

98.—Pytheas, daughter of Aristotle, being asked, which was the most beautiful colour, answered, "That of *modesty.*"

99.—Voltaire, when in London, being at a great rout with Lord Chesterfield, a lady in company, very much painted, engrossed his conversation. Chesterfield tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Take care you are not captivated." "My lord," replied Voltaire, "I scorn to be taken by an English bottom under French colours."

100.—The father of the celebrated Sheridan was one day descanting on the pedigree of his family, regretting that they were no longer styled O'Sheridan, as they were formerly. "Indeed, father," replied Sheridan, then a boy, "we have more right to the O than any one else, for we *owe* every body."

101.—"I was charmed," said Lord Orford, "with the answer of a poor man in Bedlam, who was insulted by an apprentice, because he would not tell him why he was confined. The unhappy creature at last said, 'Because God Almighty has deprived me of a blessing which you never had.'"

102.—An Irishman, who had often experienced his wife's ill humour, opposed her with no other weapon but silence: whereupon a friend told him, "It is easily seen you are afraid of your wife." "It is not she that I am afraid of," replied the husband, "it is the *noise*."

103.—A fellow having been adjudged on the conviction of perjury, to lose his ears; when the executioner came to put the sentence of the law in force, he found that he had been already cropped. The hangman seemed a little surprised. "What," said the criminal, with all the *sang froid* imaginable, "am I obliged to furnish you with ears every time you are pleased to crop me?"

104.—A man with a very wide mouth was asked whether he had got a lease of it? "No, sir," he good-humouredly said, "I hold it from year to year."

105.—A lady meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please, ma'am, I don't live no where now," rejoined the girl, "I'm married."

106.—Two bucks, lately sitting over a pint of wine, made up for the deficiency of port by the liveliness of their wit. After many jokes had passed, one of them took up a nut, and holding it to his friend, said, "If this nut could speak, what would it say?" "Why," rejoined the other, "it would say, *give us none of your jaw.*"

107.—The late Cecil, of St. John's, Bedford, was, as is well known, a shrewd observer of men and manners. One day he met, in the course of his walks, an Italian with a box of plaster medals. They were superior to *Bani's* best. Cecil, who was also a man of some taste in the fine arts, appreciated them at once, and told the artist that he might soon make a fortune by his casts. The poor fellow could not make bread by them. Cecil was amazed, and asked if he had exhibited them properly? "Ah, sair," said the Italian, "dere is no getting on here vithout a monkey and a feedle." Cecil did not forget this. Being some time after at a Committee of ways and means in behalf of a Humane Institution, the funds of which were declining, one member said, "We must have a popular preacher to the chapel of the institution, or we shall not get on." Another said, "We must have a new organ, too, or we shall not get on." "True," said Cecil, "as the Italian said, there is no getting on here without a monkey and a fiddle." He then told his story, which, by the way, cuts wider and deeper than he seems to have discerned at the time.

108.—Frank Haymen was a dull dog. When he buried his wife, a friend asked him why he ex-

pended so much money on her funeral? "Ah, sir," replied he, "she would have done so much, or more, for me, with pleasure."

109.—A person who was famous for arriving just at dinner-time, upon going to a friend's (where he was a frequent visitor), was asked by a lady of the house if he would *do as they did?* On his replying he should be happy to have the pleasure—she replied, "Dine at home then." He, of course, had received his *quietus* for some time at least.

110.—Curran had a perfect *horror* of fleas; nor was this very extraordinary, since those vermin seemed to show him peculiar hostility. If they infested a house, he said that "they always flocked to his bed-chamber when they heard he was to sleep there!" At Carlow he was once dreadfully annoyed in this way, and on making his complaint in the morning to the woman of the house, "By heavens! madam," cried he, "they were in such numbers, and seized upon my carcass with so much ferocity, that if they had been *unanimous*, and all pulled one way, they must have dragged me out of bed entirely."

111.—"Why do you not pay me that six and eight pence, Mr. Mulrooney?" said an attorney to an Irishman, who replied, "Why faith, because I do not owe you that same." "Not owe it me? yes you do; it's for the opinion you had of me." "That's a good one, indeed," rejoined Pat, "when I never had any opinion of you in all my life."

112.—During a late crowded night at Covent Garden theatre, a beautiful woman, on whom the heat acted as a powerful *sudorific*, attracted a general attention. A gentleman, after viewing her for a few minutes, exclaimed, "A charming painting *in oil*."

113.—*Awkward Executions.*—Some of the daily newspapers have got up a very strange story about a man who was hanged at Bari, in Naples, recovered under the hands of a surgeon—found himself stark naked—demanded his clothes from the hangman, and on the very official refusal of that functionary to deliver up his perquisites, drew a knife and slew, or almost slew, Jack Ketch ; for which he is to be hanged again. There is a degree of verisimilitude about this story, which is quite refreshing. We can only *approach* it in our history. When Major General Harrison was hanged for being one of the judges of Charles I., the rope broke, and the undaunted regicide, previous to being tied up again, struck the hangman a sound box on the ear for his negligence in tying him up. A more wonderful and less tragical and notorious similarity took place in Cork, where a tailor was hanged, but revived under the hands of Glover, a player, at that time performing in Cork. The first use the incorrigible tailor made of his revivification was to get *dead* drunk, in which state he went to the theatre where Glover performed that evening, and thanked him in the presence of the audience, from the gallery, for his kind exertions. Brasbridge, the ex-silversmith, and Horace Walpole, of Fleet-Street, also deposes to this fact, which he had from the lips of Glover, a competitor of his in days lang syne.

114.—An Irishman, on seeing an acquaintance reading, exclaimed, "Arrah, honey ! an' whose the arther o' that work !" "Fait, my jewel, an' how can I tell that same." "Why, my dear, look to the ind on't, an' ye'll see that." "'Tis *Finis*," rejoined the other. "A clever fellow, that said *Finis ;* why, he's the arther of every book."

115.—The Rev. Rowland Hill, when at college, had a conversation with some of his companions on the power of the letter H, when it was contended that it was no letter, but a mere aspiration of breathing. Rowland took the opposite side of the question, and insisted on its being, to all intents and purposes, a *letter*, and concluded by observing, if it was not, it was a serious thing for him, as it would occasion his being *ill* all the days of his life.

116.—A fellow of atrocious ugliness chanced to pick up a looking-glass on his road. But when he looked at himself, he flung it away in a rage, crying, "Curse you, if you were good for anything you would not have been thrown away by your owner."

117.—"'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good," said a Caledonian laddie, a few days since, when he picked up the hat of a gentleman which had been *blown off*, and with which he escaped.

118.—A young lady having given a gentleman, who was not very remarkable for his taste in dress, a playful slap in the face, he called out, "You have made my eye *smart*." "Indeed!" said she; "well, I am happy to have been the cause of making something *smart* about you."

119.—The *figure in rhetoric* known under the name of a *bull*, is by no means confined to the inhabitants of Ireland; for instance, a *puff* on Bayswater Lying-in-Hospital, published in the Morning Herald, concludes thus: "Since its first establishment, upwards of 52,000 women have been delivered at this hospital, which at present extends its succour tó the *widows* of sailors and soldiers who are so gallantly fighting for their country."

N.B. The late Dr. Kennedy was the chief *accoucheur* at the time, and probably the author of the *encomium*.

120.—It is a sovereign pleasure to put a determined jester to silence ; the chevalier H—— was of this character. He introduced the Marquis of B—— to a lady of quality, saying, in presenting him to her, "Madam, this is the Marquis of B—, who is not such a fool as he seems." The marquis answered, "Yes, madam, and this is the only trait in which I differ from the chevalier."

121.—An author, who was miserably out at heels, applied to a bookseller in St. Paul's Church-yard for employment, who told him, that upon producing a specimen of his abilities, he would do something towards supporting him, as he was in a pitiful situation. "Ay," says the author, "but I would not be supported in this pickle, I want to be taken out of it : and if you will give me a subject to write on, I will convince you that I am worthy your esteem." "Well, what subject shall I give you ?" says the bookseller. "Any subject," says the author, "*but that of money or my wife, for I am not master of either.*"

122.—Two Gentlemen, a few days since, took a boat at Blackfriars'-bridge, to go to the Tower. One of them asked the other, who sat beside him, if he could tell him what *countryman* the waterman was ? He replied, be could not. "Then," said his friend, "I can ; he is a *Ro-man.*" A cockney being told the above, said, "the pun was *wherry* good."

123.—*Lines in the Window of a Shoe-maker's Shop, nearly opposite Apothecaries' Hall.*—Surgery performed upon old boots and shoes, by adding of feet, making good the legs, binding the broken, healing the wounded, mending the constitution, and supporting the body with a new sole. Advice *gratis.*—By S. Gyles.

124. A farmer recently received a polite note from a neighbour, (whose children were going on a visit a short distance,) requesting the loan of an ass for a few days. Being unable to decipher his friend's hieroglyphics, and wishing to conceal his ignorance from the servant, the farmer hastily returned for answer, "Very well; tell your master I'll wait upon him myself presently."

125.—An uninformed Irishman hearing the sphinx alluded to in company, whispered to a friend, "*Sphinx!* who's he now?" "A monster-man." "Oh a *Munster-man!* I thought he was from Connaught," replied the Irishman, determined not to seem totally unacquainted with the family.

126.—A man of learning was complaining to Voltaire, that few foreigners relished the beauties of Shakspeare. "Sir," replied the wit, "bad translations torment and vex them, and prevent them understanding your great dramatist. A blind man, sir, cannot perceive the beauty of a rose, who only pricks his fingers with the thorns."

127.——*A Pointed Joke.*——A sportsman, by touching his horse near the withers with his whip, taught him to kneel immediately. When shooting, and a dog came to the point, he made the horse kneel, and persuaded those present that the horse was an excellent pointer. A gentleman having purchased the gelding, was fording a river with him, when, having touched his withers, he was true to the touch—down he dropped in the stream, and soused his new master in the water. The latter, in a great passion, asked his former owner what he meant by selling him a horse that played him such a trick in the water? "Oh!" said the other, "you bought him as a pointer, and at the time he went on his knees he was pointing a salmon."

128.—*Dr. Cheyne.*—While some one was talking, before this intelligent Scotchman, of the excellence of human nature,—"Hoot! hoot! mon," said he, "human nature is a rogue and a scoundrel; or why would it perpetually stand in need of laws and religion."

129.—Two gentlemen having wagered upon the number of characteristic specimens of native brilliancy they should encounter in a rural excursion, one of them thus addressed a stone-breaker on the road: "My good fellow, were the devil to come now, which of us two would he carry away?" After a little hesitation, that savoured of unexpected dulness, the man modestly lifting his eyes from his work, answered, "Me, sir." Annoyed by the stolidity of this reply, the querist pressed him for a reason. "Because, yer honour, he would be glad of the opportunity to catch myself—he could have you at any time."

130.—*An Anecdote of Kean.*—When I was at the University, chance introduced me to the notice of the deceased, and, though a mere boy, I became a member of the *clique* with which he was identified during his stay. A dinner had been ordered, and guests invited, *for four precisely.* The landlord of the tavern had promised the use of the same room at the same hour to the members of a cricket club. What was to be done? *We* knew that we had the *right* on our side, and the other party were as firmly convinced that the room was *theirs.* "Where there's a will there's a way," says the adage, and we proved its truth by joining issue and dining together. Mutual apologies and mutual civilities were exchanged, and we sat down without any regard to previous intimacy. Poor Kean, unfortunately, was placed next to a *would be* wit, who

essayed to be wonderfully facetious at his expense. He bore it with surprising patience for a considerable time, but at last he whispered in my ear, "Flesh and blood can't stand this," and, turning round on his chair, he said to his tormenter, "Sir, you speak to me as an *actor;* but I wish to God, for your sake, that I were a *cook* for an hour." "Why so, Mr. Kean?" "Because nothing on earth would afford me greater pleasure than to run you through with the spit of my satire, and hold you up to roast at the fire of my ridicule." The gentleman was perfectly quiet during the remainder of the evening."

131.—An amateur practitioner wishing upon one occasion, in the court of King's Bench, to convince Lord Ellenborough of his importance, said, "My lord, I sometimes employ myself as a doctor." "Very likely, sir," said his lordship, drily; "but is any body else fool enough to employ you in that capacity?"

132.—A sailor having been, for his good behaviour, promoted from a foremost man to a boatswain, was ordered on shore by his captain to receive his commission at the Admiralty Office. Jack went accordingly, and thus described his reception afterwards to his companions; "I bore away large," said he, "for the Admiralty Office; and on entering the harbour, I espied a dozen or two quill-drivers; I hailed 'em—not a word said they. Hollo! again said I—not a word said they. Shiver my Topsails, but what can this mean? said I. Then I took a guinea from my pocket, and holding it up to my peeper, hollo! again said I. Oh, hollo! returned they. So, so, my boys, cried I, you are like *Balaam's* ass, are you? You could not speak until you saw the angel!"

133.—A remarkable circumstance happened to Father Chrysostom, and he has been kind enough to relate it himself. One day, when he was preaching at Belleville, the crowd was so great that the church could not contain all the auditors. A very devout peasant, who was in the churchyard with his ass, thought he could understand the sermon better if he could see the gesticulations of the preacher. For this purpose he mounted Martin, and both of them alternately stretched out their ears. The father had not yet finished his second point, when the worthy peasant smote his breast and began to weep, Martin at the same time braying in concert. "Make that ass hold his tongue," exclaimed a lusty man, in a voice stronger than that of the Stentor of Arcadia. The preacher, who imagined that he was spoken of, exclaimed in his turn, "Turn out that insolent fellow?" "You see, Abbe," says Favart, in commenting on this anecdote, "that there are people in the world who do themselves justice."

134.—At the late Limerick assizes, P. Magrath was tried for stealing a great coat. After this fact had been proved, the judge called on him for his defence, when the prisoner addressed the court:—"My lord, he saw what a bad way I was in for clothes, being almost naked, and he said, 'I would advise you, Pat, the first coat or blanket you get to throw it over your shoulders.' I did so, my lord, and now he is prosecuting me for following his own bad advice; and this is my defence, plase your reverence's lordship." The court was convulsed with laughter.

135.—A young man of the name of *Neck* was recently married to a Miss *Heels;* they are now, therefore, tied *Neck* and *Heels* together.

136.—A married lady, alluding in conversation to the 148th Psalm, observed, that while "young men and maidens, old men and children," were expressly mentioned, not a word was said about *married women*. An old clergyman, whom she was addressing, assured her that they had not been omitted, and that she would find them included in one of the preceding verses, under the description of *vapours* and *storm*.

137.—One of the band of Covent-garden, who played the French horn, was telling some anecdote of Garrick's generosity. Macklin, who heard him at the lower end of the table, and who always fired at the praises of Garrick, called out, "Sir, I believe you are a *trumpeter*." "Well, sir," said the poor man, quite confounded, "and if I am, what then?" "Nothing more, sir, than being a trumpeter, you are a dealer in *puffs* by profession."

138.—The late Rev. Thomas Toller, an eminent dissenting minister, (joint preacher with the celebrated Dr. James Fordyce, at Monkwell-street,) resided many years in the Lower-street, Islington. One day, when he got into the stage to come to London, he met with two ladies of his acquaintance, and a loquacious young Irishman, who was very obtrusive with his "would-be wit" to the females. The coachman soon stopped to take up another passenger, who, Dutchman like, was "*slow to make haste*" A young dog, being confined in the neighbourhood, bewailed its loss of liberty, by making an hideous noise; which all the party agreed was very disagreeable. The Hibernian, desirous to display his wit, and to *quiz* the parson, said, "The animal was so unpleasantly noisy it must be a presbyterian *dog*." Mr. Toller calmly, but with much apparent confidence, said, "I am sure it is an Irish dog." "How

do you know that?" exclaimed the astonished young man with eagerness. "I know it, sir," (replied the divine) "by its impudence and its howl." This seasonable retort cured the garrulity of the patient, and gave him a locked-jaw till the stage arrived at the Royal Exchange.

139.—A few Sundays ago, at a village church not one hundred miles north-east of Newark, the parish-clerk had a notice to read, in which was the abbreviated word for namely—viz. When Mr. Amen came to the word he made a stop, and, in astonishment, cried out, "Wiz! wiz! Ise doant know what wiz means, unless it be some consarns of the parish."

140.—Augustus gave an admirable example how a person who sends a challenge should be treated. When Marc Antony, after the battle of Actium, defied him to a single combat, his answer to the messenger who brought it was, "Tell Marc Antony, if he be weary of his life, there are other ways to end it; I shall not take the trouble of becoming his executioner."

141.—An advertisement in an Irish paper, by a gentleman who wishes to sell an estate, runs thus:—"The purchaser may have the whole by appraisement; but if he objects to these terms he may have it at *half price.*"

142.—"There is a rich rector in Worcestershire," said one of the colonel's guests, "whose name I cannot now recollect, but who has not preached for the last twelve months, as he every Sunday requests one of the neighbouring clergy to officiate for him." "Oh!" replied Colonel Landleg, "though you cannot recollect his name, I can; it is England—*England expects every man to do his duty.*"

143.—A report of the plague in 1760 having been circulated, Messrs. Chandler and Smith, apothecaries, in Cheapside, had taken in a *third* partner, (Mr. Newsom,) and while the report prevailed, these gentlemen availed themselves of the popular opinion, and put a written notice in their windows of "*Four Thieves' Vinegar sold here.*" Mr. Ball, an old apothecary, passing by, and observing this, went into the shop. "What," said he, "have you taken in another partner?" "No." "Oh! I beg your pardon," replied Ball, "I thought you had by the ticket in your window."

144.—At a meeting of a certain set of commissioners lately at Brighton, one of them objecting to a proposed exception to their regulations respecting chimneys, said, "I thought our laws were like the Persian maids—never to be broken?" "Medes and Persians, you mean," observed a biblical critic. "Well," rejoined the first, "maids of the Persians, if you like; where's the difference?"

145.—Colman told an apothecary lately, who brought him in a tolerably heavy charge for *medicine and visits*, that he could *return his visits*, and *dispense* with his *medicine*.

146.—When the ambassador of Henry IV. of France was in England, Queen Elizabeth asked him one birth-night, which was attended by a splendid assembly of the court, how he liked her ladies? Knowing her majesty was not averse to flattery, he made the following elegant reply: "It is hard, madam, to judge of *stars* in the presence of the *sun*."

147.—An Irish paper, on noticing a coroner's inquest on a young woman who had drowned herself, says, the jury, after an hour's deliberation, brought in a verdict of *wilful murder against her*.

148.—There are two cardinal points in a man's life which determine his happiness or his misery; these are, his birth and his marriage. Is is in vain for a man to be born fortunate if he be unfortunate in his marriage.

149.—In a newspaper, dated January 31, 1746, we find the following theatrical announcement: "We are certainly informed that on Monday next, at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, will be performed, *The Lying Valet*, and that Mr. Stevens, at the particular desire of some persons of quality, is to act the part of *Justice Guttle;* in which character he will devour *twelve pounds of plum cake at three mouthfuls.*"

150.—A short time since the manager of Sadlers-wells, wishing to make an alteration in his bills, sent an old one, with the corrections made in the margin, to the printer. In a few days a proof was forwarded to Mr. T. Dibdin, when it read thus: "Under the patronage of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, Lord High *Patron of England and Admiral of this Theatre.*"

151.—The late Mr. Sheridan, to the honour of whose talents no one will deny the claims of his country, had never been the *slave* of *punctuality* in his parliamentary attendances. Upon his marriage with his last lady, the *honey-moon* so completely absorbed his attention, that St Stephen's Chapel had not the honour of his presence for above a month, during which some important debates had occurred. On the night of his next appearance, in the course of a very eloquent speech, he advanced some charges against the minister, which had been previously recited in a debate during his absence. Mr. Pitt, who was not over eminent for his *devotions* to the *fair sex*, in replying to Mr. Sheridan's

argument, observed, "that if the honourable gentleman had been somewhat more punctual in his parliamentary duties within the last month, he might have had an opportunity of hearing some statements, that might have saved him the trouble of the allusions he had just made." Mr. Sheridan rose to explain. "He took shame to himself that his absence on *any* occasion should warrant the *chastening* reproof of the right honourable gentleman. It was, he believed, well known to the house, that his absence for the last month was occasioned by *certain other indispensable duties in another quarter*, which, he was sure, would plead his apology with every member present except the right honourable gentleman, whose total inexperience upon that subject would render anything he could say in explanation perfectly unintelligible." This *cut* at the *cold* character of the *chaste* premier excited a general burst of laughter.

152.—A woman of gallantry said to a drunkard, "Would you believe, sir, that during the ten years I have been a widow, I have not had the least itching after marriage?" "Would you believe madam, that since I can remember, I never suffered thirst."

153.—A gentleman of Touraine was one day expressing himself very warmly against his neighbours, on account of some false reports that had been raised respecting his honour. "The devil take all such cuckolds," said he, "I wish they were all in the river." His wife answered, "But why do you wish so, my dear husband, *you cannot swim?*"

154.—An old culprit was lately carried before a *learned* justice of the peace in the country. The constable, previously to commencing business, in-

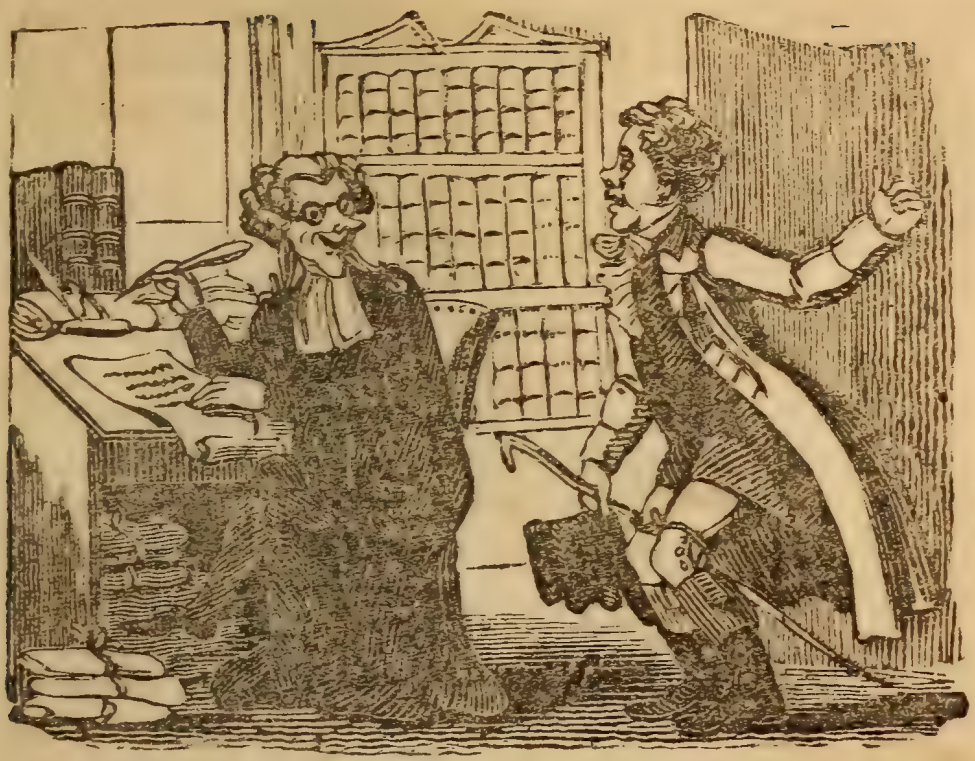
formed his lordship, that he had in his custody John Simmons, *alias* Jones, *alias* Smith. "Very well," said the magistrate, "I will try the *two women* first—so bring in *Alice* Jones."

155.—An Irish gentleman, whose lady had absconded from him, cautioned the public against trusting her in these words: "My wife has eloped from me without rhyme or reason, and I desire no one will trust her on my account, for I am not married to her."

156.—The amorous Blaise courted a very pretty country girl; he succeeded, and the nuptials were shortly to be celebrated. However, his impatient love was with difficulty contented, but the prudent girl had resolution to repulse his desires. At length the happy day arrived: Blaise, at the summit of his wishes, praised the prudence and virtue of the fair one, for not having indulged him before: "For, between us two," said he, "had you permitted my attempts, I should not have married you." "Ah," said the *innocent* fair one, "I was fully on my guard on that subject, having been so often served that trick."

157.—Dr. Johnson was very bulky in size, and, often very abrupt in his manners. Mr. Boswell was a great admirer of the doctor, and once was praising his great erudition, and urging that he was a constellation among the literati. "I admit the learning and the constellation too," replied a wit, "but, if a constellation, he must be the *great bear*."

158.—It was once observed to Lord Chesterfield, in the course of conversation, that man is the only creature that is endowed with the power of laughter. "True," said the earl, "and you may add, perhaps, he is the only creature that deserves to be laughed *at*."



159.—*The Witty Countryman.*—A countryman, very much marked with the small pox, applied to a justice of the peace for redress in an affair where one of his neighbours had ill-treated him ; but not explaining the business so clearly as the justice expected, "Fellow !" said the justice in a rage, "I don't know whether you were inoculated for the small pox or not, *but I'm sure you have been for stupidity.*" "Why, and please your honour," replied the man, "perhaps I might, as you say, be inoculated for stupidity, but there was no occasion to perform that upon your worship, for you seem to have had it in the natural way."

160.—An attorney in Dean Swift s company gave himself great liberties of conversation with him. At length this impudent limb of the law asked the dean, "Supposing, doctor, that the parsons and the

devil should litigate a cause, which party do you think would gain it?" "The devil no doubt," replied the dean, as he would have all the lawyers on his side."

161.—*A Wonderful Sight.*—A jolly jack tar, having strayed into Atkin's show at Bartlemy fair, to have a look at the wild beasts, was much struck with the sight of a lion and tiger in the same den. "Why, Jack," said he to a messmate, who was chewing a quid in silent amazement, "I shouldn't wonder if next year they were to carry about a sailor and a marine living peaceably together!" "Ay," said his married companion, "or man and wife."

162.—The nephew of a sober "elderly," possessed of immense riches, but no nearer relation, was frequently dragged off to Bow-street for knocking down *Charleys* whilst in a state of inebriety. At this the uncle was so much incensed, that he withdrew from him a comfortable yearly allowance he had begun to give him, and told him he should never have another farthing of his money until he relinquished the odious vice of drinking to excess, which was, he said, the mainspring from which all his other bad conduct flowed. For some time the nephew paid no regard to his threats; but at length "necessity, the mother of invention," forced him to ask for a little more cash. "Have you left off," said the old gentleman, looking serious, "the bad habit you had contracted of getting drunk?" "My very noble and approved good uncle," replied the profligate, "I left it off more than six months ago." "Here, then," said the enraptured elderly, "is a check for five hundred pounds." The other received it with much internal and external satisfaction; and, as he coolly deposited

it in his pocket-book, observed, "but I forgot to tell you that I resumed it within five minutes after I left it off."

163.—*A Justified Sinner.*—A friend lately inquired of that veteran or inveterate punster, Sam. Rogers what he thought of the new book called "Confessions of a Justified Sinner?" "Why," said Sam, "I think he might be justified for every sin he ever committed except that of publishing his confessions for half-a-guinea."

164.—A bumpkin in London was conducted by a friend to a public-house, where he called for a pot of porter; this went down so unpleasantly that the cockney ordered a pot of half-and-half, which was considered by the countryman as the best liquor in the universe. Next day out bumpkin went alone to the same ale-house, and desired the waiter to call the landlord. Boniface having arrived, the *yokel* said, "I like your half and half vastly well, measter publican, but it does not exactly suit my pocket; so let's have a pint of all half."

165.—A session or two ago, a prisoner urged in his defence, that he had never been at the Old Bailey before. "'Tis of no use denying it," said Mr. Sergeant Arabin, who sat as judge, "I recollect you perfectly well." "I meant," said the culprit, "that I had never been *transported* before." "Then," said the worthy sergeant, with a *benignant smile*, "*you shall be now.*"

166.—*A Prior Engagement.*—Mr. Goodall, a learned assistant at Eton, the morning he married Miss Prior (to the great astonishment of the scholars), attended his duty as master, a luckless boy who had played truant, pleaded as an excuse for his absence, that he really thought Mr. G. had a *prior* engagement.

167.—*Helm-a-Lee.*—A sailor taking a walk in the fields, peceiving a mad bull rapidly advancing towards him, evidently with no good intentions as to his person. "Helm-a-lee, messmate," he cried out at the very top of his voice, "helm-a-lee." The mad bull, however, probably not comprehending his injunction, did not pay it implicit obedience, but speedily levelled his worthy adviser with the grass. "There, you stupid," said the tar, as he raised himself more in sorrow than in anger on his elbow, "Didn't I tell you, you'd run foul o'me."

168.—A little boy being asked what occupation his father pursued for a living? he answered with great simplicity, "he is a dreadful accident maker, sir, for the newspapers."

169.—*A Fine Ear.*—A gentleman anxious to secure to his son a thorough knowledge of the science of music, applied to a professor for that purpose. Being informed by the teacher that all the instruction the young man might receive would be of little benefit to him unless he possessed a fine ear for music, the father replied—"That although, as the parent of the youth, he ought not, perhaps, to boast, yet he had never seen a person possessing a finer one—'It is almost, I assure you,' said he, 'as clear as chrystal.'"

170.—A city epicure, who shall be nameless, was discussing with the eminent Mr. Rogers the merits of turtle dressing. "Sir," said the alderman, "there is one in which, if you try turtle, you may always ascertain whether it be well cooked or not; eat three plates of it, and if you don't feel full or sick, depend upon it *that* turtle is well cooked; this is my *test*, and I never find it fail." "I thank you, sir," said Rogers, "for the information, but I

don't think I shall be often inclined to adopt the test you do."

171.—*Predestination.*——A criminal pleaded upon his trial, as an extenuation of his offence, that he was predestined to commit it. "I am heartily sorry for that, friend," said the judge, "for, by the same rule, I am predestined to order you to be hanged."

172.—No attornies are authorised by law in China ; those self-constituted, are thus defined and described by a Chinese classical writer : "Villanous and perverse vagabonds who are fond of making a stir, and who, either by fraudulent and crafty schemes, excite disorder, or by disorderly and illegal proceedings, intimidate and impose upon people !"

173.—A person, while brushing his hat, (which seemed much the worse for wear) observed to his friend near him, "that he had done it more injury by sleeping in it the night before than all the time of wearing it since he bought it." "Sleeping in it the night before!" replied his friend, "if I may judge from appearances, I should think it a long time since it had a *nap*."

174.—Macklin having written a comedy, showed it to Quin, and asked his opinion of it. Quin gave him some hopes of its success, but desired him to wait a little before he brought it out. Next season he was called upon again for his interest with Mr. Rich, to have it performed ; Quin had the address to satisfy Macklin a second time, recommending him to wait a little longer. Shylock retired growling, but complied. Next year he again applied, confident of success, but was astonished at receiving the same answer as before. Unable to contain himself, he pettishly asked how much longer he should have

to wait. "Till the day of judgment," replied Quin, "when you and your play may be d——d together."

175.—Dr. Maine, an eccentric character, who was ejected by Cromwell from ecclesiastical livings which he held from Charles I., preserved, in making his will, the whimsicalities of his life. He had an old servant, to whom he bequeathed an ancient family trunk, telling him that he would find something there "which would make him drink after his death." The servant, full of expectation that his master, under this familiar expression, had left him a fair competency, as soon as decency allowed, flew to the trunk, when, to his great mortification, he found that the boasted legacy was nothing more than a red herring.

176.—"*Roger, where was I?*"—At Kenwyn, during divine service, two dogs, one of which was the parson's, were fighting at the west-end of the church. The parson, who was then reading the second lesson, rushed out of his pew, and went down and parted them, returned to his pew, and, doubtful where he had left off, asked the clerk, "Roger, where was I?" "Why, down parting the dogs, maister, to be sure," replied Roger, to the no small amusement of the congregation.

177.—"A most extraordinary circumstance, indeed," said a certain alderman to his friend; "my wife and I have three daughters, and all of them girls!"

178.—A smart banker's clerk, who, seated in the *pit*, wished to make himself more agreeable to a girl, accompanied by her father, than the latter thought necessary, met with the following reproof from the old gentleman: "Young man, we came to enjoy the play: if you don't know how to behave yourself, go up yonder!" *(Pointing to the boxes.)*

179.—*Whip Eloquence.*—A lady not remarkable for delicacy of character, had rudely discharged her coachman, who, before he left her, requested an interview with her; she received him haughtily, supposing he was coming to beg to be reinstated in his place, when he accosted her thus: "I should take it, madam, as a particular favour, that you will never mention I lived with you; for, if you did, I should never gain another situation."

180.—*Wonder upon Wonder.*—A certain country justice, remarkable for incredible stories, was telling a Londoner, who happened to dine at the market-town with him, of a turnip which grew in one of his fields, "that five sheep had eaten their way into, and lived in it during the winter." The citizen, in his turn, said, "he could tell him of as wonderful a thing as that, for not long before he left town, business called him to Whitechapel, where he passed a brazier's who was making a copper, which was so very large, that though four-and-twenty men were at work upon it, they could not hear each other hammer the rivets." "What the devil can that be for?" said his worship. "Why, to boil your turnip in, sir," says the other.

181.—*A New Union.*—At a dinner lately, a gentleman, who was carving a fine sirloin, asked —— if he should help him. Something turned his attention, and he asked him again. A wag, noticing the first failure, begged to drink wine with him, which caused another interruption; after which he returned to his duty, and again said, "Pray, Mr. —— shall I send you a slice of this?" "D—n it, sir, replied the disappointed gastronomer, "do you expect me to marry the beef, that you have asked me thrice?"

182.—A player performing the *Ghost*, in *Hamlet*

very badly, was hissed: after bearing it a good while, he put the audience in good humour, by stepping forward and saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am extremely sorry that my humble endeavours to please you are unsuccessful; but if you are not satisfied, I must give up the ghost."

183.—A lady having asked M. de Marchangy, the French Attorney-General, in the reign of Napoleon, why persons of her sex might not be electors? he replied, "Madam, you might be electors, but you could not be deputies." "Why not?" said the lady. "Because no woman would like to acknowledge that she was forty years of age."

184.—A gentleman, dining a short time ago at the house of a worthy alderman, where a giblet-pie was brought on to the table, asked a friend next to him, why the pie was like the alderman's wig? "Why," says he, "because it has got a goose's head in it."

185.—The wife of a sexton in a country village was haranguing her neighbours on the hardness of the times, when a countryman came up and offered some ducks for sale. "Ducks," said the wife, "how do you suppose I can purchase ducks, when my husband has not *buried a living soul* these last three months?"

186.—A country paper describing the effects of a late thunderstorm, says, "several cattle *were killed*, but fortunately *no lives lost*."

187.—A Yorkshireman taking the advice of his counsel on a lawsuit in which his fortune depended, his advocate told him he would be cast, and showed him a case in print against him in "East's Reports." "Never mind," said the suitor, "the judges may not remember it;" and while he was discussing the matter, the counsel was called out on some business,

when, seizing the opportunity, the countryman cut the disagreeable pages clean out of the book, and stuffed them into his fob. His cause came on, and he got the verdict: on which the lawyer congratulated him. "O, sir," he replied, "I could not lose, for I had taken special care to keep the law against me in my pocket."

188.—*Love of Liberty.*—A sovereign, in a progress through his kingdom, was informed, in one of his capital towns, of a singular fact, that one of the inhabitants, a man seventy years old, had never been without the walls. The man was called to the king, and being poor, obtained a pension upon the following provision: That he should forfeit his pension if ever he set foot out of the town. But here even custom could not prevail over love of liberty. The man did not continue long at ease; his confinement became insupportable, and he lost his pension in six months.

189.—A widow of the name of Rugg having taken Sir Charles Price for her second husband, and being asked by a friend how she liked the change? replied, "O, I have sold my *old Rug* for a *good Price.*"

190.—A physician, walking with one of his friends up Regent-street, said to the latter, "Let us avoid passing that pretty little woman that you see to the right. She has recognized me, and darts indignant looks this way. I have attended her husband, and—" "Oh! I understand, you have had the misfortune to despatch him." "No, my friend, to save his life."

191.—"Love is the revenue of beauty," said the beautiful and witty Countess R. de S———. "Madame," replied some one, "you must be rich indeed if all your debtors pay you."

192.—A certain sergeant, who was apt to get a little testy in argument, was one day reminded by Mr. Erskine, that he should not *show anger*, but *show cause.*

193.—The first visit Mademoiselle Clairon paid Voltaire, she threw herself at his feet, "exclaiming, in the words of Amenaide, "O, my protecting God!" Voltaire, somewhat astonished, fell on his knees before her, and said gravely, "Now that we are both on a level, how are you?"

194.—A member of Parliament applied to the post-office to know why some of his franks had been *charged?* The answer was, "We supposed, sir, they were not of your writing. The *hand* is not the same." "Why, not *precisely* the same; but the truth is, I happened to be a *little tipsy* when I wrote them." "Then, sir, will you be so good in future to write *drunk* when you make *free.*"

195.—England is the paradise for women, a proverb: England is also said to be a heaven for women and a hell for horses. Hence the saying, that if a bridge was made over the narrow seas, all the women in Europe would come over hither; yet it is worth notice, that no language has so many invectives against the sex as the English.

196.—*Dead March.*—On the evening before Dr. Clubbe died, his physician feeling his pulse with much gravity, and observing, that it beat more *even* than upon his last visit, "My dear friend," said he, "if you don't already know, or have not a technical expression for it, I will *tell you* what it beats—it beats the *dead march.*"

197.—Wilkes never would spare Boswell, nor conceal before him his prejudices against the Scottish nation. He seemed to seize with particular avidity every opportunity to play upon Boswell,

when any thing relating to Scotland was introduced. "You must acknowledge, my friend Wilkes," said Boswell one day, "that the approach to Edinburgh from the London road, presents a very picturesque and interesting picture." "Why, so perhaps it may," returned Wilkes; "but when I was there, the wind was in my face, and brought with it such a confounded stink, that I was obliged to keep my handkerchief to my nose the whole way, and could see nothing of the prospect."

In the riots of the year 1780, which at the same time endangered and disgraced the metropolis, Wilkes was lamenting the ungovernable violence of a London mob: upon this some brother citizens took him up shortly, and reminded him of the disturbances of which he had formerly been the occasion. "Sir," replied Wilkes, "I never was a Wilkite."

198.—The thieves about town, who make a jest of their gravest misfortunes, have got up the cant phrase of "Punishment by the Cubit," in allusion to the name of the inventor of the Tread Mill; as they also, referring to the name of the Ordinary of Newgate, and his holy office of praying by criminals on the scaffold till the fatal signal for execution is given, designate hanging to be "Leaving the world with their ears stuffed with cotton."

199.—The Irish papers, in describing a late duel at Waterford, say, that one of the combatants was shot through the *fleshy* part of the *thigh-bone*. But this is nothing to the real Irish bull of a man named Hendrick, who, a short time ago, lodged a complaint at the Dublin police-office against a comrade named Lawless, for cheating him out of his share of the produce of a set of harness which they had stolen out of a coach-house that morning!

Hendrick told his story with great *naivette*, and mentioned where the harness had been sold, but was quite astonished when the magistrate ordered him to Newgate. Search was immediately made for Lawless.

200.—*Frederick the Great.*—As the king was passing in review several regiments near Potsdam, he observed a soldier who had a large scar over his face. Finding he was a Frenchman, Frederick addressed him in his native language, saying, "In what alehouse did you get wounded?" The soldier smartly replied, "In that where your majesty paid the reckoning."

201.—*Man.*—Every man is a republic in miniature; and, although very limited in its parts, yet very difficult to govern. Each individual is a little world, the elements; and having life like the brutes, and reason like the angels, it seems as though all were happily united in him. He can traverse the vast universe, comprehend the present, past, and future; in him are the principles of life and death, light and darkness; in him, also, are united the most contrary elements and most incompatible qualities.

202.—The practice of marrying with the ring for the female was adopted by the Romans: the bride was modestly veiled, and after receiving the nuptial benediction, was crowned with flowers. The ring, symbolic of eternity, having no termination, was given and received as a token of everlasting love.

203.—*Lord Mansfield.*—This great man was never ashamed of publicly recanting any wrong opinion he might have adopted or made known, and he used to say, that to acknowledge that you were yesterday wrong was but to let the world know that you were wiser to-day than yesterday.

204.—*Ignorant Mayor.*—In the reign of Charles I., a mayor of Norwich actually sent a fellow to prison for saying that the Prince of Wales was born without a *shirt.*

205.—When Sir Charles Sedley's comedy of *Bellamira* was performed, the roof of the theatre fell down, by which, however, few people were hurt except the author. This occasioned Sir Fleetwood Shepherd to say, that there was so much fire in his play, that it blew up poet, house, and all. "No," replied the good-natured author, "the play was so heavy, that it broke down the house, and buried the poor poet in his own rubbish."

206.—Mr. Edmund Burke, the orator, was telling Mr. Garrick one day at Hampton, that all *bitter* things were *hot.* "Aye," says Garrick, "what do you think, Mr. Burke, of *bitter cold weather?*"

207—*Good Wishes.*—An American paper thus addresses its readers on the commencement of the new year:—"We tender our patrons the usual compliments of the season, wishing them good fires without smoky chimneys, sleigh rides without overturning, warm garments without empty pockets, arguments without anger, and plenty of good cider, and withal good memories, which will enable them to keep in mind the old adage, that 'short settlements *(particularly with the printer)* make long friends.' And to the ladies we wish more Chinchilla than Leghorn, more flannel than calico, more plaid than crape, more piety than prudery, more patience than petulance, more red cheeks than naked elbows; and, lastly, a complete victory over old bachelors."

208.—Foote once performing on the stage, lost his *chere amie,* and said which way did she run? A fellow in the gallery cried out, "Straight down Longacre:" on which Foote replied, "Oh! oh! if that's

the case I'll soon overtake her!" and off the stage he runs.

209.—An alarm of fire took place in the theatre during Foote's career, which created a disturbance; when Foote appeared, and told them not to be alarmed, for there was water enough above the playhouse to drown them all in ten minutes, they resumed their seats, and sat in peace.

210—A gentleman, well known for his parsimonious habits, having billeted himself on his acquaintances in Edinburgh during the royal visit, was talking to his friend on his return of the great expense of living. "How much now do you suppose I spent in Edinburgh?" "I do not know," replied his friend: "I should suppose about a fortnight."

211.—*Anecdotes of Mrs. Jordan.*—The late Mrs. Jordan possessed a heart susceptible of the most tender emotions, and these were called into action by the least approach of misery or distress.

During her short stay at Chester, where she had been performing, her washerwoman, a widow with three small children, was, by a merciless creditor, thrown into prison: a small debt of about forty shillings had been worked up in a short time, by law expenses, into a bill of eight pounds. As soon as Mrs. Jordan heard of the circumstance, she sent for the attorney, paid him his demand, and observed, with as much severity as her good-natured countenance could assume, "you lawyers are certainly infernal spirits, allowed on earth to make poor mortals miserable." The attorney, however, pocketed the affront, and with a low bow made his exit: on the afternoon of the same day the poor woman was liberated, as Mrs. Jordan, with her servant, was taking her usual walk on the Chester walls, the widow, with her children, followed her, and just as she had

taken shelter from a shower of rain in a kind of porch, dropped on her knees, and, with much grateful emotion, exclaimed, "God for ever bless you, madam! you have saved me and my poor children from ruin!" The children, beholding their mother's tears, added, by their cries, to the affecting scene, which a sensitive mind could not behold without strong feelings of sympathy.

The natural liveliness of Mrs. Jordan's disposition was not easily damped by sorrowful scenes; however, although she strove to hide it, the tear of feeling stole down her cheek, and stooping to kiss the children, slipped a pound note into the mother's hand, and, in her usual playful manner, replied, "There, there, now it's all over, go, good woman, God bless you: don't say another word." The grateful creature would have replied, but this good female Samaritan insisted on her silence and departure. It so happened that another person had taken shelter under the porch, and witnessed the whole of this interesting scene, who, as soon as Mrs. Jordan observed him, came forward, and holding out his hand, exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "Lady, pardon the freedom of a stranger; but would to the Lord were all like thee!" The figure of this man bespoke his calling: his countenance was pale, and a suit of sable, rather the worse for wear, covered his tall and spare person.

The penetrating eye of Thalia's favourite votary soon developed his character and profession, and with her wonton good humour, retreating a few paces, she replied, "No, I won't shake hands with *you*." "Why?" "Because you are a Methodist preacher, and when you know who I am, you'll send me to the devil!" "The Lord forbid! I am, as you say, a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, who

tells us to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and relieve the distressed; and do you think I can behold a sister so cheerfully obeying the commands of my Great Master without feeling that spiritual attachment which leads me to break through worldly customs, and offer you the hand of friendship and brotherly love?"

"Well, well, you are a good old soul, I dare say; but—I—I don't like fanatics; and you'll not like me, when I tell you who I am." "I hope I shall." "Well then, I tell you I am a player." The preacher sighed. "Yes, I am a player, and you must have heard of me; Mrs. Jordan is my name." After a short pause, he again extended his hand, and with a complacent countenance replied, "The Lord bless thee! whoever thou art; his goodness is unlimited; he has bestowed on thee a large portion of his spirit; and as to thy calling, if thy soul upbraid thee not, the Lord forbid that I should."

Thus reconciled, and the rain having abated, they left the porch together: the offer of his arm was accepted, and the female Roscius of comedy, and the serious disciple of John Wesley, proceeded arm in arm to the door of Mrs. Jordan's dwelling: at parting, the preacher shook hands with her, saying, "*Fare thee well, sister,* I know not what the principles of people of thy calling may be; thou art the first I ever conversed with, but if their benevolent practice equals thine, I hope and trust at the great day the Almighty God will say to each, "*Thy sins are forgiven thee.*"

212.—Since the death of the celebrated Abbe Sicard, the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Paris has been under the superintendence of M. Saulnier. The replies of the pupils to questions put to them by the visitors are often very curious. One

of them being asked to define courage, wrote down, "Courage is that strength of the soul which persists in braving the dangers and the evils of life, even at the expense of our glory." Another said of poetry, "that it paints all that it sees, and adorns all that it paints."

213.—*How to Disperse a Mob.*—In the year 1792 the women of Toulon declared themselves in a state of insurrection, and, assembling *en foule*, threatened to hang the magistrates: the procurator syndic, at first laughed at their threats; but the multitude refusing to disperse, he assembled the council general of the commune, and ordered the fire-engines, with a supply of water mixed with soot, to be drawn out in battle array, by a vigorous discharge of which smutty artillery the petticoat insurgents were completely routed, and returned quietly to their homes.

214.—When Voltaire was writing his tragedy of "*Merope*," he called upon his servant one morning at three o'clock, and gave him some verses to carry immediately to the Sieur Paulin, who was to perform the tyrant. His man alleged that it was the hour of sleep, and that the actor might not like to be disturbed. "Go, I say," replied Voltaire, "Tyrants never sleep.

215.—An American citizen, for the purpose of arresting attention, caused his sign to be set upside down. One day, while the rain was pouring down with great violence, a son of Hibernia was discovered directly opposite standing with some gravity upon his head, and fixing his eyes stedfastly on the sign. On an inquiry being made of this inverted gentleman, why he stood in so singular an attitude, he answered, "I am trying to read that sign."

216.—*Dublin Advertisement.*—An Irish doctor

advertises, that the deaf may hear of him at a house in Liffey-street, where his blind patients may see him from ten till three.

217.—One of the congregation at Chelsea Old Church lately complained that he could not hear the curate, although the building was small, and the people few in number. "Have a little patience, my jewel," said a frank Hibernian, "have a little patience till the great big church is finished that will hold ten times as many, and then we shall all hear the parson sure enough."

218.—Two honest soldiers of the sister country, who were walking together the other day in the streets of London, accidentally glanced at the following notice exhibited from the shop window of a seal engraver to this effect, viz., "Arms found!" When one of them instantly exclaimed to the other, "Arrah, by my stars, honey, and is not this rare news for Pat? I will just now call in and bother them to find me my bit of a leg that I lost you know more than eight years since at the battle of Waterloo!"

219.—*On Procrastination.*—Thou hast sinned to-day, defer not thy repentance till to-morrow. He who has promised pardon to thy repentance hath not promised life till thou repent.

220.—Convinced that patience moderates every grief, a Frenchman conceived he could not speak better comfort to a young widow, who the day before had buried her husband, than by advising her *to take patience.* The widow having already within herself made choice of a second *caro sposa* whose name was *Patience,* vivaciously asked, "What! has he mentioned it to you?"

221.—*Anecdote of the late Peter Pindar.*—This celebrated personage was, at one period of his life,

in possession of a few hundreds in the funds, which his necessities from time to time compelled him to sell out. When Peter was receiving the last portion of his former savings, he expressed great anxiety lest he should be robbed of it in his way through the city; "For," said he, "'tis the largest sum ever in my possession." "Pooh," replied his broker, a shrewd personage, in a broad brim and snuff-coloured suit, "let me attach a piece of paper to your coat, with the word POET inscribed upon it, and I'll engage you will excite no suspicions!"

222.—There was a grand masquerade-ball held at Paris, in the reign of Louis XIII., who was a weak prince. His majesty, notwithstanding his dress, was discovered by two young gentlemen, walking in the ball-room, with his arm round the waist of one of his mistresses. The gentlemen soon came up to his majesty, when one of them complained of the heat of the room, and made a motion to the other for them to adjourn to the *King's Arms*. "No," replied he, "that will not do, the *King's arms is full;* but if you think proper, we will retire to the *King's head, for that is quite empty.*"

223.—Twelve men were lately summoned by a coroner to hold an inquest upon the body of a man, who had met with a premature death, at an obscure village in Lancashire. Eleven of them having assembled previous to the coroner's arrival, one of the party sagaciously started an objection as to the practicability of their performing the task assigned to them, viz., to sit upon the body, when it was unanimously resolved to try the experiment, and they all endeavoured immediately to seat themselves. After this very extraordinary exertion, one of the sapient party went to inform the "Krunner" what the eleven had done, and on seeing him he exclaimed,

"It canna be done, Maister Ralphs! it cana be done! it canna be done, sir!" "What canna be done?" inquired the coroner, with astonishment. "Why," rejoined he, "the whole of us, after thrutching and thrutching till we've welly brusten the body, can hardly find room upon it, so where will you put t'other when he comes?" The coroner, however, went to the spot, and on the arrival of the twelfth juryman explained the nature of their duty, when they returned their verdict—*Accidental Death.*

224.—When the French landed at Bantry Bay, an Irish peasant, who was posted with a musket upon one of the cliffs, and had wandered a little out of his position, was accosted by an English officer with, "What are you here for?" "Faith, your honour," said Pat, with his accustomed grin of good-humour, "they tell me I am here for a *century.*"

225.—The house of Counsellor—— was broken into and plundered. The following morning in Court, Mr. Curran was asked if he had heard of Counsellor ——'s robbery? "No" replied he, "*who did he rob?*"

226—*Value of a tail.*—A monkey-faced fellow offered himself to Garrick as an actor. "It will not do," says Garrick, "at present, but if you had a tail, no money should part us."

227.—A country clergyman, who, on Sundays, is more indebted to his manuscript than to his memory, called unceremoniously at a cottage, whilst its possessor, a pious parishioner, was engaged (a daily exercise,) in perusing a paragraph of the writings of an inspired prophet. "Weel, John," familiarly inquired the clerical visitant, "what's this you are about?" "I am prophesying," was the prompt reply. "Prophesying!" exclaimed the astounded divine, "I doubt you are only reading a prophecy,"

"Weel," argued the religious rustic, "gif reading a preachin' be preachin', is na' reading a prophecy prophesying?"

228.—A lady in company evinced a considerable want of presence of mind. She was relating the account of a lover, who in an assignation, which a wife had given him, had escaped the vigilance of a husband who was in the pursuit of him. In relating the arrival of the husband, she said to the company, judge how *I must have been embarrassed.* The husband, who was present, understood, as well as the rest of the company, that his historian was the heroine of the piece.

229.—If you wish to be happy for a day, get well shaved; if for a week, get invited to a wedding; if for a month, buy a good nag; if for half a year, buy a handsome house; if for a year, marry a handsome wife; if for two years, take holy orders; but if you would be always gay and cheerful, practice temperance.

230.—Parr carried his compassion towards the inferior tribes so far, that two or three hares found a secure asylum for nearly two years in his garden at Hatton. He said that they were his clients, for they had placed themselves under his protection. He gave strict orders that they should not be shot. "It would be a gross violation," he said, "of a tacit covenant of hospitality."

231.—When *Boniface* was Pope, a pilgrim, who was come to visit the holy places, was introduced to him, as being a remarkable resemblance both in face and figure. The pope, looking at him, asked him, "*If his mother had not been at Rome?*" "No, holy father," answered he "but my father has."

232.—A gentleman seeing his servant with an old slouching greasy hat on, said, "Who gave you

that cuckold's hat?" "It is one of your old one's, sir," replied the man, "which my mistress gave me this morning."

233.—A young girl, quarrelling with an old woman, the latter called her a ———— ; the girl retorted by calling her an old sorceress. "You find, then," replied the old woman, "that I have guessed right."

234.—Bishop Dupoy invited, one day to dinner, two clergymen and three ladies: he remarked that, during the whole of the repast, the youngest of the two clergymen had his eyes steadfastly fixed on one of the ladies, who was very handsome. The bishop, after dinner, when the ladies had retired, asked him what he thought of the beauty he had been looking at? The clergyman answered, "My lord, in looking at that lady, I was reflecting that her beautiful forehead will, one day, be covered with wrinkles; that the coral on her lips will pass to her eyes, the vivacity of which will be extinguished; that the ivory of her teeth will be changed to ebony; that, to the roses and lilies of her complexion, the withered appearance of care will succeed; that her fine soft skin will become a dry parchment; that her agreeable smiles will be converted into grimaces; and that, at length, she will become the antidote of love." "I never should have supposed," said the bishop, "that the sight of a fine woman could have inspired a young man with such a profound meditation."

235.—A young gentleman had given to a favourite dog, the name of *Cuckold*. One day, when calling this dog, in the presence of a serious and foolish old lady, she said to him, "Sir, you ought to be ashamed of giving a dog a Christian name."

236.—An old officer, passing through Lyons, at

the close of a campaign, went to the theatre, to see *Alcibiades;* he was very attentive to the scene, until the fourth act, when observing the cruel manner in which the actress, who performed *Palmis*, treated an honourable and passionate lover, he rose from his seat, and, in his enthusiasm, exclaimed to the repulsed actor, "Why the devil do not you offer her four louis, as I did last night, and you would soon gain her concent."

237.—Who knows so well the value of things as a dying man? The passions, which had formerly been illusions, abandon him at that period, leaving him only the dreadful spectacle of his past life. A monarch, as related by the wise Sadi, was on his death-bed. A Courier entered the room, and said, "Sire, we have taken a city from the enemy." "Go," answered the prince, "announce this to my heir; and tell him, that a capture of a hundred cities does not console a king in his last moments so much as the recollection of one good action."

238.—A prisoner, who had received notice that he was to die the next morning, and being consequently in a very dejected state, was asked by some of his unfortunate companions, to share with them in their repast. He answered, "I never eat any thing that I expect will not digest."

239.—The transmigration of souls was the subject in a large company. A young man, who attempted to turn the subject into ridicule, said, "In fact, can remember having been the golden calf myself." "That we can readily believe," replied the lady, with great *naivette*, "for you have only lost the gilding."

240.—A thief, on the watch for an opportunity to steal, went to a set of chambers, kept by a widow, a Lyons, entered boldly into a room up stairs, and

seeing two great coats lying there, made them his own. Coming down stairs he met an attorney, who lived in the house, and had a very handsome great coat on, he asked the thief where he was going with the coats he had over his arm ; he answered readily, that he was going to beat and brush them. "Then," said the lawyer, taking off his great coat, "you shall take mine for the same purpose ; but remember you bring it back at three o'clock." The thief faithfully promised, and thus made a clear escape with his booty.

241.—A good reputation should be preserved with especial care, for, when it is once lost, it is always difficult to recover, and sometimes even impossible. A good renown is like ice, which, when once broken, can never be made whole again. The following fable affords a very useful lesson on this subject : It happened, one day, that *Fire*, *Water*, and *Reputation*, were travelling together ; they were deliberating how they should meet again, in case of losing each other. *Fire* says, " You will find me when you see smoke." *Water* says, " Where you see marshy places you will find me." But *Reputation* says, " Take care you do not separate from me : should you do so, you run a great risk of never meeting me again ; for, when I am once lost, it is seldom I am ever recovered."

242.—Benzaret, who had married imprudently, was soon after met by a friend, who unfortunately offered his congratulations on the occasion. "The benefice would be a good one," said he "if it did not require residence."

243.—Mr. Burke, one day, in the warmth of debate, spoke some words rather disrespectful of the government. Mr. George Onslow called him to order, and said he would not sit silent and hear

the sovereign insulted. Mr. Burke in explanation said, "That though he reverenced his majesty's own person, he saw no reason for respecting *his majesty's man-servant and his maid-servant, his ox and his* ASS."

244.—A lady of fortune, of middling age, and who had a great partiality for a young man, gave him a valuable estate. The donation was, at her death, disputed by a young lady of great beauty, who was heiress to the donor; however, it was confirmed to the young man, by a decree of the state. The young lady, in accosting him, said, with good-humoured raillery, "You must own, sir, that you have acquired this estate at a very cheap rate." "True, madam, and, as you seem to know what it cost me, I offer it to you at the same price."

245.—It is related that the grandfather of Sir Francis Burdett was in the commission of the peace, and resided at Foremark, in Derbyshire; that his wife was much pleased and amused by sitting on the bench, and hearing the justice business; but that she always retired whenever a case came on to be heard calculated to shock the ears of discretion. A fellow, of more wit than prudence, it appears, often occasioned the departure of the lady-justice, being charged six or seven times a-year, at least, with *increasing* the population without deference to the service of matrimony, and as it was necessary to go into the *detail*, his appearance was always a signal for Lady Burdett's retreat. On one of these occasions she met him at the door, and seeing him rather dejected, said, "Ah, Charlton, what! here again?" "Yes, my Lady," replied the fellow, "and for the old offence." "Fie, fie upon you," replied her ladyship, "fie upon you, Charlton; why don't you leave the maids alone? why don't you see and

get a *wife?*" "So I do, sometimes, my lady," said Charlton; "but then *the husbands* make such a pother."

246.—*Peter the Great.*—When the czar ordered public execution, he was frequently seen to weep. Miss Hambleton, a maid of honour to the Empress Catherine, had an amour, which at different times produced three children. She had always pleaded illness, but Peter, suspecting the case, ordered his physicians to attend her, who soon discovered the real state of it. It was likewise discovered, that a sense of shame had got the better of her humanity, so that the children had been put to death as soon as they were born. The emperor inquired if the father of them was privy to the murder, but the mother insisted that he was innocent, she having always deceived him by pretending they were sent to nurse. Justice now called on the emperor to punish the offence. The lady was greatly beloved by the empress, who pleaded for her; but though the amour might have been pardonable, the murders could not be so. Peter sent her to the castle, and visited her in person. The fact being confessed, he pronounced her sentence with tears, and told her that his duty as a prince, and God's vicegerent, called on him for that justice which was due to her crime; and therefore she must prepare for death. He likewise attended her on the scaffold, where he embraced her with tenderness mixed with sorrow; and some have asserted, that when her head was struck off he kissed her lips. Extraordinary as this circumstance may appear, it may very well be credited of so extraordinary a man as Peter the Great.

247.—*The Staffordshire Collieries.*—Many anecdotes might he collected to shew the great difficulty of discovering a person in the collieries without be-

ing in possession of his nickname. The following was received from a respectable attorney. During his clerkship he was sent to serve some legal process on a man whose name and address were given to him with legal accuracy. He traversed the village to which he had been directed from end to end, without success, and after spending many hours in the search, was about to abandon it in despair, when a young woman who had witnessed his labours, kindly undertook to make inquiries for him, and began to hail her friends for that purpose. "Oi say, Bullyed, does thee know a man neamed Adam Green?" The bull-head was shaken in sign of ignorance. "Loy-a-bed, does thee?" Lie-a-bed's opportunities of making acquaintance had been rather limited, and she could not resolve the difficulty. Stumpy, (a man with a wooden leg) Cowskin, Spindleshanks Corkeye, Pigtail, and Yellowbelly, were severally invoked, but in vain, and the querist fell into a *brown study*, in which she remained for some time. At length, however, her eyes suddenly brightened, and slapping one of her companions on the shoulder, she exclaimed triumphantly, "Dash my whig; whoy he means my feyther!" and then, turning to the gentleman, she added, "You should ha' ax'd for Ould Blackbird!"

248.—A handsome young woman, who was a witness in a trial of *crim. con.* before Lord Mansfield, was interrogated by Counsellor Dunning, who, thinking to confuse the woman, made her take off her bonnet, that he might have a view of her countenance, and see (for all counsellors are complete judges of physiognomy) whether the truth come from her lips. After he put many ridiculous questions to her, he asked her whether her mistress had ever communicated the important secret to her. "No,

sir," said the woman, "she never did." "And how can you swear to her infidelity ?" "Because I saw another gentleman, besides my master, in bed with her." "Indeed !" said the counsellor. "Yes, indeed, sir." "And pray, my good woman," said the modest counsellor, thinking to silence her at once, "did your master (for I see you are very handsome) in return for his wife's infidelity, go to bed to you ?" "That trial," said the spirited young woman, "does not come on to-day, Mr. Slabberchops." Lord Mansfield was tickled to the soul ; he thrust his hand into the waistband of his breeches (his cnstom when highly delighted), and asked Dunning if he had any more interrogatives to put. "No, my lord, I have done," said the chop-fallen orator, settling his wig, and sitting down.

249.—James I., being one day at play with a fellow-pupil, his tutor, Buchanan, who was reading, desired them to make less noise. Finding that they disregarded his admonition, he told his majesty, if he did not hold his tongue he would certainly whip him. The king, alluding to the fable, replied, he would be glad to see who would *bell the cat.* Buchanan, in a passion, threw the book from him, and inflicted on his majesty a sound flogging. The old Countess of Mar rushed into the room, and taking the king in her arms, asked how he dared to lay his hands *on the Lord's anointed.* "Madam," replied the elegant and immortal historian, "I have whipped his bottom : you may kiss it, if you please." When Buchanan was asked how he came to make a pedant of his royal pupil, he answered, "He thought he did a great deal to make *any* thing of him."

250.—Sir John Price was extremely eccentric ; he married three wives. and kept the two first after

their demise embalmed ; placing them in his chamber, one on each side of his bed. The third lady refused him the honour of her hand till he had removed the dead rivals, and interred them.

251.—A few days ago Lowndes, the theatrical bookseller, presented a cheque at the banking-house of Sir W. Curtis and Co., and upon the cashier putting the usual question, "How will you have it ?" replied, "*Cold, without sugar.*"

252.—When the Earl of Clancarty was captain of a man-of-war, and was cruising on the coast of Guinea, he happened to lose his chaplain by a fever, on which the lieutenant, who was a Scotchman, gave him notice of it, saying, at the same time, "that he was sorry to inform him that he died a Roman Catholic." "Well, so much the better," said his lordship. "Oot, oot, my lord, how can you say so of a British clergyman ?" "Why," said his lordship, "because I believe I am the first captain of a man-of-war, that could boast of having a chaplain *who had any religion at all.*"

253.—When the trial of Mr. Hastings commenced at Westminster-Hall, the two first days were taken up in reading the articles of impeachment against him ; and four more were occupied by Mr. Burke in opening the case, and stating the grounds of accusation. Never were the powers of that great man displayed to such advantage as on this occasion. The contrast which he drew between the ancient and the modern state of Hindostan, was sketched with the hand of a master, and wrought up in a manner that could not fail to fix the attention and to command admiration. When at length he came to speak of Mr. Hastings, no terms can describe the more than mortal vehemence with which he hurled his manifold accusations against

him. He seemed for the moment as if armed to destroy, with all the lightning of all the passions. The whole annals of judicial oratory contain nothing finer than his conclusion.

"I impeach Warren Hastings," said he, "in the name of the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has abused.

"I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonoured.

"I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted; whose properties he has destroyed; whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

"I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has so cruelly outraged, injured and oppressed. And I impeach him in the name and by the virtue of those eternal laws of justice, which ought equally to pervade in both sexes every age, rank, and situation in the world."

The agitation produced by this speech was such, that the whole audience appeared to have felt one convulsive emotion: and when it was over, it was some time before Mr. Fox could obtain a hearing.

Amidst the assemblage of concurring praises which this speech excited, none was more remarkable than the tribute of Hastings himself. "For half an hour," said that gentleman, "I looked up at the orator in a reverie of wonder; and during that space I actually felt myself the most culpable man on earth." Had the sentiment concluded here, our readers would not believe that it was in the language or manner of Mr. Hastings. "But," continued he, "I recurred to my own bosom, and

there found a consciousness which consoled me under all I heard, and all I suffered."

254.—In a village in Picardy, after a long sickness, a farmer's wife fell into a lethargy. Her husband was willing, good man, to believe her out of pain; and so, according to the custom of that country, she was wrapped in a sheet and carried out to be buried. But, as ill luck would have it, the bearers carried her so near a hedge, that the thorns pierced the sheet, and waked the woman from her trance. Some years after she died in reality, and as the funeral passed along, the husband would every now and then call out, "Not too near the hedge, not too near the hedge, neighbours!"

255.—Some years ago, when the well-known Vice Societies were in the hey-day of their *useful* exertions, and their influence extended throughout the country, a certain parson in the north, looking towards preferment, made himself extremely busy in his parish, in order to find any thing of which he might make a merit. He had a servant girl, a jolly wench about sixteen, whom he thought he could advantageously employ as a spy upon a boarding-school for girls in the neighbourhood. In a short time she brought his reverence word that the village barber, who beside was a dealer in books, supplied the young ladies of the school with such as were improper. Proof was somehow obtained of the unfortunate shaver having sold a book under the rose, which the parson insisted must have the effect of instilling loose ideas into the female mind: and, notwithstanding the magistrate had a different opinion of the book and its tendency, the parson whispered to the justice, the reformed interest prevailed, and the man was bound over to the quarter-sessions. When the trial came on, to the infinite

mortification of the parson, his maid, the chief evidence, had not attended according to his orders. A messenger was in consequence sent express to the parsonage, to fetch the witness, and shortly returned in a great hurry to inform the court that the girl was not at home, having been sent by her mistress with the *cow to bull*. The court was so convulsed with laughter at the comical termination of this attempt to guard the purity of the female mind, that the culprit was dismissed even without a reprimand, which the chairman declared himself utterly unable to furnish under existing circumstances.

256.—The tradesmen of a certain great man, or scoundrel, having dunned him for a long time, he desired his servant one morning to admit the tailor, who had not been so constant in his attendance as the rest. When he made his appearance, "My friend," said he to him, "I think you are a very honest fellow, and I have a great regard for you; therefore, I take this opportunity to tell you that I'll be d——d if ever I pay you a farthing. Now go home, mind your business, and don't lose your time by calling here. As for the others, they are a set of vagabonds and rascals, for whom *I have no affection*, and they may come as often as they choose."

257.—One day at the table of the late Dr. Pearce, (Dean of Ely,) just as the cloth was removing, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality among the lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than *six* eminent barristers in as many months." The Dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remark, and gave the company grace,—"For *this*, and every *other mercy*, the Lord's name be praised!" The effect was irresistible.

258.—Mr. Jeremy White, an Irishman, and one of Oliver Cromwell's domestic chaplains, a sprightly man, and one of the chief wits of the court, was so ambitious as to make his addresses to Oliver's youngest daughter, the Lady Frances. The young lady did not discourage him; but in so religious a court, this gallantry could not be carried on without being taken notice of. The Protector was told of it, and was much concerned thereat; he ordered the person who told him to keep a strict look-out, promising if he could give him any substantial proof, he should be well rewarded, and White severely punished.

The spy followed his business so close, that in a little time he dogged Jerry White, as he was generally called, to the lady's chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector, to acquaint him that they were together.

Oliver, in a rage, hastened to the chamber, and going in hastily, found Jerry on his knees, either kissing the lady's hand, or having just kissed it. Cromwell, in a fury, asked what was the meaning of that posture before his daughter Frances? White, with a great deal of presence of mind, said, "May it please your highness, I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail; I was, therefore, humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me."

The Protector, turning to the young woman, cried, "What's the meaning of this, hussy; why do you refuse the honour Mr. White would do you? he is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such." My lady's woman, who desired nothing more, with a very low courtesy, replied, "If Mr. White intends me that honour, I shall not be against him." "Sayest thou so, my lass?" cried Cromwell; "call Goodwyn: this business shall be done presently."

Mr. White was gone too far to go back; his brother parson came: Jerry and my lady's woman were married in the presence of the Protector, who gave her five hundred pounds for her portion, which, with what she had saved before, made Mr. White easy in his circumstances, except that he never loved his wife, nor she him, though they lived together near fifty years afterwards.

259.—The following beautiful and highly sublime idea is to be found in an Arabic manuscript: "I came to the place of my birth and cried, 'The friends of my youth, where are they?' and an *echo* answered, 'Where are they?'"

260.—An Irishman being asked the meaning of a "Maiden Session," replied, it was one at which none but female prisoners were to be tried.

261.—A gentleman, residing on his estate, on the road to Dorking, and within a few miles of that town, finding his grounds trespassed on and robbed, set up a board in a most conspicuous situation, to scare offenders, by the notification that "Steel-traps and spring-guns are set in these grounds;" but finding that even this was treated with contempt, and his fruit, &c., vanished as before, he caused to be painted in very prominent letters underneath, "No JOKE, BY G—D!" which had the desired effect.

262.—A lady's beauty is dear to her in every situation—in sickness, and even in death. Mrs. B——t, daughter of Dean S—h—e, was a very lovely woman; she was worn out with a long and painful sickness. As, in her *last faintings*, her attendants were rubbing her temples with Hungary-water, she begged them to desist, *as it would make her hair grey!*

263.—On Sunday, having attended divine worship at a country church, Handel asked the organist to permit him to play the people out, to which, with a politeness characteristic of the profession, the organist consented. Handel accordingly sat down to the organ, and began to play in such a masterly manner as instantly to attract the attention of the whole congregation, who, instead of vacating their seats as usual, remained for a considerable space of time fixed in silent admiration. The organist began to be impatient, (perhaps his wife was waiting dinner,) and at length addressing the performer, told him that he was convinced that *he* could not play the people out, and advised him to relinquish the attempt; which being done, a few strains in the accustomed manner operated like the reading of the Riot-Act.

264.—At an assize in Ireland, a counsel had the effrontery to ask a most respectable parent whether he had not been consenting to the seduction of his own daughter. "Fellow," replied the witness, "a question so dishonourable your native feeling might not allow you to have put, but I perceive that ten guineas indorsed upon your brief have eradicated the principles of the gentleman and the true dignity of the man; that they have also not only stifled or extinguished what feeling you once might have possessed, but excited you basely to violate those of an aged and already agonized parent. I might appeal to all present, and ask which is the greater villain, the man who commits, or he who for a few paltry guineas would excuse or palliate so great a crime, and shield from legal vengeance so great a criminal as he who now stands before the crowded court?" The counsel heard and cowered under the rebuke.

265.—A Methodist preacher, who was also a master builder, felt no inconsiderable share of vanity in his talent for polemical controversy. He one day attacked the late Father O'Leary upon the celibacy of the Catholic priesthood, and asked him how it came that he and his clergy rejected the divine precept, "*increase and multiply;*" thus refusing to co-operate by contributing their part to the great structure of society. "Pray, friend," said the sarcedotal wit, "are you not a master builder?" "Yes," answered the Methodist. "I suppose, then," rejoined the priest, "you act as your own bricklayer, stone-mason, smith, carpenter, slater and painter." "Oh, no," said the Methodist, "I never meddle with hammer, trowel, or brush; I set others to work, and only superintend them." "'Tis just so with us," added the priest, "in the

great building of society we set blockheads like you to work, never meddling with the tools ourselves, but merely superintend the business."

266.—As an old woman was lately walking through one of the streets of Paris at midnight, a patrole called out, "Who's there?" "It is I, patrole, don't be afraid."

267.—A certain nobleman, a courtier, in the beginning of a late reign, coming out of the House of Lords, accosted the Duke of Buckingham with, "How does your pot boil, my lord, these troublesome times?" To which his grace replied, "I never go into my kitchen; but I dare say the scum is uppermost."

268.—My Lord Strangford, who stammered very much, was telling a certain bishop that sat at his table, "that Balaam's ass spoke because he was pri—est—" "Priest-rid, sir," said a valet-de-chambre, who stood behind the chair, "my lord would say." "No, friend," replied the bishop, "Balaam could not speak himself, and so his *ass* spoke for him."

269.—A farm was lately advertised in a newspaper, in which all the beauty of the situation, fertility of the soil, and salubrity of the air, were detailed in the richest glow of rural description, which was farther enhanced with this: N.B. There is not *an attorney* within fifteen miles of the neighbourhood.

270.—A staunch but figurative anti-reformer was declaiming the other day on the riots at Bristol. "I declare," he exclaimed, "that I no longer consider the king's crown to be safe: no, there's no crown now but the crown of reform; and that instead of blazing with precious jewels, is only set with *Bristol stones!*"

271.—From the gentility of old Cooke's appearance he had the address to impose upon a number of tradesmen, whose hopes he excited and then disappointed merely for some paltry advantage in the way of business. One day, entering the shop of a tailor in a middling way, and having cloth under his arm for a pair of breeches, he asked if he could cut them out, adding, that as he was rather particular in fitting, he should like them done while he staid. The man, consenting to this, and taking much trouble to please Cooke's taste, after having cut and adjusted all the parts, asked him when he should like to have them brought home, thinking, of course, he was to make them; to which Cooke replied, "Have them home? Why, I shall have them with me, to be sure; my maid is to make them, I only intended that you should cut them out for her. There is sixpence for your trouble, and if you don't think it enough, you may seek your remedy."

272.—Lord Chief Justice Jefferies had a cause before him between a Jew that was plaintiff and a Christian defendant. The latter pleaded that though the debt was very just, that the Jew had no right, by the laws of England, to bring an action. "Well," says my lord, "have you no other plea?" "No, my lord," said he, "I insist on this plea." "Do you," says my lord, "then let me tell you, you are the greatest *Jew* of the two."

273.—The pomposity of Dr. Johnson, and his vain display of learning amongst those who assumed in his presence any acquaintance with literature, are well known. Old Macklin, the player, who was a genuine Hibernian, one day paid the doctor a visit as a literary man, and after a few introductory words, the doctor observed in a sneering

way, that literary men should not converse in the vulgar tongue, but in the learned languages, and immediately addressed the dramatist in a long sentence of Latin. Macklin, after expressing his accedence to the doctor's proposition, said he would rather converse in *Greek*, and immediately proceeded in a long sentence of equal length in *Irish*. The doctor again reverted to the English tongue, and observed, "Sir, you may speak very good Greek, but I am not sufficiently versed in that dialect to converse with you fluently." Macklin burst out laughing, made his bow, and retired.

274.—When Paddy Blake heard an English gentleman speaking of the fine echo at the lake of Killarney, which repeats the sound forty times, he very promptly answered, "Pooh! faith that's nothing at all at all to the echo in my father's garden, in the county of Galway; there, honey, if you were to say to it, *How do you do, Paddy Blake?* it would answer, *Very well, I thank you, sir.*"

275.—A young fellow, not quite so wise as Solomon, eating some Cheshire cheese full of mites, one night at a tavern, "Now," said he, "have I done as much as Samson, for I have slain my thousands, and my ten thousands." "Yes," answered one of the company, "and with the same weapon, too,—the jaw bone of an ass."

276.—A gentleman in York, meeting one of his labourers coming out of a public-house, asked him how he did. "I've been doing, sir," he replied, "what you durst not do for your life; I've just been spending my last shilling."

277.—In 1772, Sir Richard Steele, who had formerly represented the town of Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire, and Stockbridge, in the county of Hants, was at a loss where to make his election in parlia-

ment, as his finances were at that time a little disordered ; however, he was at last advised by his friend Hamden to try Wendover, in Bucks, which he did ; and in order to save expenses, he thought of a stratagem that had the desired effect. Instead of the usual method of treating at every public-house in the town, he caused a handsome entertainment to be provided at the principal inn, and invited every married elector, with his wife, to be present at it. All who know the character of Sir Richard, are sensible how capable he was to make such a company immoderately merry, and to keep them so for more than an evening or two if it suited his purpose. Accordingly he soon brought them to a pitch, and in the height of their jollity he took occasion to address himself to the ladies, telling them that if what he was going to offer was agreeable to them, he hoped for their interest with their husbands to choose him as their representative in parliament for that borough. The women were all impatient to hear what he had to say ; and at last said Sir Richard, " Ladies, I hope there is none here but wishes herself the mother of a man-child, and as an encouragement to use your best endeavours, I promise each of you twenty guineas for every male you bring into the world within these ten months, and forty provided you bring twins." The time when this was said, and his manner of saying it, produced what he imagined it would, a great deal of love, and a great deal of laughing : it gained upon the affections of the wives, and the wives got the voices of their husbands ; so that Sir Richard gained his election against a powerful opposition, by a great majority.

278.—The late Rev. Mr.——, of D————, Aberdeenshire, was fond of his friend and a bottle;

he sacrificed so often and so freely to the jolly god, that the presbytery could no longer overlook such proceedings, and summoned him before them to answer for his conduct. One of his elders, and constant companion in his social hours, was cited as a witness against him. "Well, John, (says one of the presbytery to the elder,) did you ever see the Rev. Mr. C—— the worse of drink?" Weel, I wot no; I've mony a time seen him the better o't, but I ne'er saw him the waur o't." "But did you never see him drunk?" "That's what I'll ne'er see; for before he be *half slockened*, I'm ay *blind fu'*."

279.—Voiture having satirized a nobleman who was powerful at court, the latter sought every occasion to revenge himself, and challenged Voiture to fight him with swords. "We are not equals," replied the poet; "you are very great, I am little; you are brave, I am cowardly; you wish to kill me, —*eh bien;* I will consider myself as dead." This timely jest turned the anger of the nobleman into irrestrainable laughter, and they parted good friends.

280.—Diogenes, visiting Plato at his villa, and perceiving that the floors were beautifully spread with carpets of the richest wool and finest dye, stamping his foot in sardonic scorn, he exclaimed, "Thus do I tread on the pride of Plato!" "With greater pride," mildly replied Plato.

281.—A vacant see was to be supplied, and the synod observed to the emperor Peter the Great, that they had none but ignorant men to present to his majesty. "Well then," replied the Czar, "you have only to pitch upon the most *honest* man: he will be worth two *learned* ones."

282.—A provincial paper announces the marriage of a Mr. *Ram* to a Miss *Sheepshanks*.

283.—The following elegant lines are inscribed above the door of the Red Lion public-house, near Greenwich. We scarcely know which to admire the more, their rhyme or their reason :—

"Let us go in, and have some gin,
I know 'twill make us cheerful;
This is the shop where friends do stop,
And drink it by the pail-full."

284.—*Special Pleaders in the Court of Requests.*—A dispute having arisen between Jerry Snip, a respectable tailor, and Galen Glauber, an eminent apothecary, respecting a pair of small-clothes, with which Mr. Snip had furnished him, the tailor was under the necessity of calling upon the doctor to meet him at the Court of Requests, where the following trial of *professional skill* took place, to the great entertainment of the whole court. Mr. Snip having thrice hemmed, to clear his pipe, thus addressed the bench—

"An't please your worship, I beg leave to tender my *suit;* trusting I shall receive such *measure* of redress, as is *fitting.* I am in *sheer* distress, and live upon *remnants* and such like, and besides am sorely afflicted with the *tape*-worm, else I would laugh in my *sleeve,* and care not a *button* for my enemy. As it is, I must stick in his *shirts* till he pays; for I can't afford to be out of *pocket.* My *inside* must be *lined* with a *thimble*-full of good *stuff,* or I must *die!* But though I am poor, I am a *pattern* of morality, and would rather go to *hell* and feed on *cabbage* than say a *pin's* point from the truth, before one *seated* on the *shop-board* of justice. Now, your worship must know, this 'potticary, Galen Glauber, who has not a *skein* of honesty in his *make,* ordered a pair of jalap-coloured breeches, or, as the ladies delicately call them, *inexpressibles,*

When I took them home, no fault was found; but when I presented my bill, my *gemman* began to *hem*, and getting into a huge *pucker*, said I might as well have put him into a straight *waistcoat*, that the *band* was too high, and had given him a *twist* in the bowels, a *stitch* in the side, and such sort of nonsense. This raised my *choler*, and we were very near coming to *cuffs*. My fingers did itch to *trim* him, and to *sew* his eyes up; I'd have made him stiff as *buckram*. For I'll lay any man a *goose* to a *remnant* there never was a better *cut* article in the trade. So I hope your worship will not allow Galen Glauber to leave the *yard* before he opens the *plaits* of his purse, and *gathers* for me the amount of my bill."

Mr. Snip having concluded, the doctor thus replied, "Now that this *precipitate maniac* has made his *crude indigested motion*, replete with *gall*, let me submit a statement of the *case*. I trust that I shall *purge* from your worship's mind all ideas of my having followed a *wrong course*, and that I shall so turn the *scales* as to *gripe* my opponent smartly. Nothing *acid* shall *issue* from my *lips*. I would rather *heal* than *ulcerate;* I would rather *discuss* than *foment* this *tumour* of disputation. It shall be my endeavour to remove those *symptoms* of *inflammation* which must *obstruct* the cure of the *evil* before us. Yet I am by no means *lethargic* or *phlegmatic;* not so; I only avoid *venomous applications*, such as must irritate the *subject*. But to proceed—this *quack* of a *prick-louse* was *called in* to make me a pair of small-clothes, for which, after due *consultation* he had my *recipe*. But having perhaps taken a *drachm* too much, or being void of all *scruples* of conscience, he neglected to form them *secundem artem*, as I had *prescribed*. He made the waistband too small, which, *operating* as a *ligature*, pressed so

severely on the *abdomen* as to produce a *constipation* of the *rectum*, and agitating the *intestines*, so accelerated the *peristaltic motion* as to cause a rapid *expulsion* of the *fæces*, such as eluded the retentive powers of the *sphincter ani!* This *operation* so *flooded* the small-clothes in question, as to render them not only an *eye-sore*, but too *fœtid* for further use, as your worship's *olfactory nerves* no doubt can testify. The *revulsion* I have described was evidently *induced* by the *pressure* of the belly-band, which being so *tense* as to render ineffectual all attempts to unbutton, compelled me to the necessity of making an *incision*, so as to *divide* the *noxious parts*. All this I pointed out in a *lecture* to this *phrenzied* man, who, in lieu of being *patient*, and duly weighing causes with effects, became red as *dragon's blood*, and, assuming a daring *tone*, adhering like *diachylon* to his unjust demands. I remained *cool*, else, had I been of an *irritable habit*, I should have made my stick cling round him like *quill-bark*, or perhaps have *phlebotomized* him at the *nose!* However I will *amputate* all *excrescences* from the *matter*, and having described the *rise*, *progress*, and *symptoms* of the *distemper*, will cheerfully confide in your worship's justice to *deliver* me from this *lunatic's obstruction* to the *functions* of my profession."

The court having heard both parties, decided that as the tailor had not abided by the orders given, he must submit to a non-suit.

285.—*Good Trade.*

At Highgate, by salubrious air,
Had thriven butchers—bakers;
But since a doctor settled there,
None thrive but undertakers.

286.—*Hibernian Blunders, exemplified in the following copy of a Letter, written, during the Rebellion,*

by an Irish Member of Parliament, to his friend in London.—"My dear sir: Having now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are in from these bloodthirsty rebels, most of whom are, thank God, killed and dispersed.

"We are in a pretty mess; can get nothing to eat, nor any wine to drink, except whiskey; and when we sit down to dinner, we are obliged to keep both hands armed. Whilst I write this letter I hold a sword in each hand and a pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it, and I see I was right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings on, that every thing is at a stand.

"I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning. Indeed, hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed; no longer ago than yesterday, the coach, with the mails from Dublin, was robbed near this town: the bags had been judiciously left behind for fear of accidents, and by good luck there was nobody in it but two out-side passengers, who had nothing for the theives to take.

"Last Thursday, notice was given that a *gang* of rebels was advancing here under the French standard; but they had no colours nor any drums, except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and boys, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little, and they were far too near for us to think of retreating. Death was in every face; but to it we went, and by the time half our little party were killed we began to be all alive. Fortunately the rebels had no guns but pistols, cutlasses, and pikes; and, as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them

all to the sword. Not a soul of them escaped except some that were drowned in an adjacent bog; and, in a very short time, there was nothing to be heard but silence. Their uniforms were all of different colours, but mostly green. After the action we went to rummage a sort of camp they had left behind them; all we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles full of water, and a bundle of blank French commissions filled up with Irishmen's names.

"Troops are now stationed every where round the country, which exactly square with my ideas.

"I have only leisure to add that I am, in great haste, yours truly.

"P. S—If you don't receive this in course it must have miscarried; therefore, I beg you will immediately write to let me know."

287.—*Praise Undeserved, a Kindness.*—Louis XIV. commended an indifferent orator; a lady who was present expressed much surprise on hearing the king speak in such terms of praise. "My opinion of the orator, madam," said Louis, "does not much differ from yours; but if I think a few compliments can make a person happy, I must be a churl not to bestow them."

288.—At a village near Cambridge, Mrs. Mills, who keeps the Post-office, is likewise a midwife in considerable practice. A cantab passing that way, wrote with a diamond on a front pane of glass—*Ladies and letters safely delivered.*

289.—A young lady having laid a wager with a young man of her acquaintance, which she lost, was in company with him some time after, and he proposed another bet. "Indeed sir," said she, "I shall not *lay* with you again." "Really, Miss," he replied, "I do not recollect you ever did."

290.—*A Noble Mother.*—The celebrated Duchess of Grammont, on being brought before the revolutionary tribunal, was asked by Fonquier Tinville, the public accuser, if it was not true that she had sent money to her emigrant children. "I was about to say no," replied she; "but my life is not worth saving by a falsehood."

291.—A gentleman having lately written to his friend, to know if he was well pleased with the purchases made by his good spouse at a late fashionable sale, the husband replied in the following distich:—

Such bargains purchas'd by my dear,
Her taste at auctions showing,
Will make me turn an auctioneer—
For I am—*going; going.*

292.—A certain fashionable, well-known as a general contractor for *loans*, was making application to a gentleman, named *Fife*, for a contract. The gentleman, celebrated for his immense wealth and close-fistedness, replied, "Sir, you may attempt to *play* on me, but not a *note* shall you draw forth."

293.—At Beerhaven, lately, died, at the age of 111, Mr. O'Sullivan. It is added, that he is much lamented by 216 *nephews and nieces.* If this family be not of high *rank* or remarkable *opulence*, they are certainly distinguished for their *good breeding!*

294.—At the examination of Colonel Thornton before the Lord Chancellor, a person present said, from his witty remarks, he thought him a *dry* dog. "You would be satisfied of that," said a gentleman at his elbow, "if you were to see the quantity of wine he drinks."

295.—Charles Bannister being in company, and the conversation turning upon dreams, a person, who put great faith in them, observed, that some-

thing serious was likely to befal himself, for the night before he had dreamed of lice. Bannister replied that it was not at all wonderful, as people generally dreamed at night of what had been running in their heads the day before !

296.—When Polly Watts was tried at the Westminster sessions on a charge of vagrancy, for attempting to pick pockets in Covent-garden Theatre, Jack Townshend was called as to character, and saying that he knew her to be a notorious thief these last thirty years, Polly emphatically exclaimed, "Then, Mr. Townshend, it seems you can't *boast* of your acquaintances."

297.—Two men disputing upon their genealogy, "I can prove my family" said the first, "to have existed before the deluge." "And I," replied the other, "can prove mine from Adam." "And I mine before Adam," rejoined his opponent. "You are right," retorted the second, "for before Adam there were no animals but brutes."

298.—An under-sheriff at a country town, a short time since, was consulting the hangman as to the strength and size of the old gallows, to hang five men, who had been left for execution, when he received the following answer, "Lord bless you, sir, it be both strong enough and large enough—and take my word the men will hang *very comfortably*."

299.—A baker and his wife had been committed in the west of England for having in their possession a large number of forged bank-notes. This is a charge of a more serious nature than a *light quartern* loaf of *bread*, and may involve them in a *peck* of troubles.

300.—A London paper says, "General *Cuckold* is arrived at Portsmouth, to take his passage to the Cape." We suppose Cape *Horn*.

301.—*John Day; a pathetic, Ballad.*

John Day, he was the biggest man
Of all the coachman-kind,
With back too broad to be conceived
By any narrow mind.

The bar-maid of the Crown he loved,
From whom he never ranged;
For though he changed his horses there
His love he never changed.

One day, as she was sitting down
Besides the porter-pump—
He came, and knelt with all his fat,
And made an offer plump.

In vain he wooed, in vain he sued,
The maid was cold and proud,
And sent him off to Coventry,
While on his way to Stroud.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,
And thence all back to town :
The course of love was never smooth,
So his went up and down.

The cruel maid that caused his love
Found out the fatal close :
For looking in the butt, she saw
The butt-end of his woes.

302.—A would-be wit at Margate, a summer or two back, wishing to be very amusing, wrote, instead of any name, in the one-card Loo, at Garner's,

"Mr. Garner's natty wig."

When he attended in the evening to hear the names read over, anticipating a sort of triumph, he was not a little discomposed at hearing the following line read after his own, which a wag had added in the course of the day,

"As you've no brains, 'twill be too big."

303.—A *dashing buck*, having just mounted a fashionable great coat, trimmed with a profusion of *fur*, lately asked an old gentleman how he liked his *new kick?* "Upon my word, sir," said he, "I like it extremely, for it reminds me of a very excellent fable." "What is that?" returned the interrogator. "The Ass in the lion's skin," was the answer.

304—A lady, whose Christian name is *Jane*, has shown such a manifest attachment for a length of time to residing at the *sea side*, that some friends have stiled her *Jane Shore*.

305.—A school-master of this city (a great enemy to idleness), thinking the old copy, "Laziness will clothe a man with rags," not sufficiently correct, altered it, and gave it to one of his scholars thus, "Laziness will *clothe* a man with *nakedness*."

306.—During the time of the Emperor of Russia's residence in England, an Irish gentleman, in the true spirit of bull-making, offered to bet a guinea that he would visit Ireland *before he left this kingdom*.

307.—A secretary of war, being at a corporation feast, when the dinner was over, and the glass went merrily round, one of the aldermen addressed himself to his lordship as follows :—

"My lord, I wonder, amongst the various changes of ins and outs in the administration, I have always observed your lordship in constant employ." This was repeated several times, as his lordship endeavoured to evade giving a direct answer ; however, at last, on the observation being repeated, his lordship made this laconic reply : "Mr. Alderman, I look on the state as a large plum-pudding, and whilst there is a bit of it left, I am determined to a have part of it."

308.—A careless barber, trimming a customer's ears, put him in great pain and uneasiness. "Are you trimming my left ear now?" says the man. "No, sir ; not till I've done the right." "Oh! only I thought by what I felt that you were passing through the left ear without going round."

309.—*Anecdote of the late Edmund Kean.*—During the recess which followed Kean's first triumphant season at Drury-lane, he accepted an offer to play at Portsmouth. He had then become the great Mr. Kean, travelled in his own chariot, gave splendid dinners, and was an honoured guest at the

board of every manager. On the morning of the day on which he was to make his appearance at the Portsmouth theatre, the manager and two or three friends invited Mr. Kean to take a glass of Madeira and a biscuit at one of the principal hotels. The party entered the hotel, and seated themselves. The wine and biscuits were brought, and the landlord, "albeit a great man," could not do less for such a guest as Mr. Kean than wait upon him in person. Kean had no sooner perceived the landlord, than darting upon him one of those soul-searching looks for which he was so celebrated, he exclaimed, "Stop—is not your name——?" "Yes, sir," said the landlord, astonished at his looks, and at the tone in which he addressed him. "Then," said Kean, "I will not eat or drink in your house. Eight years ago I went into your coffee-room, and modestly requested a glass of ale; you surveyed me from top to toe, and having done so, I heard you give some directions to your waiter, who presented me the glass in one hand, holding out the other for the money: I paid it, sir, and he then relinquished his hold of the glass. I am better dressed now—I can drink Madeira—I am waited upon by the landlord in person—but am I not the same Edmund Kean as I was then, and had not Edmund Kean then the same feelings that he has now? Away with you, sir. Avaunt! your sight pains me!" and having said this, he took his hat and hastily left the apartment. "Now," said Kean, when they had quitted the house, "I will take you to an honest fellow who was kind to me in my days of misfortune." They entered a third-rate house, and having ordered some wine, desired to see the landlord. He came, but it was not the host of Kean's recollection; he was dead. There was, however, a sort of half waiter, half-pot-boy,

who had lived at the house when Kean frequented it and who was a great favourite of his master. Kean, with a tear in his eye, inquired about the family of the deceased landlord, and, on leaving the house, asked the waiter what o'clock it was. "I will see, sir," said the waiter, running to the stairs, at the head of which stood a clock. "Have you no watch?" said Kean. "No, sir." "Take that and buy one, and whenever you look at it, think of your master." The noble-hearted actor put five pounds into the hands of the waiter, who remained mute with astonishment.

310.—*Modern Antiques.*—"Have you any thing else old?" said an English lady at Rome to a boy, of whom she had bought some modern antiques: "Yes," said the young urchin, thrusting forward his hat, which had seen some dozen summers, "*my hat is old.*" The lady rewarded his wit.

311.—An Irish servant being asked if her master was at home, replied, "No." "When will he return?" "Oh, when master gives orders to say he is not at home, we never know when he will come in."

312.—It is not long since a publican sued a clergyman for not paying off his ale-house score, but having no written account, and being told he must produce his voucher, he ran out of court, fetched a closet door off its hinges, produced it, swore to the debt, and obtained a verdict.

313.—Two friends passing by a small obscure house in a dirty lane, one remarked to the other that it was Mr. Logwood's, the dyer, who kept his curricle and country house. "But surely he cannot reside here?" "Oh, no; this is his *dying* house!" "Ah! if so, that completely accounts for his not living in it."

314.—A French paper states, that there is at present, near Pamponue, a miller's daughter, so pretty and so cruel, that the sighs of her numerous admirers would be sufficient to turn her father's mill.

315.—A drunkard, in speaking of his wife, said, "She is the glass of my heart, the wine-cellar of my pleasures, and the tavern of my happiness."

316—A gentleman being told of an attorney dying very rich, and leaving a handsome legacy in his will to found a hospital, neatly observed, "I am glad to hear it; it will be an asylum for those he has ruined."

317.—Among the many mistakes into which foreigners have been betrayed when learning the English language, the following, which recently occurred, is not the least whimsical. A young German wishing to acquire elegance as well as correctness of phrase, and not liking the meanness of the term, "put out the candle," was informed by his instructor, that he might say, if he chose, "extinguish the candle." A few days afterwards, a dog annoyed the young foreigner very much by howling in his room, on which, turning to his servant, he ordered him "*to extinguish dat dog.*"

318.—A traveller was lately boasting of the luxury of arriving at night, after a hard day's journey, to partake of the enjoyment of a well-cut ham and the *left* leg of a goose. "Pray, sir, what is the peculiar luxury of a *left* leg?" "Sir, to conceive its luxury, you must find that it is the only leg which is *left!*"

319.—"It is odd," said one friend to another, "that there should be so many failures amongst tradesmen, when I have known several, who afterwards failed, that took from £30 to £40 a day, and

made nothing of it." "Ah! my dear sir," said his friend, "that is the very reason of their being bankrupts; they take so much money *and make nothing of it.*"

320.—An intelligent and amusing traveller says, that a Portuguese beggar, when going to solicit charity, put on his *best* clothes. This circumstance places the Portuguese mendicants far above our *beggars*, who have usually but one set of *habits*, all of which are *equally bad.*

321.—During a late contest for Westminster, a person, who was always anxious to know the state of the poll, put the following question to a wag: "Pray, sir, who's got *a head* to day?" He replied, "Why, thank God, *I have* for one, and if you had not, you would be unable to ask so foolish a question."

322.—A pick-pocket, who had been *ducked* for his mal-practices, accounted to his brethren for the derangement in his appearance, by coolly observing, that he had not been able to change his dress since his return from a celebrated *watering-place!*

323.—Boileau being frequently called upon by an idle, ignorant person, who complained to him that he did not return his visits, "Sir," said the French satirist, "we are not upon equal terms: you call upon me merely to get rid of your time: when I call upon you, I lose mine!"

324.—A modern tourist says that there are many *wet* nurses in Ireland, but that he had not heard in the whole kingdom of a *dry* nurse.

325.—A lady in Scotland lately wrote to a friend in London, and in communicating the intelligence that a female acquaintance had recently entered into the marriage state, observed, "That it was the general expectation that she would have a *female son!*"

The passage was considered inexplicable; but on a little application, and collating it with the usual orthography of the writer, the mystery was explained: she meant it to be understood that her friend was likely to "have a *family soon.*"

326.—The late celebrated penurious H. Jennings, Esq., of Acton-place, who was reputed to be the richest commoner in England, when at the age of 92, was applied to by one of the tenants, then in the eightieth year of his age, to renew his lease for a further term of fourteen years; when, after some general observations, Mr. Jennings coolly said, "Take a lease for 21 years, or you will be troubling me again!" and this was accordingly granted.

327.—A shoemaker being fined, at Stamford, five shillings for being drunk in view of the magistrate, poor Crispin allowed he was a *wet sole*, but declared, if they pardoned that offence, it should be his *last.*

328.—A fellow applying to the parish officers for relief, was interrogated whether he had ever acquired a *settlement.*. To which he replied, "Yes, please your honour, I've been a *house-keeper for seven years—in Newgate?*" (aside.)

329.—A physician, who lived in London, visited a lady who lived at Chelsea. After continuing his visits for some time, the lady expressed an apprehension that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account. "Oh! madam," replied the doctor, "I have another patient in this neighbourhood, and by that means, you know, *I kill two birds with one stone!*"

330.—During the high price of coals, a gentleman, meeting his coal-merchant, inquired, "Whether it was a proper time to lay in a stock?" The knight of the black diamonds shook his head. observing,

"Coals are coals now sir." To which his customer replied, "I am very glad to hear it, for the last you sent me were all slates."

331.—A countryman reading on a waggon the names of "Richard Fell" and "John Fell," exclaimed, with a horse-laugh, "He ! he ! he ! then I suppose they both toombled together."

332.—An old gentleman, drinking coffee for breakfast, began to grumble most heartily : his son hastily asked him the reason. "At the quantity of grounds in my cup, boy," replied he. "Ah, then," said the son, "you certainly have *many grounds* for grumbling."

333.—An old woman, generally known by the name of Tom Bowling, lately brought before the magistrate at the Public Office, Queen's-Square, for sleeping all night in the street, was committed as a rogue and vagabond, and passed to her parish. She served as boatswain's mate on board a man-of-war for upwards of twenty years, and has a pension from Chatham chest. When waked at midnight, by the beadle of the street, covered with snow, she cried, "Where the devil would you have me sleep ?" She has generally slept in this way, and is so hardy, at a very advanced age, that she never catches cold and dresses like a man.

334.—The age of the Puritans was distinguished by *short* speeches in the *senate*, and *long* graces at table. The leading features of the present are *long* speeches and *short* graces.

335.—His late majesty George III. once said to Sir J. Irwin, a famous *bon vivant*, "They tell me, Sir John, you love a *glass* of wine." "Those, sire, who have so reported me to your majesty," answered he, bowing profoundly, "do me great injustice ; they should have said a *bottle*."

336.—A gentleman was relating in a coffee-house an accident he had met with from a fall, was asked by a surgeon present, if it was near the *vertebræ* that he had been hurt. "No sir," was the reply, "it was near the *Elephant and Castle.*"

337. A free translation of the terms on some boxes in an apothecary's —Ligna, *matches*—Varia, *odds and ends*—Emplastra, *old gloves and resin*—Folia, *waste paper*—Radices, *beginnings*—Residua, *ends.*

338.—It is observable that, as often as the matrimonial *blacksmith* of Gretna-Green visits London, he lodges in *Fetter-Lane.*

339.—A labouring man for his first wife got one who never mended her clothes, but tore the ragged bits off; for the second wife, he got one who tied up the ragged parts into knots. He then said, "Weel done, knitty knotty; thou's weel worth rive-rags."

340.—A publican, who was examined respecting a late Westminster election, was asked whether a committee sat at his house. The man answered with great naivette, "that there was one man who attended daily for several hours; but whether his name was *Committee* or not he could not tell."

341.—A provincial paper mentions the marriage of Mr. *Goose* to a Miss *Flock.* The *gendering* gossips predict from this union a plentiful supply of *goslings.*

342.—A Jew of the name of Bredermann died lately at Pest, who has left property of eight millions of florins, which he acquired chiefly by contracts; he went from house to house with a bundle at his back. He offered a physician at Vienna, Dr. Frank, half a million to prolong his life, but the inflammation in his bowels could not be stopped.

343.—A stupid person one day seeing a man of learning enjoying the pleasures of the table, said, "So, sir, philosophers I see can indulge in the greatest delicacies." "Why not," replied the other, "do you think providence intended all the good things for the ignorant?"

344.—A girl forced by her parents into a disagreeable match with an old man, whom she detested, when the clergyman came to that part of the service where the bride is asked if she consents to take the bridegroom for her husband, said, "Oh dear, no, sir; but you are the first person who has asked my opinion about the matter."

345.—One Phillips died a short time since, at Wells, while ringing a peal in the belfry. Little dreamt he it was his own *knell.*

346.—A dealer in *tea* and *sugar* being lately accused of an assault, the magistrate, who is a bit of a punster, observed, "That though he had seldom heard of a *grosser* offence than the present case, still he saw many *reasons* to recommend that severe advantage be taken of the *lump.*"

347.—A fire happening, not long ago, at a public-house, a man passing at the time entreated one of the firemen to play the engine upon a particular door, and backed his request by the bribe of a shilling. The fireman consequently complied, upon which the arch rogue exclaimed, "You have done what I never could do; for, egad, you've *liquidated my score!*"

348.—A gentleman describing a person who often visited him for the sole purpose of having a long gossip, called him Mr. Jones, the *stay*-maker.

349.—When the first edition of Thomson's *Seasons* came out, the poet sent a copy handsomely bound, to Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto, afterwards

Lord Justice Clerk, who had shewn him great kindness. Sir Gilbert showed the book to his gardener, a relation of Thomson, who took the book in his hands, and turning it over and over, and gazing on it with admiration, Sir Gilbert said to him, "Well, David, what do you think of James Thomson now? there's a book will make him famous all the world over, and immortalize his name." David looking now at Sir Gilbert, then at the book, said, "In troth, sir, it is a grand book! I did not think the lad had ingenuity enow to ha' done sic a neat piece of handicraft."

350.—The Ipswich Journal contains the following odd assemblage :—Monday, was married, by Mr. Moses Samuels, Mr. Simon Aaron to Miss Aaron Samuels, both of this place."

351.—The late counsellor E——, chairman of the Quarter Sessions for Dublin, was so remarkable for his lenity to female culprits, that a woman was seldom convicted when he presided. On one occasion, when this humane barrister was not in the chair, a prim looking woman was put to the bar of the Commission Court, at which presided the equally humane, though not so gallant, Baron L——. She was indicted for uttering forged bank notes. According to usual form of law, the clerk of the crown asked the prisoner if she was ready to take her trial. With becoming disdain, she answered, "No!" She was told by the clerk she must give her reasons why. As if scorning to hold conversation with the fellow, she thus addressed his lordship : "My lord, I won't be tried here at all ; I'll be tried by my Lord E——." The simplicity of the woman, coupled with the well-known character of E——, caused a roar of laughter in the court, which even the bench could not resist. Baron L——, with his

usual mildness, endeavoured to explain the impossibility of her being tried by the popular judge, and said, "He can't try you ;" when the woman stopped him short, and, with an inimitable sneer exclaimed, "Can't try me ! I beg your pardon, my lord ; he tried me twice before." She was tried, however ; and, for the third time, acquitted.

352.—*Making the best use of a Saint.*—The late Brinsley Sheridan, although no Catholic, knew how to make the best use of the saints. Returning home early one morning from a princely banquet at Carlton-House, the facetious orator, being *Bacchi plenus*, missed his perpendicular, and reeled into the mud. From this dilemma he was extricated by some labouring men who were going to their work. "Who are you ?" said one of the men who picked him up. "Hush ! hush !" says Don Sherry, "don't expose me—I'm a saint and a member of parliament—my name's Wilberforce—here's my card," presenting one of that gentleman's, which he chanced to have in his pocket. "See me part of my way home, and call upon me to-morrow evening in the lobby of the House of Commons, at seven, and I'll reward you for your trouble." The men did as they were desired, and when they sent up for Mr. Wilberforce in the evening, to Bellamy's, Sheridan took care to be in waiting, followed the puritan down to the door, enjoyed the awkward embarrassment of the strangers, and the indignation of the saint, who professed he was never in that filthy state in his life. When he retired, Sheridan stepped forward and gave each of the poor fellows a guinea, then returned to the lobby, and told the tale himself, to the no small amusement of his laughter-loving companions.

353.—*The Lucky Thought ; or, the Dream.*—An

old, rickety, fidgety, amorous blade, who had taken to himself a young wife, had occasion to leave home, and puzzled his brains for some place to secure her fidelity in his absence. For, alas ! the young men were such wicked wretches that he feared some one or other might impose upon her weakness. This induced him to hit upon an expedient as novel as it was ludicrous. He explained to her the depravity of the age ; and, as a security against any male entering into conversation with her, obtained her promise that she would answer in the negative to every thing that a man might ask her, and with this assurance departed. A gentleman soon passed the end of the garden in which she was walking, and politely asked, "Is this my way to ——— ?" (a place not fifty yards further.) "No." "Can you inform me which is the road ?" "No." "I beg your pardon, madam, but did you not misunderstand me ?" "No." "Really it is strange, is it not ?" "No." The spark surprised at so many negatives, thought to turn them to account. "Madam," said he, "have you any objection to my sitting down ?" "No." "Will you be angry if I enter the house ?" "No." "Have you any dislike to accompany me ?" "No." The gentleman now knew his customer ; found "no" as convenient as "yes," and after enjoying many unexpected and agreeable civilities, he exchanged rings with his charmer, and took his leave. Old Frostwig returned, and believed his wife when she informed him that she had never uttered "yes" to the most trifling question from a man in his absence. The old *boy* had a house in London, and thither they soon after removed.

The gentleman returned in a few months, but the bird had flown, no one knew whither ; and the ad-

venture formed one of his most amusing stories in most companies. One day, after dining with an old friend, who had recently introduced his lady to company, he began to relate the story. He had already enumerated three parts of the negatives and civilities he received. The host rubbed up his wig, and appeared impatient. The lady of the house shuffled about, and at length observing that her visitor must be thirsty, nearly forced a glass of wine down his throat, in which, to his astonishment, he discovered the identical ring he had exchanged with the object of his narrative. He had gone too far for the host's peace of mind; every thing coincided so exactly, that nothing but confusion was anticipated. "Well, well," said the host, impatiently, "go on; what then, what then?" "Why, then I awoke, and found my servant had been calling me till he was tired, as it was past ten o'clock.

354.—*The Female Eye.*—A modern writer gives the following enumeration of the expression of a female eye: The glare, the stare, the leer, the sneer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the glare of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishment of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, and the lustre of pleasure.

355.—It is well-known that the veterans who preside at the examinations of surgeons, question minutely those who wish to become qualified. After answering very satisfactorily to the numerous inquiries made, a young gentleman was asked, if he wished to give his patient a profuse perspiration, what he would prescribe. He mentioned many diaphoric medicines in case the first failed, but the unmerciful questioner thus continued: "Pray, sir

suppose none of these succeeded, what step would you take next?" "Why, sir," enjoined the enraged and harassed young Esculapius, "I would send him here to be examined, and if that did not give him a sweat, I do not know what would."

356.—In an old drama on the subject of the Deluge, Noah summons his wife into the ark, and on her refusing to come in, swears at her by John the Baptist.

357.—Of German pride we have the following extraordinary anecdote : A German lord left orders in his will not to be interred, but that he might be enclosed upright in a pillar, which he had ordered to be hollowed and fastened to a post in the parish, in order to prevent any peasant or slave from walking over his body.

358.—Some Frenchmen who had landed on the coast of Guinea, found a negro prince seated under a tree, on a block of wood for his throne, and three or four negroes, armed with wooden pikes, for his guards. His sable majesty anxiously inquired, "Do they talk much of me in France?"

359.—*Spinning Virtue.*—A young preacher, who chose to enlarge to a country congregation on the beauty of *virtue*, was surprised to be informed of an old woman who expressed herself highly pleased with his sermon, that her daughter was the most *virtuous* woman in the parish, for "that week she had spun sax spindles of yarn."

360.—Mr. Abernethy was one day descanting upon the advantage of a public education for boys, when he concluded by saying, "And what think you of Eton? I think I shall send my son there to learn manners." "It would have been as well, my dear," responded his wife, "had you gone there too."

361.—A shoemaker having heard the famous Thomas Fuller repeat some verses on a scolding wife, was so delighted with them, as to request a copy. "There is no necessity for that," said Fuller, "as you have the original."

362.—A village pastor was examining his parishioners in their catechism. The first question in the Heidelberg Catechism is this: "What is thy only consolation in life and in death?" A young girl, to whom the pastor put this question, laughed, and would not answer. The priest insisted. "Well, then," said she at length, "If I must tell you, it is the young shoemaker who lives in the Rue Agneaux."

363.—A curious inquirer, desirous to know how he looked when asleep, sat with closed eyes before a mirror.

364.—*True Consolation.*—A citizen of Geneva having lost his wife, he, according to the custom of the country, attended the funeral to the cemetery, which is out of the city. Somebody meeting him on his return from the painful ceremony, assuming a sorrowful countenance, and in the tenderest manner possible, asked him how he did. "Oh," replied the widower, "I am very well at present; this little walk has set me up: there is nothing like country air."

365.—A keen shopkeeper having in his service a couple of shopmen, who in point of intellect were the very reverse of their master, a wag who frequented the shop for some time, puzzled the neighbourhood by designating it a "*music shop*," although the proprietor deals as much in *music* as *millstones*. However, being pressed for an explanation, he said that the *scale* was conducted by a *sharp*, a *flat*, and a *natural*; and if these did not constitute "music," he did not know what did.

366.—A dashing young man at Paris, who seldom neglected the theatre or the opera-house, having casually strayed into a church, was asked by one who saw him come out, how many persons he thought the audience might consist of, when he inadvertently replied, "The pit was full, but the boxes were very thin."

367.—Two friends having been taken ill much about the same time, one of them recovered his health a considerable time before the other, upon which some surprise being expressed, the first convalescent observed, he had nothing but his disorder to contend with, but that his friend had that and the doctor into the bargain.

368.—When the late Mr. Windham, the war minister, was upon a trip to the continent, he met

with a dutch clergyman, who was very eager in his inquiries as to the doctrines and discipline of the church of England, to which he received satisfactory answers. Those, however, were succeeded by others of a more difficult nature, particularly as to the manner in which some English preachers *manufacture* their sermons. Upon Mr. Windham's confessing his ignorance of this subject, the Dutchman, in a tone of disappointment, exclaimed, "Why, then, I find, sir, after all the conversation we have had, that I have been deceived as to your profession. They told me you were an *English minister*."

369.—*Presence of Mind.*—A baron in Germany who lost his wife, and dreading the numerous letters and visits of condolence so usual in that country, ordered his coachman to personate him on this occasion. To play his part the better, the latter, it being cold weather, wrapped himself up in such a a manner that little more than his eyes could be seen. As soon as any visitor entered the room, he always began to sigh and sob, and exhibit all the signs of acute distress. An intimate friend of his master one day taking uncommon pains to comfort the feigned mourner by his long speeches and recitations, the coachman's patience being quite exhausted, he exclaimed, "I am not the baron, but his coachman." "Indeed!" said the visitor, quite unconcerned, "why, then, what's the price of hay?"

370.—A bookseller, in a large way, having been threatened relative to a publication supposed to have been libellous, was requested by a friend to know how it had happened to escape his reading. "My reading!" exclaimed the other, "you might as well expect an apothecary to take his own drugs, as a bookseller to read every book he publishes."

371.—Children sent to church, it is well known,

frequently afford ample satisfaction to their parents if they can point out or repeat the text. Not so with the Dissenters ; they generally inquire into the subject of the sermon : hence a poor lad, out of the country, being, for the first time, sent to the meeting, was asked on his return, how many heads the minister had ? "*Heads ! heads !*" exclaimed the astonished younker, "he had only *one head*, to be sure."

372.—*Baptism extraordinary.*—A female child was lately taken to a church near town for baptism, when the godfather being asked the name he replied, "*Silence.*" Some talking among the women being heard just at that moment, the minister thought a cessation to this interruption was what was meant by *Silence :* however, being informed to the contrary, he observed, after the baptism, that *Silence* was undoubtedly the most inappropriate name he had ever given to a *female* in his life.

373.—A drill-sergeant in the west, not finding himself endued with the patience to endure the awkwardness of his corps, some of whom seemed not to know their right hand from their left, made them stick a whisp of hay and straw in each of their jacket pockets ; and then, instead of To the right, or To the left, exclaimed, as occasion required, "*Hay* about ! *Straw* about !"

374.—A poetical auctioneer in Gloucestershire lately made use of the following lines in describing a beautiful cow :—

"Long in her sides, bright in her eyes ;
Short in her legs, thin in her thighs ;
Big in her ribs, wide in her pins ;
Full in her bosom, small in her shins ;
Long in her face, fine in her tail ;
And never deficient in filling her pail."

375.—*Lessing.*—When this celebrated German poet was received into the order of Free-Masons at Hamburgh, one of his friends, a zealous free-mason, took him aside, and asked him, "Is it not true that you find nothing among us against the government, religion, or morals?" "Yes," answered Lessing, with great vivacity, "but would to heaven I had; I should then at least have found *something*." What a *sarcasm!*

376.—At a time when the staff of life was very dear in all parts of the kingdom, a baker's servant asked a country labourer to help him to raise up a bag full of halfpence on his head. "Sbodlikins! but it be main heavy," says Hodge. "So it may," answered the baker, "for 'tis nearly the price of a whole batch of bread." "Be it so?" cried the labourer, "then shame take me if I ever lend a hand in *raising* the price; so down it goes, and the murrain take the rogues that do raise it!"

377.—*Carrying a Joke too far.*—The phrase, "Sending to Coventry," has for some time been known to express the punishment inflicted upon a person by not speaking to him; and which, being frequently adopted by a master tradesman in this city with respect to his journeymen, the latter presuming, upon his general character, that they could take liberties with him, agreed together to *send him to Coventry* for the course of a whole week. Accordingly, not one of them would speak to him, or answer any question he put. This, till Saturday evening passed off well enough; the master, however, then actually went out of town, and when the men came down to the counting-house as usual to be paid, they found these words written on the door—"*Gone to Coventry.*"

378.—*Anecdote of the late Dr. Scott.*—Having

once, when at Cambridge, displeased the undergraduates by preaching against *gaming*, they manifested their disapprobation by *scraping* with their *feet*, and interrupting him in the delivery of his discourse. The next time he preached he chose for his text, "Keep thy *foot* when thou goest into the house of God," which he no sooner pronounced than the galleries were on an uproar; however, the interposition of the University officers obliged the students, at least for that time, to keep their feet from *scraping*, the principal object of the doctor's text.

379.—A poor Irish barrister, who did not always come into court properly dressed, the judge, who was suspected of not being the most pure upon the bench, one day took notice of the barrister in these words, "My dear Mr. Macgrah, I am sorry to see you come into court with such a dirty shirt." "Faith, and I am very sorry for it too," replied the barrister; "but though my shirt is *dirty*, if your lordship will look you will see that my hands are *clane*."

380.—A sot has lately been defined to be "a man with a red face, and a nose exaggerated by intemperance." This phraseology may be called *spirit varnish*.

381.—A lady walking with her husband on the beach, inquired of him the difference between exportation and transportation. "Why, my dear," replied he, "if you were on board yonder vessel, you would be exported, and I should be transported."

382.—*Bribery and Corruption.*—It nappens sometimes, that we are obliged to give credit to the illiterate for fine sallies of wit and genuine humour. At the last general election for Westminster, a story is told of a gentleman who was desirous to get upon the hustings at Covent Garden, and thought he

would indulge his vein for satire by an appropriate address to the constable who garded the entrance. "I believe," cried he, putting a shilling into his hand, "that there is a little corruption here." "Yes, sir, answered the man, with a significant look at the shilling, "but this is *too little!*"

383.—A caricature published in Paris, represents the *wives* of the Highlanders as differing from all others, as the former are kept under *petticoat government* instead of their husbands.

384.—The attorney-general of Ireland, some time since, in his morning walk, on his way to the Four Courts, Dublin, happened to fall into company and conversation with a brother barrister, distinguished for his candour of expression and the purity and uniformity of his patriotic habits and opinions. "Well," said the attorney-general, "what will the world say to see you and me walking together?" "They will say," rejoined the patriotic barrister, "that you are growing better, or that I am growing worse."

385.—*A Kneeling Quaker.*—At that time of the administration of the late Mr. Pitt, when petitions for peace were presented to the throne from all parts of England, Mr. W. Rathbone, a Quaker, was deputed to carry the address from the town of Liverpool; when, contrary to custom, he presented it on both knees, which so astonished our gracious monarch, that he exclaimed, "What? what do you go on two knees for? One knee—never more than one knee." To which Mr. R. gravely replied, "Sire, I bend one knee to *God Almighty*, to pardon my bending the other to a *man!*"

386.—*Stoop! Stoop!*—The celebrated Dr. Franklin, of America, once received a very useful lesson from the excellent Dr. Cotton Mather, which he

thus relates, in a letter to his son, Dr. S. Mather, dated Pessey, May 12th, 1781. "The last time I saw your father was in 1724. On taking my leave, showed me a shorter way out of the house by a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam over head. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning towards him, when he said hastily, 'Stoop, stoop!' I did not understand him till I found my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed an opportunity of giving instruction; and upon this he said to me, 'You are young, and have the world before you: learn to stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.' This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people by their carrying their heads too high."

387.—A young lady at the dancing academy of Mr. B———, not a hundred miles from Cornhill, sitting down and placing her head on her hand near the candle, he called out, "Miss, pray move, or you will be light headed in a minute."

388.—When the late king's carriage passed through a turnpike-gate on the road to Dublin, an honest fellow hastened to inquire whether the toll had been paid. On being answered in the negative, he paid the money himself, exclaiming with great indignation, "Sure it would be a pretty thing to have the king under an obligation to the likes of a turnpike man."

389.—A tattling fellow came and told a person, of whom he had some knowledge, a secret of the utmost importance to himself, begging that he would not tell it again. "Never fear," said the person, I shall, at least, be as discreet as yourself."

390.—An Irish fishwoman having been one day blooded, the apothecary told her that her blood was very bad. "By my faith," said she, "but it's a great big lie, for I was always reckoned to have the best blood of any woman in the kingdom."

391.—*Conscientious Footman.*—A gentleman who had travelled as far as Persia, spoke to his man John as he was returning home, telling him how necessary it was that a traveller should draw things beyond the life, otherwise he could not hope for that respect from his countrymen which otherwise he might have; "But at the same time, John," says he, "wheresoever I shall dine, or sup, keep you close to my chair, and when I do very much exceed the bounds of truth, punch me behind, that I may correct myself." It happened one day that he dined with a certain gentleman, who shall be nameless, where he affirmed that he saw a monkey in the island of Borneo, which had a tail three-score yards long;—John punched him;—I am certain it was fifty, at least;—John punched him again;—I believe, to speak within compass, for I did not measure it, it must have been forty;—John gave him another touch;—I remember it lay over a quickset hedge, and therefore could not be less than thirty;—John at him again;—I could take my oath it was twenty; this did not satisfy John: upon which the master turned about in a rage and said. "D—n you for a puppy, would you have the monkey without any tail at all."

392.—A man having had his portrait painted, was induced by the artist to consult the people who were passing by, whether he had succeeded. He asked the first who came, "Is this part a likeness?" The forced connoisseur replied, "The man is great likeness." He was going to ask a second,

when the painter, stopping him, said, "the resemblance of the cap and clothes are of no importance ; ask the gentleman what he thinks of the face." The latter hesitated a good while ; at last, being obliged to give an opinion of some sort, he replied, "the beard and the hair are a very great likeness."

393.—Two brothers were cultivating the ground together ; the eldest went home first to prepare dinner, and then called his brother : upon which the latter cried out, with a loud voice, "Wait till I have hid my spade, then I will come directly." When he came to the table, his brother scolded him, saying, "When one hides any thing, one ought to be silent, or at least to speak about it with a low voice ; for by bawling out as you did, one risks being robbed." The dinner being over, the younger brother went again into the field, but on seeking the spade, he only found the place where he had put it. He immediately ran back to his brother, and approaching his ear mysteriously, he whispered, "my spade has been stolen."

394.—Mr. G——t, a gentleman of fortune, residing in Portland-place, fell in love with the late Princess Charlotte of Wales ; and so earnest was he to obtain her in marriage, that he became insane. His family and friends became alarmed for his personal safety ; and fearful lest he should attempt suicide, placed him under the care of a physician, who directed, without loss of time, that he should be freely blooded. To this, after repeated attempts, he would never accede. However, the pupil of one of the physicians hearing of the circumstance, hit upon an expedient, and engaged to bleed Mr. G. The plan was laid out, and Mr. G. introduced to the young gentleman, who stated he was the bearer of a message from the princess,

and requested to see Mr. G. in private. No sooner was this information received, than the pupil was shown up to the drawing-room. Mr. G. cautiously shut all doors, and with great impatience requested the stranger to divulge, without loss of time, what he had to say from the princess.

"Why, you must know, sir," said he, "we must be particularly cautious. I am deputed by the princess to inform you, that she would give you her hand in marriage, but she is prohibited from so doing in consequence of the king her father being informed that you possess white blood in your veins instead of red." "Good God!" exclaimed Mr. G., "if that is the case, pray let me be bled immediately, that her Royal Highness may be convinced to the contrary." He was bled and recovered his mental faculties.

395.—*The Board of Health.*—A countryman walking along the streets of New York, found his progress stopped by a close barricado of wood. "What is this for?" said he to a person in the street. "Oh, that's to stop the yellow fever." "Ay, I have often heard of the *Board* of Health, but I never saw it before."

396.—*To a Toper in Love.*

'Tween women and wine, sir,
Man's lot is to smart;
For wine makes his head ache,
And women his heart.

397.—Some gentlemen of a Bible Association calling upon an old woman to see if she had a bible, were severely reproved with a spiritual reply, "Do you think, gentlemen, that I am a heathen, that you should ask me such a question?" then addressing a little girl, she said, "run and fetch the bible out of my drawer, that I may show it to the gentle-

men." The gentlemen declined giving her the trouble, but she insisted on giving them ocular demonstration. Accordingly the bible was brought, nicely covered; and on opening it, the old woman exclaimed, "Well, how glad I am you have come; here are my spectacles, that I have been looking for these *three years*, and didn't know where to find 'em."

398.—Two brothers of the name of Lawes creating a disturbance at the Dublin theatre, were called to order by the celebrated Felix M'Carthy, who was in the same box. One of them, presenting his card, said, "You shall hear from one of us, our name is *Lawes*." "Lawes is it," quoth Felix, "then I'll give you an addition to your name;" and exerting his well-known strength, handed them out of the box, exclaiming, "Now, by the powers, you're both *Out-laws*."

399.—Counsellor Lamb, an old man when Lord Erskine was in the height of his reputation, was of timid manners and nervous disposition, usually prefaced his pleadings with an apology to that effect; and on one occasion, when opposed in some cause to Erskine, he happened to remark, that "he felt himself growing more and more timid as he grew older." "No wonder," replied the witty but relentless barrister, "every one knows the older a *lamb* grows, the more *sheepish* he becomes."

400.—A person who was remarkable for his antipathy to the medical profession, observed that physicians were like hog-butchers. "I am glad," said a gentleman, "that you have so charitable an opinion of them, for hog-butchers always *cure* as many as they kill."

401.—*Caution to Ladies.*—"You are the very person I wanted," said a lady at a ball the other

day to an officer of the guards; "you must dance with Miss————. Come, I'll introduce you to her." "Excuse me, I am no dancer." "Oh, but you can't refuse me now. She is a pretty girl, and has thirty thousand pounds." "Why really I am not a marrying man myself—but, if your ladyship pleases, *I'll mention her to our Mess!*"

402.—Dr. Paley, when presented to his first preferment in the church, was in very high spirits. Attending at a tavern dinner, just after this event, and finding the draught from a window to annoy him, he jocosely called out, "Waiter, shut down that window at the back of my chair, and open another behind some curate."

403.—A tradesman in Stafford tendered an account in which was the following curious item; and considering the job, his charge was certainly very moderate: "To hanging wickets and myself, seven hours, 5s. 6d."

404.—A culprit brought before a magistrate in Leicestershire, charged with a misdemeanour, was thus addressed by his worship: "I see by the act of Parliament, that the offence you have committed is punished with six months imprisonment, on conviction before two magistrates. Now you may think yourself a lucky fellow, for if my brother magistrate had been here you should have had the whole six months, but as I am alone, I can of course only send you to jail for half the time. Make out his mittimus for three months."

405.—*A Common Case.*—"Doctor," said a person once to a surgeon, "my daughter has had a terrible fit this morning; she continued full half an hour without knowledge or understanding." "Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that, many people continue so all their lives."

406.—Two friends meeting after an absence of some years, during which time the one had increased considerably in bulk, and the other resembling the "effigy of a man," says the stout gentleman, "Why, Dick, you look as if you had not had a dinner since I saw you last." "And you," replied the other, "look as if you had been at dinner ever since."

407.—*On Old Age.*

Age is the heaviest burden man can bear—
Compound of disappointment, pain, and care—
For when the mind's experience comes at length,
It comes to mourn the body's loss of strength.
Resign'd to ignorance all our better days,
Knowledge just ripens when man decays—
One ray of light the closing eye receives,
And wisdom only takes what folly leaves.

408.—Some time since, a sailor, on his ship being paid off at Portsmouth, hired a post-chaise to convey him to town, and particularly ordered the postilion to keep a look-out a-head, and to be sure to inform him when they touched on Bag-shot-heath, for (to use his own expression) he had heard that the coast was infested "with pirates." Jack had provided himself with a quantity of pistols and other deadly weapons, and armed "from top to toe," he crept into the vehicle, bidding the driver "shove off." Nothing occurred till they reached the borders of the piratical province, when the postilion turned round and informed "his honour" they were upon the heath. "Then," quoth he, thrusting both his feet through the front glasses of the chaise, "down with the bull-heads, and stand prepared for action!" and in this position, with a pistol in each hand, to give the enemy a broadside in case of his appearance, the tar continued to the end of his journey.

409.—An irritable man went to visit a sick friend and asked him concerning his health. The patient was so ill that he could not reply; whereupon the other in a rage said, "I hope that I may soon fall sick, and then I will not answer you when you visit me."

410.—When George the Third pensioned Dr. Johnson he also pensioned Shebeare. Some one remarked that the latter did not merit it. "Pooh!" said Foote, "when his majesty pensioned the *he-bear*, he could not avoid doing the same by the *she-bear* also."

411—At a meeting of the Commissioners of the Watch, &c., at Bristol, one of the extra watchmen was brought before them, on a charge of having been asleep on duty. One of the commissioners, on being told this was his second offence, exclaimed, "So, sir, I understand you are a *lethargic!*" The man, after a pause, replied with some warmth, "No, sir, I am not, I am a *protestant.*"

412.—An Irish pig-merchant, who had more money in his pocket than his ragged appearance denoted, took an inside place in one of our stage-coaches. A dandy, who was a fellow-passenger, was much annoyed at the presence of pat; and having missed his pocket handkerchief, taxed him with having picked his pocket, threatened to have him taken before a magistrate at the next stage. Before they arrived there, however, the inquisite found his handkerchief, which he had deposited in his hat. He made an awkward kind of apology upon the occasion; but Pat stopped him short with this remark, "Make yourself aisy, darling, there's no occasion for any bother about the matter. You took me for a thief, and I took you for a gentleman, and we are both mistaken, that's all, honey."

413.—A speculative gentleman, wishing to teach his horse to do without food, starved him to death. "I had a great loss," said he ; "for, just as he learned to live without eating, he died."

414.—A young lawyer being very assiduous in his attentions to a lady, a wit observed that he never heard of people making love by *attorney*. "Very true," replied the other, "but you should remember that all Cupid's votaries are *solicitors*."

415.—A young man told his friend that he dreamed that he had struck his foot against a sharp nail. "Why, then, do you sleep without your shoes ?" was the reply.

416.—A gentleman had a cask of Amineau wine, from which his servant stole a large quantity. When the master perceived the deficiency, he diligently inspected the top of the cask, but could find no traces of an opening. "Look if there be not a hole in the bottom," said a by-stander. "Blockhead," he replied, "do you not see that the deficiency is at the top, and not at the bottom ?"

417.—A robustious countryman meeting a physician, ran to hide behind a wall ; being asked the cause, he replied, "It is so long since I have been sick, that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face."

418.—A young man meeting an acquaintance said, "I heard that you were dead." "But," says the other, "you see me alive." "I do not know how that may be," replied he "you are a notorious liar, but my informant was a person of credit."

419.—A man, hearing that a raven would live two hundred years, bought one to try.

420—One of twin-brothers died ; a fellow meeting the survivor, asked, "Which is it, you or your brother that is dead ?"

421.—*The Yorkshireman and his Family*, (recited by Mr. Mathews, in his Mail Coach Adventures.)—A Yorkshireman saluted the guard of the coach with, "I say, Mr. Guard, have you a gentleman for Lunnun in coach?" "How should I know," said the guard. "Well," said he, "I am ganging about four miles whoam, and I'll gang inside if you please, and then I can find him out mysen." On being admitted into the coach, when seated, he addressed himself to the person opposite him, and said, "Pray, sir, ayn't you for Lunnun?" "Yes," said the gentleman. "Pray, sir, ayn't you summut at singing line?" "What makes you ask?" said the gentleman. "I hope no *defence*," said he; "why, sir, you mun know, I'm building a mill, and in about three weeks I mean to have a sort of house-warming; and as we are very musical in our parts—I plays on fiddle at church mysen, and my

brother plays on a great long thing like a horse's leg painted, with a piece of brass crook stuck in the end, and puffs away like a pig in a fit ; and, as we have a vast of music-meetings, and those sort of things, I should like to open my mill with a tory rory, and wanted to ax you to come and sing at it."

He then related a family anecdote : "You mun know, sir, that my feyther died all on a sudden like, and never gave any body notice he was going to die, and he left his family in complete *profusion ;* and when I found he was dead, as I was eldest son, I thought I had a right to have all the money. I told neighbour so ; but he said, that though I was eldest son, I had no right to all the brass ; but I said, that I was not only the eldest but handsomest into the bargain ; for you never seed five such carroty-headed, ugly devils among any litter of pigs, as my five brothers and sisters ; and as I found they wanted to diddle me out of my *internal* estate, I was determined to take the law at top of the regicides." "And you applied to counsel, no doubt," said the gentleman. "Na, I didn't," said he, "for I don't know him. I went to one Lawyer Lattitat, and paid him six and eightpence, all in good halfpence, who wrote me down my *destructions.*" The gentleman read his *destructions,* as he called them, which ran as follows : "You must go to the Temple, and apply to a civilian, and tell him that your father has died intestate, or without a will ; that he has left five children, all infantine, besides yourself ; and that you are come to know if you can't be his executor." "Well," said the gentleman, "what did you do ?" "Why, sir," said he, "I went to the Temple, and knocked at the door, and the gentleman cum'd out at door himsen ; and I said, Pray, sir, ar'n't you a *silly villain ?* and he ax'd me if I were cum'd to in-

sult him; and I said, yes, I partly *cum'd* on purpose. I cum to *insult* you, to know what I am to do, for my feyther has died *detested* and *against his will*: he has left five young *infidels* besides mysen, and I've cum'd to know if I can't be his *executioner*."

422.—A man whose son was dead, seeing a crowd assembled to witness the funeral, said "I am ashamed to bring my little child into such a numerous assembly.

423.—The son of a fond father, when going to war, promised to bring home the head of one of the enemy. His parent replied, "I should be glad to see you come home without a head, provided you come safe."

424.—A man wrote to his friend in Greece, begging him to purchase books. From negligence or avarice, he neglected to execute the commission, but fearing that his correspondent might be offended, he proclaimed when next they met, "My dear friend, I never got the letter you wrote to me about the books."

425.—A wittol, a barber, and a bald-headed man travelled together. Losing their way, they were forced to sleep in the open air; and, to avert danger, it was agreed to keep watch by turns. The lot first fell on the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the fool's head while he slept: he then woke him, and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed, "Here's a pretty mistake; rascal! you have waked the bald-headed man instead of me."

426.—A citizen seeing some sparrows on a tree, went beneath and shook it, holding out his hat to catch them as they fell.

427.—A man meeting his friend, said, "I spoke to you last night in a dream." "Pardon me," replied the other, "I did not hear you."

428.—A lady with a well-plumed head dress being in deep conversation with a naval officer, one of the company said, "it was strange to see so fine a woman *tar'd* and feathered."

429.—A foolish fellow having a house to sell, took a brick from the wall to exhibit as a sample.

430.—A man that had nearly been drowned while bathing, declared that he would not again go into the water until he had learned to swim.

(To understand the next, we must premise that a horse with his first teeth was called by the Greeks "a first thrower.")

431.—A man selling a horse was asked if it was a first thrower. "By Jove," said he, "he's a second thrower, for he threw both me and my father."

432.—A fellow had to cross a river, and entered the boat on horseback; being asked the cause, he replied, "I must ride, because I am in a hurry."

433.—A student in want of money sold his books, and wrote home, "Father, rejoice, for I now derive my support from literature."

434.—A pleasant young fellow, about half-seas over, passing through the Strand at a late hour, was accosted by a watchman, who began with all the insolence of office to file a string of interrogatories, in the hope of being handsomely paid for his trouble.

"What is your name, sir?" "Five Shillings."

"Where do you live?" "Out of the king's dominions."

"Where have you been?" "Where you would have been with all your heart."

"Where are you going?" "Where you dare not go for your ears."

The officious guardian of the night thought these

answers sufficient to warrant him to take the young man to the watch-house. The next morning, on being brought before the magistrate, he told his worship, "that as to the first question, his name was Thomas Crown; with regard to the second, he lived in Little Britain; with respect to the third, he had been drinking a glass of wine with a friend; and that as to the last," said he, "I was going home to my wife." The magistrate reprimanded the watchman in severe terms, and wished Mr. Crown a good morning.

435.—During a storm, the passengers on board a vessel that appeared in danger, seized different implements to aid them in swimming, and one of the number selected for this purpose the anchor.

436.—*Smuggling Extraordinary.*—General Anstruther, having made himself unpopular, was obliged, on his return to Scotland, to pass in disguise to his own estate; and crossing a frith, he said to the waterman, "This is a pretty boat, I fancy you sometimes smuggle with it." The fellow replied, "I never smuggled a Brigadier before."

437.—Amadeus the Ninth, Count of Savoy, being once asked where he kept his hounds, he pointed to a great number of poor people, who were seated at tables eating and drinking, and replied, "Those are my hounds, with whom I go in chase of Heaven." When he was told that his alms would exhaust his revenues, "Take the collar of my order," said he, "sell it, and relieve my people." He was surmamed "the Happy."

438.—In consequence of some transposition, by which an announcement of the decease of a country clergymen had got inserted amongst the announcements of the marriages in a country paper a few days since, the announcement read thus:—

"Married, the Rev. ——, curate of ——, to the great regret of all his parishioners, by whom he was universally beloved. The poor will long have cause to lament the unhappy event."

439.—*A Clincher.*—An American paper says, this is the method of catching tigers in India: "A man carries a board, on which a human figure is painted; as soon as he arrives at the den, he knocks behind the board with a hammer; the noise rouses the tiger, when he flies in a direct line at the board and grasps it, and the man behind clinches his claws in the wood, and secures him.

440.—*Life Insurance.*

In a storm one night,
When all was fright
'Mongst the passengers and crew,
An Irish clown,
Like a block sat down,
And seemed as senseless too.
Conduct like this
Was much amiss,
And not to be endur'd;
But when asked why,
He made reply,
"Good folks, my life is insur'd."

441.—The Princess Augusta asked Lord Walsingham for a frank; he wrote one for her in such detestable characters, that at the end of a week, after having wandered half over England, it was opened and returned to her as illegible. The princess complained to Lord Walsingham, and he then wrote the frank for her so *legibly*, that at the end of a couple of days it was returned to her, marked "Forgery."

442.—Judge Jeffries, of notorious memory, pointing to a man with his cane who was about to be

tried, said, "There is a great rogue at the end of my cane." The man to whom he pointed, looking at him, said, "At which end, my Lord?"

443.—*Yorkshire Fun.*—The assize and the theatre always open together at York, and it is common to hear the Tykes say, "Eh! lad, ther'l be fun next week; t'pla'ctors is cuming, and t'men's to be hung all t'syame time."

444.—An Englishman having asked a son of Erin if the roads in Ireland were good, Pat replied, "Yes, they are so fine, that I wonder you do not import some of them into England; let me see, there's the road to love, strewed with roses; to matrimony, through nettles; to honour, through the camp; to prison, through the law; and to the undertaker's, through physic." "Have you any road to preferment?" said the Englishman. "Yes, faith we have, but that is the dirtiest road in the kingdom."

445.—*Slippery Love.*—Thevenard was the first singer of his time at Paris in the operas of Lulli. He was more than sixty years old, when, seeing a beautiful *female slipper* in a shoemaker's shop, he fell violently in love, unsight unseen, with the person for whom it was made; and having discovered the lady, married her. He died at Paris in 1741, at the age of 72.

446.—M. Talleyrand was enjoying his rubber when the conversation turned on the recent union of an elderly lady of respectable rank. "However could Madame de S—— make such a match? a lady of her birth to marry a velet-de-chambre!" "Ah!" replied Talleyrand, "it was late in the game; at nine we don't reckon honours."

447.—Every man is a republic in miniature, and though very limited in its parts, yet very difficult govern. Each individual is a little world—the

elements ; and having life like the brutes, and reason like the angels, it seems as though all were happily united in him. He can traverse the vast universe, comprehend the present, past, and future ; in him, are the principles of life and darkness ; in him, also, are united the most extraordinary elements, and most incomparable qualities.

448.—*On Genuine Wit.*

True wit is like the brilliant stone
  Dug from Golconda's mine ;
Which boasts two various powers in one,
  To cut as well as shine.

Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
  With the same gifts abound ;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
  And sparkles while it wounds.

449.—*The Ghost of the Cock-Loft.*

'Twas at the hour when sober cits
  Their eyes in slumber close,
In bounced Bet Scullion's greasy ghost,
  And pinch'd Tom Ostler's toes.

Her flesh was like a roasting pig's,
  So deadly to the view ;
And coal black was her smutty hand,
  That held her apron blue.

Her face was like a raw beef-steak
  Just ready to be fried :
Carrots had budded on her cheek,
  And beet-root's crimson pride.

But love had, like the fly-blow's power,
Despoiled her buxom hue;
The faded carrot left her cheeks,—
She died at twenty-two.

"Awake!" she cried: "Bet Scullion bawls,
Come from her garret high;
Now hear the maid for whom you swore
A wedding-ring to buy.

"This is the hour when scullion ghosts
Their dish-clouts black resume,
And goblin cooks ascend the loft,
To haunt the faithless groom.

"Bethink thee of thy tester broke—
Thy disregarded oath;
And give me back my mutton pies,
And give me back my broth.

"How could you swear my sops were nice,
And yet those sops forsake?
How could you steal my earthen dish,
And dare that dish to break?

"How could you promise love to me,
And give it all to Nan?
How could you swear my goods were safe,
Yet lose my dripping-pan?

"How could you say my pouting lip
With purl and hollands vies?
And why did I, sad, silly fool,
Believe your cursed lies?

"Those sops, alas! no more are mine,
Those lips no longer pout;
And dark and cold's the kitchen grate,
And every spark is out.

"The hungry worm my master is,
His cook I now remain;
Cold lasts our night, until that morn
Shall raise my crust again.

"The kitchen clock has warned me hence—
I've other fish to fry;
Low in her grave, thou sneaking cur,
Behold Bet Bouncer lie."

The morning smil'd, the stable boys
Their greasy night caps doff'd;
Tom Ostler scratched his aching head,
And swearing, left his loft.

He hied him to the kitchen-grate,
But, ah! no Bet was there;
He stretched him on the hearth, where erst
Poor Betty plied her care.

And there he sobb'd Bet Bouncer's name,
And blew his nose quite sore:
Then laid his cheek on the cold hob
And horse rubb'd never more.

450.—A certain witty physician, but whose humour occasionally verged on buffoonery, was to dine one day at the table of the Elector of——. The prince, anxious to divert himself by embarrassing the doctor, ordered that no spoon should be given him. Soup was served up, and the Elector invited him to partake of it, which he declined as well as he could; but the prince, in order to deprive him of all pretext, said, "Eh! a rogue that won't eat soup!" At this threat, the doctor took up a roll, hollowed it by taking t the crum, fixed it on the end of a fork, and used

it as a spoon. When the soup was despatched, he began to eat the hollow crust, saying, "A rogue that doesn't eat his spoon!" The guests looked at each other, the prince acknowledged himself beaten, and the doctor's imagination diverted every one.

451.—*The Parson Confuted.*

You tell us, doctor, 'tis a sin to *steal;*
We to your practice from your text appeal—
You *steal* a sermon, *steal* a nap; and, pray,
From dull companions don't you *steal* away?

452.—King James I. made a progress to Chester in 1617, and was attended by a great number of the Welsh, who came out of curiosity to see him. The weather was very warm, the roads dusty, and the king almost suffocated. He did not know how to get civilly rid of them, when one of his attendants, putting his head out of the coach, said, "It is his majesty's wish that those who are the best gentlemen shall ride forwards." Away scampered the Welsh gentry at full gallop: one, however, was left behind. "And so," said the king to him, "you are not a gentleman, then?" "Oh, yes, and please your majesty, hur is as goot a gentleman as the rest; but hur horse, Cot help hur, is not so goot."

453.—*Once too much.*

Young *Courtly* takes me for a dunce,
For all night long I spoke but once;
On better grounds I think him such,—
He spoke but once, yet once too much.

454.—*A Horse and a Mayor.*—Dr. Magenis alighting at a public-house in Drogheda, for the purpose of passing a night, ordered his horse to grass, and meeting with a few social companions, exceeded his usual temperance. He discovered next morning that his horse had been impounded for trespassing on a plot of ground belonging to the

chief magistrate of the town, who insisted on half a guinea for the damage. The doctor paid the money, and wrote the following lines:

Was e'er a horse so well befitted!
His master drunk—himself committed!
But courage, horse, do not despair;
You'll be a *horse* when he's no *mayor*.

455.—*Epitaph.*

The following epitaph is on a tombstone in a church-yard in Devonshire; and the answer was written by a gentleman, on the widower's marrying again in a fortnight:—

"For me deceased, weep not, my dear;
I am not dead, but sleepeth here:
Your time will come; prepare to die:
Wait but a while, you'll follow I."

Answer.

"I am not griev'd, my dearest life;
Sleep on: I've got another wife;
And therefore cannot come to thee,
For I must go to bed to she.

456.—*Reading Sermons.*

"Behold the picture! Is it like? Like whom?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again; pronounce a text!
Cry—Hem! and reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene."

COWPER.

457.—Mr. Wesley, travelling in a stage-coach with a young officer, who swore and damned himself at every word, asked him if he had read the common prayer book; for if he had, he might remember the collect, "O God, who art ever more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give

more than either we desire or deserve." The young man had sense enough to make the application, and was decent the rest of the journey.

458.—*Epigram.*

It is a maxim in the schools,
That women always dote on fools:
If so, dear Jack, I'm sure your wife
Must love you as she does her life.

459.—When the late marquis of Lansdown paid a visit to his estates in Ireland, he fell in with a Mr. W——, who occupied a large farm of his lordship's, and understanding that he was hastening home to the christening of one of his children, his lordship very frankly offered himself to be his guest. The gentleman bowing very respectfully, replied, "That he could not possibly accept of the honour intended him; that his friends, who were assembled on the occasion, were all *honest, plain-speaking* men, and, as such, could not be *fit company for his lordship.*"

460.—*The Gobling Ghost.*

Hugh Gubbins was a country lad
Of simple rustic mien;
His very look was one of those
Where-*in-no-sense* is seen!

Wise-acres, who meet foolish ills,
Go on their troubles counting;
But o'er life's road Hugh trudged along,
Nor thought each *ill-a-mounting.*

Dinah Dabbs was fat and fair,
And at the Plough lived cook:
And, reader, *Hugh* went there one day,
'Tis true—and *Hugh was took!*

None saw such sports—none saw such sights,
As this thrice-happy pair;
For each night she saw him *a-wake*,
And he saw her *a-fair!*

But grief soon set his mark on her,
And dimm'd her laughing eyes;
Her heart was *heavy*, all could tell,
Who did observe its *size*.

Reader, one night to a field,
Hugh led the maid away;
Which meeting she for *aye* did *moan*,
Among the new *mown hay*.

Hugh stole her virtue, reader, but
Hugh heav'd no heartfelt sigh;
The maid oft swore—"I'll *die* for *you*,"
But never—*Hugh* for *Di!*

She clung to *Hugh*, but, with an oath,
Hugh off the maiden shook;
And as she could not *brook a d——n*,
She went and *damm'd a brook*.

Hugh saw her jump from off the bank,
And tho' Hugh first felt vex'd,
Hugh first *pluck'd up a spirit*, and
Pluck'd up the body next!

He buried her beside the beach,
And thought no eye could trace
A *tomb hid* near there, because
It was a *tumid* place.

"This grave will hide her crime and mine,
Quoth he, and gave a grin;
"I need not care to be *found out*,
So here she's not *found in!*"

A few days pass'd, and conscious guilt
Had paled his ruddy cheek;
But though a week he'd been *infirm*,
He got *firm in* a week.

Another cook he went to see,
And pay her his *devours;*
And she believed him when he swore
He loved by all the powers.

One Sunday he was ask'd to go
To take with her a snack;
But little thought his *belly*, then,
Would never be *his back!*

The cloth was laid,—the guests were met,—
The grub the cook did serve:
A pie was placed before Sir Hugh,
Which he was ask'd to carve.

"What is inside I'll quickly see,"
And in his knife he thrust;
But, ah! a ghastly head and face
From out the top there burst!

The guests all *started* in a fright,
And each one turned a whiner.
"What do you here," quoth Hugh, "just now?"
"Because I am *your Diner*,

Here I'm served up—I'll serve you out—
You must accept my terms;
You thought I was a *dish of grub*,
But I'm a *dish of worms!*"

Hugh op'd his mouth by unknown force,
And she, in pieces, leapt:
And bit by bit, the crawling flesh
Down his wide gullet crept.

The guests came in when daylight dawn'd,
And fear was somewhat o'er;
But Hugh nor her were not there then,
Nor e'er were heard of more.

461.—In the early part of the reign of King George II., the footman of a lady of quality, under the absurd infatuation of a dream, disposed of the savings of the last twenty years of his life, in two tickets, which proving blanks, after a few melancholy days, he put an end to his life. In his box was found a plan of the manner in which he had proposed to spend the five thousand pound prizes, which his mistress preserved as a curiosity:

"As soon as I have received the money, I'll marry Grace Towers, but as she has been cross and coy, I'll use her as a servant. Every morning she shall get me a mug of strong beer, with a toast, nutmeg and sugar in it: then I will sleep till ten; after which I will have a large sack posset. My dinner shall be on the table by one, and never without a good pudding; I'll have a stock of brandy and wine laid in: about five in the afternoon I'll have tarts and jellies, and a gallon bowl of punch; at ten a hot supper of two dishes; if I'm in a good humour, and Grace *behaves herself*, she shall sit down with me;—to bed about twelve."

462.—Against slander there is no defence. Hell cannot boast so foul a fiend, nor man deplore so fell a foe. It stabs with a word, with a nod, with a shrug, with a look, with a smile. It is the pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide, which the most wary traveller cannot avoid. It is the heart-searching dagger of the assassin. It is the poisoned arrow whose wound is incurable. It is as mortal as the sting of the deadly

adder. Murder is its employment, innocence its prey, and ruin its sport.

463.—*Electioneering Epigram.*

Cries Dick to Ned, "*Who treats to-night?*"
"Why, don't you know?—Sir Thomas White!"—
Up starts an Alderman with spleen,
"I wish to know, sir, what you mean?"
Says Ned, (his anger to appease)
"I meant *Sir Thomas White's Trustees.*

464.—*Advantage of Politeness.*—An Irish officer happened to bow at the moment a cannon ball passed over his head, and took off the head of a soldier who stood behind him: "You see," said he, that a man never loses by politeness."

465.—A *Poser.*—A pedantic country schoolmaster asked a sailor what was the third and half-third of ten-pence. The sailor, who was illiterate, but unwilling to confess his ignorance, evaded giving an answer, by saying, that he did not choose to give that knowledge for nothing, which had cost him much trouble and expense to acquire; adding, that he could propose a much harder question than that. The pedagogue, piqued at this, exclaimed, "What is that?" "Why," said the tar, "if a pound of cheese costs fourpence, what will a cart load of turnips amount to?"

466.—*How to Ship a Pig.*—Manœuvre with the animal till you have got his snout in the proper direction facing the plank which communicates with the vessel, then take hold of his tail and pull it hard, as though you wished him to come from the place, when, from a spirit of opposition natural in pigs, he goes up the plank without further trouble.

467.—Dr. Walcot, better known as *Peter Pindar*, called one day upon a bookseller in Paternoster-

Row, the publisher of his works, by way of inquiring into the literary and other news of the day. After some chat, the doctor was asked to take a glass of wine with the seller of his wit and poetry. Our author consented to accept of a little negus, as an innocent morning beverage; when instantly was presented to him a cocoa-nut goblet, with the face of a man carved on it. "Eh! eh!" says the doctor, "what have we here?" "A man's skull," replied the bookseller, "a poet's for what I know." "Nothing more likely," rejoined the facetious doctor, "*for it is universally known that all you booksellers drink your wine from our skulls.*"

468.—"Madam," said a keeper at the gate of Kensington Gardens, "I cannot permit you to take your dog into the garden." "Don't you see, my good friend," said the lady, putting a couple of shillings into the keeper's hand, "that it is a cat, and not a dog?" "Madam," said the keeper, instantly softening the tone of his voice, "I beg your pardon for my mistake; I now see clearly, by the aid of the pair of spectacles you have been so good as to give me, that it is a cat and not a dog."

469.—Dr. Johnson insisted upon the necessity of the subordination of rank in society. "Sir," said he to Mr. Boswell, "there is one Mrs. Macauly in this town, a great republican. One day when I was at her house, I put on a very grave countenance, and said, 'Madam, I am become a convert to your system. To give you a decisive proof I am in earnest, here is a very sensible well-behaved fellow-citizen, your footman, I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us.'. She has never liked me since this proposal. Your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves, but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves."

470.—The Duke of Bridgewater was a very shy man, and much disliked general society : and was either denied to morning visitors, or contrived to slip out of the way when any one called on him. The clergyman of the parish, Mr. Kenyon, who had some particular business with him respecting the tithes of the parish, had often tried to gain admittance to him, but in vain, being always told that his grace was very busy, or was not at home. Determined, however, to have an interview with him, Mr. K. called at a very early hour in the morning, thinking he should be certain, by this plan, of finding the duke at home. But still he was disappointed. the servant giving the customary answer, that his grace was gone out. Mr. Kenyon, fully assured that this was not the case, and steady to his point, loitered about the house, that he might catch its noble owner when he quitted it. In a short time he perceived his grace slip out of a back door. Mr. Kenyon did not show himself, lest the duke, seeing him, might slip in again, but kept his eye upon him, till he saw him cross a field, and take the way to his navigation. He then walked hastily after the object of his pursuit, but not being able to conceal himself, was soon discovered by the duke. His grace, perceiving that he must be overtaken, instantly took to his heels : Mr. Kenyon did the same. They both ran stoutly for some time, till the duke, seeing he had the worst of the course, turned aside, and jumped into a saw-pit. He was followed in a trice into his place of refuge, by his pursuer, who immediately exclaimed, "Now, my lord duke, I have you." His grace burst into a fit of laughter, and the business of the tithe was quickly and amicably settled.

471.—A sailor, who had been many years absent

from his mother, who lived in an inland county, returned to his native village after a variety of voyages to different parts of the globe, and was heartily welcomed by the good old woman, who had long considered him as lost. Soon after his arrival, the old lady began to be inquisitive, and desirous to learn what strange things her son John had seen upon the mighty deep. Amongst a variety of things that Jack recollected, he mentioned his having frequently seen flying fish. "Stop, Johnny, don't try to impose such monstrous impossibilities on me, child," said his mother; "for, in good troth, I could as soon believe you had seen flying cows; for cows, you know, John, can live out of the water. Therefore, tell me honestly what you have seen in reality, but no more falsehoods, Johnny." Jack felt himself affronted, and turning his quid about, when pressed for more information, he said, prefacing it with an oath, "Mayhap, mother, you won't believe me, when I tell you, that casting anchor once in the Red Sea, it was with difficulty that we hove it up again; which was occasioned, do you see, mother, by a large wheel hanging on one of the flukes of the anchor. It appeared a strange old Grecian to look at, so we hoisted it in; and our captain, do ye mind me, being a scholar, overhauled him, and discovered it was one of Pharaoh's chariot wheels, when he was capsized in the Red Sea." This suited the meridian of the old lady's understanding. "Ay, ay, Johnny," cried she, "I can believe this, for we read of this in the Bible; but never talk to me again of flying fish."

472.—John Horne Tooke's opinion upon the subject of law was admirable. "Law," he said, "ought to be, not a luxury for the rich, but a remed, to be easily, cheaply, and speedily obtained

by the poor." A person observed to him, how excellent are the English laws, because they are impartial, and our courts of justice are open to all persons without distinction. "And so," said Tooke, "is the *London Tavern*, to such as can afford to pay for their entertainment."

473.—When a late Duchess of Bedford was last at Buxton, and then in her eighty-fifth year, it was the medical farce of the day for the faculty to resolve every complaint of whim and caprice into "a shock of the nervous system." Her grace, after inquiring of many of her friends in the rooms what brought them there, and being generally answered for a nervous complaint, was asked in her turn, what brought her to Buxton; "I came only for pleasure," answered the healthy duchess; "for, thank God, I was born before nerves came into fashion."

474.—Dr. Busby, whose figure was beneath the common size, was one day accosted in a public coffee-room, by an Irish baronet of colossal stature, with, "May I pass to my seat, O Giant?" When the doctor politely making way, replied, "Pass, O Pigmy!" "Oh! sir," said the baronet, "my expression alluded to the size of your intellect." "And my expression, sir," said the doctor, "to the size of yours."

475.—None fight with true spirit who are overloaded with cash. A man who had been fortunate at cards, was asked to act as second in a duel, at a time when the seconds engaged as heartily as the principals. "I am not," said he, "the man for your purpose just at present; but go and apply to him from whom I won a thousand guineas last night, and I warrant you that he will fight like any devil."

476.—A master of arts being reduced to extreme poverty, begged some relief of a locksmith, who was at work in his shop. The smith asked him why he had not learned some art to get his bread by, rather than thus to go about begging. "Alas!" replied the scholar, "I am a master of seven." "Of seven!" replied the locksmith, "they must be sorry ones indeed, then, since they are not able to keep you ; for my part, I have only one, as you see, which maintains seven of us ; myself, my wife, and five children."

477.—An Italian bishop had struggled through great difficulties without repining. An acquaintance of his asked him one day if he could communicate to him the secret he had made use of to be always easy. "Yes," replied the prelate, "very easily. It consists of nothing more than making a right use of my eyes, in whatever state I am. I first look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get thither ; I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred. Then I look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are who, in all respects, are more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed ; where all my cares must end ; and how little reason I have to repine or complain."

478.—Swift having paid a visit to Sir Arthur Acheson's country seat, and being, on the morning of his return to his deanery, detained a few minutes longer than he expected at his breakfast, found, when he came to the door, his own man on horseback, and a servant of Sir Arthur's holding the horse he was to ride himself. He mounted, turned the head of his horse towards his man, and

asked him in a low voice, if he did not think he should give something to the servant who held his horse, and if he thought five shillings would be too much. "No, sir, it will not, if you mean to do the thing handsomely," was the reply. The dean made no remark upon this, but when he paid his man's weekly account, wrote under it, "Deducted from this, for money paid to Sir Arthur's servant for doing your business, five shillings."

479.—*The Antiquary.*

If, in this study, he hath so much care
To hang all other strange things, let his wife beware.

480.—*The Eton Montem.*—The origin of this triennial ceremony of the Eton scholars parading to Salt-hill is derived from monkish superstition; friars, in days of yore, having on certain occasions sold consecrated salts to passengers as an antidote against the plague. Two Eton boys, in fancy silk dresses and ostrich feathers, calling themselves salt-bearers, stand on the bridge and exact money from all passengers; the king and royal family contribute—the king generally gives 100 guineas. The collection has exceeded 1000 guineas. The boys appoint a captain and two salt-bearers. The sum collected, after defraying the expenses of a dinner at Salt-hill, *is given to the flag-bearer, who leaves school for college.*

481.—*Toast.—A Sot.*

A toast is like a sot; or, what is most
Comparative, a sot is like a toast;
For when their substances in liquor sink,
Both, properly, are said to be in drink.

482.—*Mayor of Garratt.*—About the year 1750, several persons who lived near that part of Wands-

worth which adjoins Garratt-lane, formed a kind of club, not merely to eat and drink, but to concert measures for removing the encroachments made on that common, and to prevent others from being made in future. As the members were most of them persons in humble circumstances, they agreed to contribute some small matter at every meeting, in order to make up a purse for the defence of their collective rights ; when a sufficient sum was subscribed, they applied to an attorney in that neighbourhood, who brought an action against the encroachers in the name of the president (or, as they call him, the *mayor*) of the club, they gained their suit with costs, the encroachments were destroyed, and ever after the president, who lived many years, was called *the Mayor of Garratt.*

This event happened at the time of a general election, the ceremony, upon every new parliament, of choosing out door members for the borough of Garratt has been constantly kept up, and is still continued, to the great emolument of all the publicans at Wandsworth, who annually subscribe to all incidental expenses attending on this mock election.

483.—*Just in Time.*

A doctor called in Bedford-row,
(It matters not how long ago,)
To see a patient. When he knock'd,
Now only think how he was shock'd,
When instantly the footman said—
"Dear doctor our poor lady's dead."
"Dead ? surely not ; it may by chance
Be nothing but a sleeping trance ;
I'll just walk up and see for certain."
He did so, and undrew the curtain ;

Where laid the lady pale and calm,
The usual guinea in her palm.
"I see," he cried, and took the fee,
"The poor dear soul expected me."

484.—*The Wisdom of a Fool.*—Bishop Hall relates that there was a certain nobleman of his day who kept a fool, to whom he one day gave a staff, (a thing commonly used in walking at that time by all pedestrians, whether rich or poor,) with a charge to keep it till he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself. Not many years after the nobleman fell sick even unto death. The fool came to see him; his sick lord said to him, "I must shortly leave you." "And whither are you going?" asked the fool. "Into another world," replied his lordship. "And when will you come back again? Within a month?" "No." "Within a year?" "No." "When then?" "Never." "Never!" echoed the fool, "and what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment there whither thou goest?" "None at all." "No," exclaimed the fool, "none at all! Here, then, take my staff; for, with all my folly, I am not guilty of any such folly as this."

485.—*Tom and Dick.*

"See how this *pot runs*, look ye, Dick,
A jade to serve us such a trick;
Hang it, I'll blow her up sky high."
"Why, Tom, the *pot don't run*, you lie."
"I say it does; why, look here,
The table's puddled all with beer."
Says Dick, "confound your hasty tongue,
I'll make you own you are in the wrong;
For can't you see, you squabbling sot,
The *beer runs out*, and *not the pot!*"

486.—*The Discovery.*—A gentleman praising the personal charms of a very plain woman before Foote, the latter whispered him, "And why don't you lay claim to such accomplished beauty?" "What right have I to her?" said the other. "Every right, by the law of nations, as *the first discoverer!*"

487.—*A Fellow Feeling.*

In prime of life Tom lost his wife;
Says Dick, to soothe his pain—
"Thy wife, I trow, is long ere now
In Abraham's bosom lain."
"Her fate forlorn with grief I mourn!"
The shrewd dissembler cries;
"For much I fear, by this sad tear,
She'll scratch out Abraham's eyes."

488.—*Novelty.*—At a vestry meeting for the parish of Houghton, Dover, Mrs. Elizabeth Best, the repudiated wife of James Best, Esq., of Chatham, was nominated to serve the office of overseer!

489.—Theophilus Cibber, who was very extravagant, one day asked his father for a hundred pounds. "Zounds, sir," said Colly, "can't you live upon your salary? When I was your age I never spent a farthing of my father's money." "But you have spent a great deal of my father's," replied Theophilus. This retort had the desired effect.

490.—*Pecuniary Foresight.*

If I have bought a horse by chance,
A picture, or a cloak from France—
Straight Gripus, wealthier than a Jew,
My intimate and kinsman too,
Beginning for his purse to fear,
Thus mutters, just to reach my ear—

"I've three-and-twenty pounds to pay
For candles, coals, and beer, to-day ;
My old coach vampt, and harness pierc'd,
Will cost me twenty more at least
Besides, I owe an hundred still
For my late uncle's funeral bill :
And, damme, if I have got a sous
In bank just now, or at my house !"
Oh ! what a man of deep design
Is this same intimate of mine !
Good Jew, 'tis hard enough, God knows,
To shrink when I the loan propose ;
But, ah ! 'tis barbarous ten times more,
To shrink and put me off before.

491.—*Extraordinary Memory.*——Mr. Thomas Fuller, B. D., was famed in the time of the grand rebellion to have a very strong memory, insomuch that he could name in order all the signs on both sides of the way, from the beginning of Paternoster-row, Ave-Maria-lane, to the bottom of Cheapside, and the Poultry, to Stock's market ; and that he could dictate to five several writers at the same time on as many different subjects.

This gentleman making a visit to a committee of sequestrators sitting in Essex, they soon fell into discourse and commendation of his great memory ; to which Mr. Fuller replied, "Tis true, gentlemen, that Fame has given me the report of a memorist ; and if you please I will give you an experiment of it." They all accepted the motion, and said they should look on it as a great obligation ; and, laying aside the business before them, in expectation of the instance, prayed him to begin.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I will give you an instance of my good memory in this particular. Your

worships have thought fit to sequester an honest, but poor parson, my neighbour, from his living, and have committed him to prison. He has a great charge of children, and his circumstances are but indifferent. If you please to release him out of prison, and restore him to his living, I will never forget the kindness while I live."

The well-timed jest had such an influence upon the committee, that they gave immediate orders for the release and restoration of the poor clergyman.

492.—*Proverbial Crosses.*

Prov.—"The more the merrier." *Cross.*—Not so; one hand is enough in a purse.

Prov.—"He that runs fastest gains most ground." *Cross.*—Not so; for then the footmen would possess more land than their masters.

Prov.—"He runs far that never turns." *Cross.*—Not so; he may break his neck in a short course.

Prov.—"No man can call again yesterday." *Cross.*—Yes, he may call till his heart aches though it never comes.

Prov.—"He that goes softly goes safely." *Cross.*—Not so among thieves.

Prov.—"Nothing hurts the stomach more than surfeiting." *Cross*—Yes, lack of meat.

Prov.—"Nothing is difficult to the willing mind." *Cross.*—Yes, to get money.

Prov.—"None are so blind as those who *will not* see." *Cross.*—Yes, those who *cannot* see.

Prov.—"*Nothing* but is *good* for *something*." *Cross.*—Not so; *nothing* cannot be *good* for *anything*.

Prov.—"Money is the source of all comfort." *Cross.*—Not when *making it* brings an *industrious man* to the gallows.

Prov.—"The pride of the rich makes the labour of the poor." *Cross.*—No, the labour of the poor *promotes* the pride of the rich.

Prov.—"The world is a long journey." *Cross.*—Not so; for the sun performs it every day.

Prov.—"Every thing hath an *end*." *Cross.*—Not so; for a ring is *round*.

Prov.—"Virtue is a jewel of great price." *Cross.*—That must be disputed; for, if so, the poor could not possess it.

Prov.—"It is a great way to the bottom of the sea." *Cross.*—How can that be, since it is merely a *stone's throw?*

Prov.—"A friend is best known in adversity." *Cross.*—Not so; for then *no one* is to be found.

493.—*Old, but not Old Enough.*

I laugh at Poll's perpetual pother,
To make me her's for life;
She's old enough to be my mother—
But not to be my wife.

494.—*Love at First sight.*—At the English Opera House, some time since, a gentleman fell suddenly in love with a young lady, who sat with her mother and sister a few seats from him; tearing a blank leaf out of his pocket-book, he wrote with a pencil, "May I inquire if your affections are engaged?" and handed it to her, which she showed to her mother. Shortly afterwards she wrote underneath his question, "I believe I may venture to say they are not; but why do you ask?" and returned him the paper. The gentleman wrote on another leaf, "I love you dearly—I am single—I have £1000 a year—I am not in debt—I have a good house, and only want a good wife to make me completely happy—will you be mine? If you will, I promise

(and with every intention of keeping my word) to be an affectionate, indulgent, and faithful husband to you, and what more can I say?" The young lady was so much pleased with the declaration that they immediately became acquainted, and in the course of four months afterwards he led her, with the consent of her parents, to the hymeneal altar.

495.—*Generosity and Prudence.*

Frank, who will any friend supply,
Lent me ten guineas. "Come," said I,
"Give me a pen, it is but fair,
You take my note:"—quoth he, "Hold there,
Jack! to the cash I've bid adieu,
No need to waste my paper too."

496.—*Fighting when Drunk.*

Who in his cups will only fight—is like
The clock that must be oil'd well ere it *strike*.

497.—*The Secret Betrayed.*—Augustus Cæsar entrusted his friend, Fulvius, with a secret of some moment. He told it his wife; she related it to Livia, and from her it came again to her husband, the emperor. The next morning, Fulvius, as usual, attended to salute the emperor, using the customary term of "Hail Cæsar!" "*Farewell*, Fulvius," returned the emperor, which is what is said to the dying. Fulvius went home, and calling his wife, "Cæsar," said he, "knows I revealed his secret to you, and has sentenced me to die." "And you deserve it," she replied, "you ought to have known a woman's inability to keep a secret; but, however, I will go before you." Having said this, she stabbed herself. So much less pain is there to a woman in death than in keeping a secret.

498.—*The Kiss Repaid.*

Chloe, by thy borrowed kiss,
I, alas! am quite undone;
'Twas so sweet, so fraught with bliss,
Thousands will not pay that one.

Lest the debt should break your heart,
Roguish Chloe smiling cries—
Come, a hundred then, in part,
For the present shall suffice.

499.—The Earl of St. Albans, Secretary to Queen Henrietta Maria in all her misfortunes, found himself at the restoration but in an indifferent condition. Being one day with Charles the Second, when all distinctions were laid aside, a stranger came with an importunate suit for an employment of great value, which was just vacant. The king ordered him to be admitted, and bid the earl personate himself. The gentleman addressed him accordingly enumerated his services to the royal family, and hoped the grant of the place would not be deemed too great a reward. "By no means," replied the earl, "and I am only sorry that, as soon as I heard of the vacancy, I conferred it on my friend there, the earl of St. Albans, (pointing to the king,) who has constantly followed the fortunes both of my father and myself, and has hitherto gone ungratified; but when anything of this kind happens again, worthy your acceptance, pray let me see you." The gentleman withdrew. The king smiled at the jest, and confirmed the grant to the earl.

500.—*An Epitaph.*

God works wonders now and then:
Here lies a *lawyer*, and an *honest man*.

Answered.

This is a mere law quibble, not a wonder:
Here lies a *lawyer*, and—his *client* under.

501.—*A Bad Mechanist.*—Hopkins, the Drury-lane prompter, once recommended to David Garrick a man whom he wished to be engaged as *Mechanist*, to prepare the scenery for a new pantomime. To his application, Garrick returned the following answer:—

"I tell you what, Hopkins, the man will never answer the purpose of the theatre. In the first place, he cannot make a *moon*. I would not give him three-pence for a dozen such *moons* as he showed me to-day; and his *suns* are, if possible, *worse;* besides, I gave him directions about the clouds, and he made such as were never seen since the flood. Desire the carpenter to knock the *rainbow* to pieces, 'tis execrable; his *stars* were the only things tolerable. I make no doubt of his honesty; but until he can make a good *sun*, *moon*, and *rainbow*, I must dispense with his services.

"D. GARRICK."

502.—*The Merry Fellow.*

"I laugh," a would-be sapient cried,
"At every one who laughs at me."
"Good Lord!" a sneering friend replied,
"How very merry you must be."

503.—*Written on a Looking-Glass.*

I change, and so do women too;
But I reflect—*that* women never do.

Answer by a Lady.

If reflected, oh! scribbler, declare,
A faithless man would be bless'd by the fair

504.—*The Inkeeper's Stratagem; or, the Parson Hoaxed.*

Some priests are like a finger-post,
On a cross-road, I've heard say;
They do not go to heaven themselves,
But merely point the way.

Whether with justice, I know not,
But this I know at least,
That in most tales of carnal sin,
The hero is a priest.

In a country town, not far from where
The Ouse's torrent rolls,
A parson dwelt, and in his *see*
Could boast of many *souls*.

And near to where the church did stand,
  There stood an inn as well ;
But *opposite* they stood, forsooth—
  The inn was called the " Bell."

The landlord had most visitors,
  On every day, save one day ;
But what did grieve him now full sore,
  Was seeing few on Sunday.

The parson, every Sabbath morn,
  An anath'ma forth did yell
Against his rival, for, said he,
  " The devil's in the ' Bell.'

And if you ever catch me there—
  The door-sill once beyond—
I'll give you leave to drag me out,
  And after *through the pond.*"

The innkeeper did hear of this,
  And vow'd, by stratagem,
Before another week had pass'd,
  To turn the scales on him.

The landlord had a pretty wife,
  Whom parson Brown had seen ;
And who, because she wouldn't yield
  To him, had wrought his spleen.

By mutual wish they therefore plann'd
  A letter should be sent,
T' invite the parson to her house,
  And there to gain his end.

The letter said,—" Pray come at nine,
  Precise, next Sunday morn ;
There is no danger, dearest, for
  My spouse from home is gone."

On Sunday morn the parson rose
  Right joyously at seven,
And hoped to spend two hours with her,
  And sneak out at eleven.

The landlord, therefore, went from home,
  To get him in his power ;
But charged his wife to move the clock
  Backward at least *one hour*.

The priest came in at nine exact,
  At least, as he believed !
But stared to see it only *eight*,
  But was more joyed than grieved.

Half-past eleven went the clock,
  The congregation come,
" Where is the parson ?" each one cries,
  With wonderment quite dumb.

Up mounts the landlord in his place,
  " The reason I will tell :
Come hence with me—I'll point him out—
  The *devil's in the 'Bell.'* "

All then sought the 'Bell' with him,
  And sure enough each sees,
A-making love to the host's wife,
  The parson, on his knees !

Then all of them caught hold of him,
  According to his bond ;
And, with a rope tied round his waist,
  They *dragg'd him through the pond.*

The landlord, by this scheme, 'tis said,
  Ere many weeks had roll'd,
Had changed their minds so, that his trade
  Increased a hundred fold !

505.—*Mistake of a Gender and Case.*—A gentleman, who was extremely partial to the innocent simplicity of country servants, had been expecting a box from town, from a lady of his acquaintance. One morning as he was sitting at breakfast, his servant came in and said, "She were com." "*She,*" said the gentleman, "that is extraordinary. Show her in immediately." "That winna do," said the servant; "I canna get her in at the gate, she be too large." "Impossible!" replied the master; "what do you mean by too large?" "Why," rejoined the servant, "she be drawn by six horses; she be what they calls the Lunnum waggon." "You blockhead," exclaimed the master, "how could you think of calling her *she?*" "Why, I begs pardon," answered the servant, "I meant no offence—how should I know *she* were a *mon?*"

506.—*Advice to a Berkshire Publican.*

Friend Isaac, 'tis strange you that live so near Bray,
Should not set up the sign of the vicar;
Though it may be an odd one, you cannot but say
It must be the sign of good liquor.

Isaac's Answer.

Indeed, master poet, your reason's but poor,
For the vicar would think it a sin
To stay, like a booby, and launch at the door—
'Twere a sign of bad liquor within.

507.—At the commencement of a public dinner at Guildhall, on Lord Mayor's day, Mr. Chamberlain Wilkes lisped out, "Mr. Alderman Burnell, shall I help you to a plate of turtle, or a slice of the haunch? I am within reach of both."

"Neither one nor the t'other, I thank you, sir,"

replied the alderman, "I think I shall dine on the beans and bacon, which are at this end of the table." "Mr. Alderman A——n, which would you choose, sir?" continued the chamberlain. "Sir, I will not trouble you for either, for I believe I shall follow the example of my brother Burnell, and dine on beans and bacon," was the reply. On this second refusal, the old chamberlain rose from his seat, and with every mark of astonishment in his countenance, curled up the corners of his mouth, cast his eyes around the table, and in a voice as loud and articulate as he was able, called, "Silence!" which being obtained, he then addressed the Prætorian Magistrate, who sat in the chair:—"My Lord Mayor, the wicked have accused us of intemperance, and branded us with the imputation of *gluttony;* that they may be put to open shame, and their profane tongues be from this day silenced, I humbly move that your lordship command the proper officer to record in our annals—*that two aldermen of the city of London prefer beans and bacon to either venison or turtle soup.*"

508.—*Flesh-colour, a good Match.*

A native, just arrived from India's land,
Wish'd to appear gay, buckish, fine, and grand,
Flesh-colour'd stockings he found all the fashion;
So that, as other puppies, he might dash on,
He straight repairing to a hosier's shop,
Flesh colour'd stockings call'd for, like a fop,
The hosier, fonder of his joke than trade,
Of black silk hose a parcel quick display'd.
"How," said the Indian, "Flesh-colour'd I sought,"
And was to a prodigious passion wrought.
The hosier held a pair politely in his hand,
Saying, "A better match you'll find not in the Strand."

509.—*The Gamester.*

"My love," a chiding dame would say,
"You always lose, yet always play:
When will you leave your gambling o'er,
And be the sport of chance no more?"

"Madam," said he, "I'll do it when
You cease coquetting with the men."
"Alas! I see," replied the wife,
"You'll be a gamester all your life."

510.—During the last visit which Dr. Johnson made to Lichfield, the friends with whom he was staying missed him one morning at the breakfast table; on inquiring after him of the servants, they understood he had set off from Lichfield at a very early hour, without mentioning to any of the family whither he was going. The day passed without the return of the illustrious guest, and the party began to be very uneasy on his account, when, just before the supper hour, the door opened, and the doctor stalked into the room. A solemn silence ensued of a few minutes, nobody daring to inquire the cause of his absence, which was at length relieved by Johnson addressing the lady of the house as follows: "Madam, I beg your pardon for the abruptness of my departure this morning, but I was constrained to it by my *conscience.* Fifty years ago, madam, on this day, I committed a breach of filial piety, which has ever since lain heavy on my mind, and has not until this day been expiated. My father, you recollect, was a bookseller, and had long been in the habit of attending Walsall market, and opening a stall for the sale of his books during that day. Confined to his bed by indisposition, he requested of me, this time fifty years ago, to visit the market,

and attend the stall in his place. But, madam, my pride prevented me from doing my duty, and I gave my father a refusal. To do away the sin of this disobedience, I this day went in a post-chaise to Walsall, and going into the market at the time of high business, uncovered my head, and stood with it bare an hour before the stall which my fa- had formerly used, exposed to the sneers of the standers by, and the inclemency of the weather, a penance, by which I have propitiated heaven for this only instance, I believe, of contumacy towards my father."

511.—*Postponement of a Trial.*—A highwayman, named Bolland, confined in Newgate, sent for a solicitor to know how he could defer his trial, and was answered, "By getting an apothecary to make affidavit of his illness." This was accordingly done in the following manner :—"The deponent verily believes, that if the said James Bolland is obliged to take his trial at the ensuing sessions, he will be in imminent danger of his life." To which the learned judge on the bench answered, "That he verily believed so too." The trial was ordered to proceed immediately.

512.—*The Second Samson.*

Jack eating rotten cheese, did say,
"Like Samson, I my thousands slay ;"
"I vow," quoth Roger, "so you do,
And with the self-same weapon too."

513.—*The Happy Thought.*—Among other ve.. tures which were sent to Beunos Ayres after the successes of the British forces, were a considerable number of hearth-rugs. For these, however, as there were no fire-places, no purchasers could be

found, until at length the supercargo of the vessel in which they were hit upon the expedient of placing one of the most showy upon a horse, as a sort of saddle. The hint was immediately taken, the rugs were soon sold off ; and in a few days every horseman was in possession of a *saddle.*

514.—Queen Caroline, consort of George the Second, was remarkable for having the largest feet of any female in the kingdom. One morning, as her majesty was walking on the banks of the river near Richmond, attended only by one lady, venturing too far on the sand, from which the water had recently ebbed, she sunk up to her ankles, and in endeavouring to extricate herself, lost one of her *galloches ;* at that instant the lady observing a waterman rowing by, requested he would land, and recover the queen's *slipper.* The request was instantly complied with, and whilst the son of Old Thames was, with evident marks of astonishment in his countenance, examining its extraordinary size, turning to her majesty, he inquired if that was her slipper. On being answered in the affirmative, he bluntly replied, "Then, I am out of my *reckoning,* for I mistook it for a *child's cradle.*"

515.—*The following Direction to a Letter was sent, some time ago, to a Young Lady, at Edmonton. It ran thus :—*

"Fly, postman, with this letter ; run
To Carter, baker, Edmonton,
To Nancy Carter, there convey it ;
This is the charge—with speed obey it."

"Remember, my blade,
That the postage is paid."

516—*The Poet's Fame.*

"I write for *Fame!*" Tom Tagrhyme cried;
"Fame is my mistress, Fame's my pride!"
"I give thee joy!" return'd a wit,
"For thou the glorious mark hast hit!
To future times, whenever nam'd,
Thy verse for *nonsense* shall be *fam'd*."

517.—A Persian emperor, when hunting, perceived a very old man planting a walnut-tree, and advancing towards him, asked his age. The peasant replied, "I am four years old." An attendent rebuked him for uttering such an absurdity in the presence of the emperor. "You censure me without cause," replied the peasant; "I did not speak without reflection; for the wise do not reckon that time which has been lost in folly and the cares of the world. I therefore consider that to be my real age, which has been past in serving the Deity, and discharging my duty to society." Ths emperor, struck with the singularity of the remark, observed, "Thou canst not hope to see the trees thou art planting come to perfection." "True," answered the sage, "but, since others have planted that we might eat, it is right that we should plant for the benefit of others." "Excellent!" exclaimed the emperor; upon which, as was the custom when any one was honoured with the applause of the sovereign, a purse-bearer presented the old man with a thousand pieces of gold. On receiving them, the shrewd peasant made a low obedience, and added, "O king, other men's trees come to perfection in the space of forty years, but mine have produced fruit as soon as they were planted." "Bravo," said the monarch; and a second purse of gold was presented, when the old man exclaimed, "The trees of others bear fruit only

once a year, but mine have yielded two crops in one day." "Delightful!" replied the emperor ; and a third purse of gold was given ; after which, putting spurs to his horse, the monarch retreated, saying, "Reverend father, I dare not stay longer, lest thy wit should exhaust my treasury."

518.—*The Tread Mill.*

Kate sentenced at the mill to tread,
"Though I may walk in the streets," she said,
"And you may keep your carriage;
I envy not your worship's wife,
Who is with you condemned for life
To the *tread mill* of marriage."

519.—*Singular Defence in a Case of Seduction.*—A painter, who was ugly, stupid and poor, was greatly terrified by a girl who took advantage of these circumstances, and accused him of having seduced her. She demanded that he should marry her, or make a pecuniary compensation for the loss of that virtue which she had, in fact, trafficed with for more than fourteen years. He knew not what to do, and at length resolved to consult an advocate, who was renowned for his successful humour. The poor painter protested that it was he who had been seduced, and offered to explain the manner by a painting which he would display to the court : this novel mode of explanation was, however, rejected. The advocate said, "I will undertake your case on one condition, which is, that you remain quiet in court, and that whatever I may say, you will on no account open that ugly mouth of yours: you understand, and unless you obey, you will be condemned,"

The day arrived, and the cause having been called, the painter's advocate allowed his adversary to declaim amply on the inestimable advantages of mo-

desty—on the protection that ought to be given to the weakness and frailty of the sex; and the artifices and the sneers which everywhere surrounded them, &c.

The painter's advocate then rose, and said, "My lords, I plead for a scarecrow—I plead for a beggar—I plead for a fool (here the painter began to murmur, but the advocate imposed silence on him). To prove to you that he is only fit to be a scarecrow, my lords, I have only to ask you to look at him. To convince you that he is a beggar, I have only to mention that he is a painter. To manifest that he is a fool, I have only to request that the court would interrogate him. These three grand points being established, I reason thus—Seduction can only be effected by money, by wit, or by a good figure. My client cannot have effected the alleged seduction by money, since he is a beggar: he cannot have accomplished it by his wit, since he is a fool: he could not have attained the end by the fascination of a fine person, since he is one of the most ugly of men. From all of which I conclude that he is falsely accused."

These conclusions were admitted, and the painter obtained an unanimous verdict in his favour.

520.—*The Exchange.*

Joan cudgels Ned, yet Ned's a bully;
Will cudgels Bess, yet Will's a cully:
Die Ned and Bess, give Will to Joan,
She dare not say her soul's her own:
Die Joan and Will, give Bess to Ned,
And every day she'll comb his head.

521.—*Bills and Acceptances.*—Two city merchants, conversing on business at the door of the New York Coffee-house, one of them made some

remarks on the badness of the times; and perceiving at the moment a flight of pigeons passing over their heads, he exclaimed, "How happy are those pigeons! they have no acceptances to provide for." To which the other replied, "You are rather in error, my friend, for *they* have their *bills to provide for* as well as we!"

522.—*The Wife the Greatest Trouble.*

In Lincolnshire a grazier dwelt,
A wretch that pleasure never felt,
His daily care, his daily pain,
A hundred cows was to maintain.
Great was his trouble, great his woe,
Sure mortal ne'er was tortured so:
He took a wife, and she, God knows,
Fatigued him more than all his cows.

523.—Mr. Garrick was once present with Dr. Johnson at the table of a nobleman, where, amongst other guests, was one, of whose near connexions some disgraceful anecdote was then in circulation. It had reached the ears of Johnson, who, after dinner, took an opportunity of relating it in his most acrimonious manner. Garrick, who sat next him, pinched his arm, and trod upon his toe, and made use of other means to interrupt the thread of his narration, but all was in vain. The doctor proceeded, and when he had finished the story, he turned gravely round to Garrick, of whom before he had taken no notice whatever,—"Thrice," said he, "Davy, have you trod upon my toe; thrice have you pinched my arm; and now, if what I have related be a falsehood, convict me before this company." Garrick replied not a word, but frequently declared afterwards, that he never felt half so much perturbation, even when he met "his father's ghost."

524.—*Whimsical Direction of a Letter.*

In London, postman, I've a friend,
To whom this letter I would send:
In Spital-fields there is a row,
Named Paternoster, as you know;
'Tis there he dwells, unknown to shame,
James Murray, junior, is his name:
The house is private, front is new,
The number I shall leave to you;
He'll pay the post, for me that's better;
Knock thrice, at least, and leave the letter.

525.—*Effect of Habit.*—A certain poor unfortunate gentleman who was so often pulled by the sleeve by the bailiffs, that he was in continual apprehension of them, and going one day through Tavistock-street, his coat-sleeve, as he was swinging it along in a hurry, happened to catch upon the iron spikes of one of the rails, whereupon he immediately turned about in great surprise, and cried out, "At whose suit, sir?—at whose suit?"

526.—*Valentine sent by a Miser.*

Come, starve with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
Of saving every penny;
And thou shalt labour all thy years,
And vow to heav'n, and melt in tears,
And wretched be as any.

Oh! be my darling Valentine,
And thou shalt never sup or dine,
But guineas keep to weigh them;
And bills as long, thy file shall see,
And thou shalt pause as long as he
Who never means to pay them.

527.—*Dramatic Hardship.*—A young man being announced for the part of *Romeo*, and being engaged to perform all that line of acting, a veteran, in the same company, declared it was very hard. "For," added he, "I have played *Romeo* myself these forty years; and here comes a whipper-snapper of a boy and takes it from me at last."

528.—During the contested election for Devon, between Mr. Bastard and Lord Ebrington, Mrs. ——— and her daughter were walking in the Castle-yard, at Exeter, when Miss having slily mounted a little bit of blue, in opposition to the vote and interest of papa, was accosted by a young friend, with "Dear me! you are not *a Bastard*, are you?" When the former replied, "Indeed, Miss, I am, ask mamma if I a'n't." "Yes, my dear," replied mamma, "I believe you are, but papa must not know it."

529.—*Recipe to keep a person warm the whole winter with a single billet of wood.*—Take a billet of wood of the ordinary size, run up into the garret with it as fast as you can, throw it out of the garret window, run down after it (*not out of the garret window, mind,*) as fast as possible; repeat this till *you are warm*, and as often as occasion may require. It will never fail to have the desired effect, while you are able to use it.

530.—*Whimsical Shop Bill of a Dealer in Marine Stores.*

This is the shop to sell your rags,
Iron, roping, and old bags;
Pewter, copper, lead and brass,
Bottles, phials, and flint glass;
Silver lace, likewise gold,
Flocks and feathers, bought and sold.

Buttons, either gilt or plated,
At the most money here is rated,
Old books, waste paper, and horse hair,
How much you bring I do not care.
N.B. Tailors' shops cleared.

531.—*Irish Simplicity.*—A young woman of Dublin, who was apprehensive of some unhappy effects from an illicit amour which she had for some time carried on with a Dutch sailor, mentioned her situation to a friend of hers, who advised her to place her future offspring to the account of her master, as being the richer man of the two. "I was thinking of that," replied the fair one, "but then you know the child will discover all when it begins to *speak Dutch.*"

532.—*Effects of Champagne.*

Poor Dick, one day, with pain roar'd out,
And swore no pain was like the gout,
Sent for the doctor quickly;
Who, when he came, laugh'd in his face,
And felt no pity for his case,
'Twas only *Champagne*, strictly.

533.—*The Coxcomb.*—A very silly young Irishman, who knew a scrap or two of French, and was excessively vain of his accomplishment, accosted a gentleman in the street with "Quelle heure est-il?" (*i.e.* What is it o'clock?) The gentleman replied in Latin, "Nescio:" (*i.e.* I know not.) "God bless me," said the other, "I did not think it had been so late," and ran off as if on some very important business.

534.—An Irish showman, exhibiting at Eton, pointed out in his box all the crowned heads in the

world ; and being asked by the school-boys, who looked through the glass, which was the emperor, which the pope, which the sultan, and which the great mogul, exclaimed eagerly, "Which you please, young gentlemen, which you please."

535.—*The Usurious Lover.*

You owe me, Iris, thirty kisses,
  Two years have they been over due ;
So pay me now those well-earned blisses,
  The priciple and interest too.

To the first thirty we must add
  Five more for each year, which will 'mount
To forty. Madam, I'd be glad
  If you'd discharge my small account.

So pay me what you owe me, these
  Sweet kisses, you dishonest elf,
Else, as the law provides, I'll seize
  Your body, and so pay myself.

536.—*Retort Courteous.*—Bigaud, the much admired French painter, was as much esteemed for his ready wit, as for his talents as an artist. Though sought after by all as a portrait painter, he was always unwilling to employ his pencil in the service of the ladies of the court,—"For," said he, "if I paint real likenesses they are always dissatisfied, and were I to paint them all handsome, how few of their portraits would bear a resemblance." To one lady in particular, who, whilst she sat to him, complained of the glare of his *colours*, he sarcastically replied, "And yet, madam, *we both* buy at the same shop."

537.—*Impromptu to——, who was angry at my attempting to kiss her.*

Oh ! prithee, lady, pardon me,
If I have done amiss,
In striving on thy blooming cheek
To print a fervent kiss.

I would that thou shouldst rather blame
Those beaming eyes of thine,
That drew me from my wonted path,
To worship at thy shrine.

Although by some I may be deemed
A vain and foolish thing,
Thank heaven ! I am not one of those
Who recklessly would sting.

And though an object might display
A pleasure to mine eye,
Oh ! I shall count that pleasure dross,
If purchased by thy sigh.

Then, prithee, lady, pardon me
If I have done amiss,
In striving on thy blooming cheek
To print a fervent kiss.

538.—*On Peter White.*

Peter White will ne'er go right—
Would you know the reason why ?
Where'er he goes, he follows his nose,
And that stands all awry.

539.—Mr. Fox, after he had arrived at years of maturity, often boasted that, from his earliest infancy, he never failed to do whatever he had an inclination for : two singular instances of which occurred before he was six years old. One day, standing by his father while he was winding up a watch, "I have a great mind to break that watch, papa," said the boy. "No, Charles," replied the father, "that would be foolish." "Indeed, papa," said he, "I must do it." "Nay," answered the father, "if you have such a violent inclination, I won't balk it." On which he delivered the watch into the hands of the youngster, who instantly dashed him it against the floor.

Another time, while he was Secretary of War, having just finished a long despatch, which he was going to send, Charles, who stood near him with his hand upon the inkstand, said, "Papa, I have a mind to throw this ink over the paper." "Do, my dear," said the secretary, "if it will afford you any pleasure." The young gentleman immediately threw

the ink, and the secretary, with great composure, and good humour, sat down to write the despatch over again.

540.—*Light Fingered Jack.*

Jack, who thinks all his own that once he handles,
For practice sake, purloin'd a pound of candles :
Was taken in the fact ; ah ! thoughtless wight,
To steal such things as needs must *come to light.*

541.—*Origin of Tea Drinking.*—About the year 1720, tea was unknown as a beverage in this kingdom, when the mate of an Indiaman having brought some home from China on speculation, gave it to a waterman's apprentice of the name of Burrows, to dispose of for him. The young man, after hawking it about for some days, carried it to a Mr. Lloyd, who kept a *coffee-house* in Lombard Street. Mr. L., out of curiosity, purchased the tea, and the first cup ever made in London was at his house. It is almost needless to mention that this Mr. Lloyd gave his name to the *coffee-house* which still retains it, though removed to the Royal Exchange. Burrows himself, from some lucky chances, rose to opulence, and is still remembered by some old inhabitants of the city.

542.—*The Epicure—A Parody on Shakspeare.*

If lobsters be the sauce for turbot, heap on—
Give me another plate—so that the appetite
May gormandize before the season's out.
That smack again ; it had a luscious relish ;
Oh ! it came o'er my palate like sweet jelly,
That doth accompany a haunch just touch'd,
Stealing and giving odour : enough—no more—
O pampered taste ! how quickly cloy'd thou art,

That, notwithstanding my capacious eye
Is bigger than my paunch, nought enters there,
Of what high price and rarity soever,
But turns to chalk-stone and the gnawing gout,
Even in a minute! such pains do lurk unseen
In dishes season'd high, fantastical.

Twelfth Night.

543.—*How to please your Friends.*—Go to India, stay there twenty years; work hard; get money; save it; come home; bring with you a store of wealth and a diseased liver; visit your friends; make a will; provide for them all; then die: what a prudent, good, generous, kind-hearted, soul you will be!

544.—*Repartee of a Lombardy Lass.*—A girl of Lombardy, running after her she ass, which was in haste to get up to her foal, passed a gentleman on the road; who, seeing her look very buxom, and having a mind to be witty, called out, "Whence do you come, sweetheart?" "From Villejuiff, sir," said she. "From Villejuiff!" answered the gentleman; "Do you know the daughter of Nicholas Gillot, who lives there?" "Very well," replied the girl. "Be so kind, then," said he, "as to carry her a kiss from me!" And throwing his arm round her neck, was about to salute her. "Hold, sir," cried the wench, disentangling herself from his rude embrace; "since you are in such a hurry, it will be better to kiss my donkey, as she will be there some time before me."

545.—*The Deck-oration.*

"Thy diamond necklace, bright and clear,"
Exclaim'd a gallant tar,
"Reminds me of a speech, my dear,
On board a man of war."

"A *speech?*" the wond'ring fair replied,
"Your words want explanation;"
"Nay, frown not, love," the sailor cried,
"It is a——*Deck-oration.*"

546.—*Bishop Thomas's Art of Killing Wives.*—Bishop Thomas, who was a man of great wit and drollery, was observing, at a visitation, that he had been four times married; and, should his present wife die, he declared that he would take another, whom it was his opinion he should survive. "Perhaps, gentlemen," continued the bishop, "you do not know the art of getting quit of wives; I will tell you how I do. I am called a good husband; and so I am, for I never contradict them. But, do you not know that want of contradiction is fatal to women? If you contradict them, that alone is exercise and health, the best medicine in the world for all women; but if you constantly give them their own way, they will soon languish and pine, or become gross and lethargic, for want of exercise."

547.—*Men of Genius not incapable of Business.*—The Duke of Newcastle, being one day engaged in conversation with Sterne, author of Tristram Shandy, and observing that men of genius were unfit to be employed, being generally incapable of business, the wit sarcastically replied, "They are not incapable, my lord duke, but above it. A sprightly, generous horse, is able to carry a pack-saddle as well as an ass, but he is too good to be put to the drudgery."

548.—Comets, doubtless, answer some wise and good purposes in the creation; so do women. Comets are incomprehensible, beautiful, and eccentric; so are women. Comets shine with peculiar splendour, but at night appear most brilliant; so do women.

Comets confound the most learned, when they attempt to ascertain their nature; so do women. Comets equally excite the admiration of the philosopher and of the clod of the valley; so do women. Comets and women, therefore, are closely analagous; but the nature of each being inscrutable, all that remains for us to do is, to view with admiration the one, and, almost to adoration, love the other.

549.—*Royal Anecdotes.*—Mr. Shee, of Pall Mall, had the honour of making suits for an illustrious heir-apparent. The prince being one day at dinner with his royal mother at Buckingham House, his gentleman in waiting entering, said, "Please your royal highness, Shee is come." "What, George!" exclaimed her majesty, "under my very nose! *She* shall not be admitted!" When the same illustrious personage was hunting over Wingfield Plain, he came to a watery lane. Meeting with a countryman, he inquired of him if that was a road? "Yees," answered Hodge, "a road for ducks."

550.—*The Drunken Sailors.*

A parson once, of Methodistic race,
With band new stiffen'd, and with lengthen'd face,
In rostrum mounted, high above the rest,
In long-drawn tones his friends below address'd,
And while he made the chapel roof to roar,
Three drunken sailors reel'd in at the door;
His reverence twigg'd them, baited fresh his trap,
"New converts for old Nick and Co. to nap!"
The poor pew-opener, too, a grave old woman—
Poor! did I say? Oh! how I wrong'd the race—
His honour told me she was rich—ah, rich in grace.
This poor pew-opener, though, thinking right,
As soon as Neptune's sons appear'd in sight,

With a preface of three dismal groans compos'd,
Her lips thus open'd and her mind disclos'd ;
"Ye vicked men, conceiv'd and born in sin,
The gospel gates are open—enter in ;
Come and be sav'd, ye fallen sons of Adam."
At which they all roar'd out, "Oh, dam'me madam,
Your jawing tackle's at its proper pitch,
Come out you swab-fac'd noisy witch,
Go hang yourself you squalling cat,
What humbug rig is this that now you're at ?"
Words like these, utter'd in a sailor's note,
Soon reach'd the man in black, who preach'd by rote ;
And he, tho' a dissenter is what I would remark,
Being no novice, beckon'd to his clerk,
Told the amen-man what to say and do—
Immediately he leaves his pew,
Goes to the sailors to do as he was bid,
Out hauls his 'bacco box, with "Dam'me, take a quid?
What cheer my thundering bucks! how are ye all?
Come in my lads, and give your sins an overhaul!"
The sailors roll'd their quids and turn'd their eyes,
And view'd their banefactor with surprise ;
Swore he was a hearty fellow, "D—n their souls!"
So in they staggering went, cheek by jowl,
Found a snug berth, and stow'd themselves away,
To hear what Master Blackey had to say.
His reverence preach'd, and groan'd, and preach'd again!
And, says my story, it was not in vain ;
The plan succeeding which they had concerted,
They went in sinners, and came out converted.

551.—One afternoon a young gentleman, in a state of inebriety went to a *bath* at the west end of the

town, and falling asleep, *remained* there all *night*. The next morning he was confoundedly vexed at the adventure ; when a wit observed, he had achieved a great honour, being undoubtedly a "*Knight Companion* of the *Bath*."

552.—*By Dr. Doddridge, on his Motto, "Dum Vivimus Vivamus."*

Live while you live—the epicure would say,
And sieze the pleasures of the present day ;
Live while you live—the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views let both united be,
I live in pleasure while I live to *thee*.

553.—*The Antiquity of Heraldry.*—In a small work published in 1721, entitled "The British Compendium, or Rudiments of Honour," is the following passage : "Abel, the second son of Adam, bore his father's coat quartered with that of his mother Eve, she being an heiress, viz. *gules* and *argent ;* and Joseph's coat was *party-pur-pale, argent* and *gules*."

554.—*Time.*

How swift the pinions Time puts on,
To urge his flight away ;
To day's soon yesterday ; anon,
To-morrow is to day.

Thus days, and weeks, and months, and years,
Depart from mortal view ;
As, sadly, through the vale of tears
Our journey we pursue !

Yet grieve not, man, but thus he flies,
He hastes thee to thy rest ;
The drooping wretch that soonest dies
Is soonest with the blest !

555.—Lord Bath owed Lady Bell Finch *half a crown;* he sent it next day, with a wish that he could give her a crown. She replied, that though he could not give her a crown, he could give *a coronet*, and she was very ready to accept it.

556.—What's the best receipt for dying black? "Hanging," said a wag, who overheard the question.

557.—A Roman being about to repudiate his wife, among a variety of other questions from her enraged kinsmen, was asked, "Is not your wife a sensible woman? Is she not handsome? Has she not borne you some fine children?" In answer to all which questions, slipping off his shoe, he held it up, asking them, "Is not this shoe a very handsome one? Is it not quite new? Is it not extremely well made? How then is it that none of you can tell me where it pinches?"

558.—*On a Globe of the World.*

Try ere you purchase; hear the bauble ring;
'Tis all a cheat, a hollow empty thing.

559.—*A Useful Horse.*—A gentleman having a horse that started, and broke his wife's neck, a neighbouring squire told him he wished to purchase it for *his wife* to ride upon. "No," says the other, "I will not sell it; *I intend to marry again myself!*"

560.—The Steam Washing Company, in their advertisement, required a person, amongst other capabilities, to be able "*to manage a number of women.*" This is a qualification which few possess. We wonder if they are to be managed in the *usual* way, or by *steam!*

561.—*An Apology for Fortune.*

Bad fortune is a Fancy; she is just;
Gives the poor hope, and sends the rich distrust.

562.—"Souvre," said Louis the Fifteenth to the commander of that name, "You are getting old; where do you wish to be interred?" "At the foot of your majesty, sire," replied Souvre. This answer disconcerted the monarch, who remained for some time deeply immersed in thought.

563.—*A Heavy Log.*—A lubberly-looking sailor applied to the magistrates of College-street police for a warrant against his captain for striking him.

The complainant said that he had been steward of a vessel from Quebec to Dublin; that the captain had, in the course of the voyage, given him several beatings, of which he had kept a regular log, and would, if he pleased, show it to him.

The magistrate said he should certainly have no objection to see such a curiosity.

The steward accordingly produced a paper, on which were the following items to the credit of the captain:—

June 5.—Wind fair, captain in a *foul* bad humour; only said there was no land like the land of liberty (meaning America), for which captain said he would take the "liberty," to give me a kick in the stern port; did so accordingly, a cruel hard one.

June 7.—Wind changeable; was remarking that the *breeching* of a gun was out of order. Captain desired me to mind my own; at the same time his foot let me know my back was towards him.—*Remarks:* Captain can't bear any one to say his ship ben't the best on the station.

June 25.—Wind S. S. E. Told captain could not grind any more coffee. You can't grind? says he. No, says I. Then what use have you with all them *grinders?* said he; and he knocked out my front tooth.—*Remarks:* Captain would go more than an

arm's length for a joke. D—d fond of puns. I'll *pun-ish* him yet for them.

July 1.—Fine strong breeze ; ship going ten knots an hour ; only told captain the beef was any thing but sound ; he told me I deserved a *sound* threshing for saying so ; said I couldn't let a bit of it into my stomach, as it was as tough as a cable ; then, says he, you shall get your bellyful of a *rope's end ;* captain too smart with an answer ; will make him smart for it.

July 10.—Captain scolding me all day, and gave me a blow on the cheek ; Lord knows captain has too much *jaw* of his own at all times to attempt having any thing to do with another's : I'll make him laugh on the *wrong side of his mouth* for all this ; he sha'n't be always a-letting his hands go *cheek by jowl* with my *chaps :* no *chap* could stand it.

The magistrate, after complimenting the complainant on the ingenuity and novelty of his log-book, desired the clerk to give the steward a summons to his captain to answer the complaint.

564.—*The Question Answered.*

Why is a handsome wife ador'd
By every coxcomb but her lord ?
From yonder puppet-man inquire,
Who wisely hides his wood and wire,
Shows Sheba's queen completeiy drest,
And Solomon in regal vest ;
But view them litter'd on the floor,
Or strung on pegs behind the door,
Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorrain's duke, and prince of Greece.

565.—Munden, during his stay at Brighton, being told that Mrs. Coutts had offered twelve thoussand pounds for Byam House, ejaculated with

surprise, "My wigs and eyes! give ten thousand pounds to *buy a mouse!* what the devil will the woman do next?"

566.—*Riding rusty.*—A gentleman having remarked to a friend, that his majesty's military escort, during his visit to Drury-lane Theatre, had to ride about for five hours in a heavy rain, the latter replied, that it was enough to make the *cuirassiers ride rusty.*

567.—*The Dunce and the Schoolmaster.*

A pedagogue, when faces wry
  Were at him made, was shock'd ;
And in the twinkling of an eye
  His *jaw* at *once* was *lock'd.*

A stupid boy was quite appall'd,
  His task he never saw ;
"Gape in his face," said Bob, "when call'd,
  And tip him a lock'd jaw."

568.—"*Go on.*" "*So we did.*"—Among the first briefs the late Hon. Henry Erskine was entrusted with at the Scotch bar, was one of a defendant in a case of criminal conversation. After opening and proceeding in the defence for a considerable time, in his usual eloquent and easy style, to a court composed of one liquorish old sessional lord, he suddenly dropped into the following curious appeal as a winding up: "My lord, we are amorous, vigorous, and young; we had retired to bed, and were dreaming of dear love's delights, the bedchamber door, my lord, being unlocked, as is usual with us; in the midst of our sweet and pleasing reverie, between asleep and awake, as if by enchantment, we beheld a spirit—a woman, as angel fair—trip up with fairy step to our bed-side. 'Grace was in her steps,

heaven in her eye, in all her gestures dignity and love.' This lovely creature, my lord, o'er whom twenty springs had not yet shed their vernal bloom, standing before us, my lord, in all the luxuriant ripeness of voluptuous youth, we must have been more or less than man, if we could, my lord, have sat up in our bed at such a trying moment, and *only* stared at so sweet a portion of nature's frailty. My lord, consider, could vigorous youth—nay, (with a peculiar turn of his eye towards the bench,) could healthy old age—could flesh and blood withstand so great a temptation?" Here he paused; on which his lordship said, "Mr. Erskine, go on." Erskine gravely replied, "So we did, my lord; and here we now await your lordship's favourable judgment for having done so."

569.—Just about the time that Mr. Sheridan took his house in Saville-Row, he happened to meet Lord Guildford in the street, to whom he mentioned his change of residence, and also announced a change of habits. "Now, my dear lord," said Sheridan, "every thing is carried on in my house with the greatest regularity,—every thing, in short, goes like clock-work." "Ah!" replied Lord Guildford, "tick, tick, tick, I suppose."

570.—*Hope.*

Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here,
Joy has her tears, and transport has her death;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent though strong,
Man's heart at once inspirits and inspires,
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys.
'Tis all our present state can safely bear,
Health to the frame and vigour to the mind,
And to the modest eye chastised delight,
Like the fair summer evening mild and sweet,
'Tis man's full cup—'tis paradise below

571.—General Zeramba had a very long Polish name. The king having heard of it, one day asked him good-humouredly, "Pray, Zeramba, what is your name?" The general repeated to him immediately the whole of his long name. "Why," said the king, "the devil himself never had such a name." "I should presume not, sir," replied the general, "as he was *no relation of mine.*"

572.—Jack Bannister praising the hospitalities of the Irish, after his return from one of his trips to the sister kingdom, was asked if he had ever been at Cork. "No," replied the wit, "but I have seen a great many *drawings* of it."

573.—Sam Foote being scolded severely, on some occasion, by a lady of not the most agreeable temper, he replied, "I have heard of *tartars* and *brimstones;* and, by Jove, madam, you are the *cream* of the one, and the *flower* of the other."

574.—Charles V., who had so long distinguished himself as a persecutor of all who differed from the orthodox faith, appears in his retirement to have come to his senses on the subject of intolerance. He had thirty watches on his table, and observing that no two of them observed the same time, he exclaimed, "How could I imagine that in matters of religion I could make all men think alike!" A servant carelessly entering his cell, threw down all the watches. The emperor laughed, and said, "You are more lucky than I, for you have found the way to make them all go together."

575.—*Unobtrusive Beauty.*

As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright;
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she who meant no mischief, does it all

576.—*Disinterested Attachment.*—A respectable widow had employed a young man, who, by his activity, his correctness, and fidelity, gave her proofs for many years of unquestionable attachment. Desiring to mark her esteem, she offered him her hand and heart; and she lived with him for five years in the happiest union. Lately she announces that she can no longer delay to make a proposition to him, and she requires that he will accept it. The husband having made the promise required, what must have been his astonishment on hearing the following proposition:—My attachment and esteem have but increased during the five years of our union. I wish to complete my gratitude. I am fifty years of age, you are hardly thirty; I am fitter to be your mother than your wife. You shall enjoy a happiness which you are entitled to, that of having a wife of an age suitable to your own, and children, which I cannot give you. Consent to our divorce, and choose a young wife. I give you up the half of my fortune. Do not refuse: I shall be amply recompensed for my sacrifice by the satisfaction of being a witness of your happiness, and that of your family. The husband having in vain refused to accede to so strange a proposition, at last accepted it with a gratitude proportioned to the benefit conferred. He lives at present with a young wife, whom his former spouse assisted him to choose; and the latter, far from repenting her determination, enjoys the satisfaction of having formed the happiness of a couple, who, on their part, entertain for her a truly filial tenderness.

577.—*Short Commons.*—At a shop window in the Strand there appears the following notice:—"Wanted *two* apprentices, who will be treated as *one* of the family."

578.—*The Masquerade.*

"To this night's masquerade," quoth Dick,
"By pleasure I am beckoned,
And think 'twould be a pleasant trick
To go as Charles the Second."

Tom felt for repartee a thirst,
And thus to Richard said,
"You'd better go as Charles the First,
For that requires no head."

579.—What do you consider Madame Vestris's *forte?* said a musical amateur to a fashionable punster." "I consider her *fort* by no means *impregnable,*" said the wag : "it is certainly rather deficient in *breast-work.*"

580.—*The Touchstone.*

A fool and knave, with different views,
For Julia's hand apply ;
The knave to mend his fortune sues,
The fool to please his eye.

Ask you how Julia will behave ?
Depend on't for a rule,
If she's a fool she'll wed the knave,
If she's a knave, the fool.

581.—*The Amorite and Hittite.*—Two Jews were distinguished, one for his skill in pugilism, the other for his fondness of the fair sex. A gentleman being asked to what *tribe* they belonged, answered, "I don't know ; had they not been Jews, I should have supposed one of them to be an *Amorite* and the other a *Hittite.*

582.—*Cupid's Corporal a General Lover.*—Corporal James Geer, of the Guards, and Hannah Clarke, a damsel "almost at fainting under that pleasing punishment which women bear," (as our immortal bard saith of ladies in certain delicate situations,) were brought before the magistrates by the overseer of St. Martin's parish, with a view to obtain an order of affiliation upon the said corporal.

Previous to the administration of the oath to the lady, the clerk of the overseers begged to observe, that she was a very dissolute sort of person, and richly deserving of punishment; for she had boasted in the workhouse, that the father of her first child was a *private!* the father of her second was a *corporal!* and the father of her next should be a *serjeant!* and it was remarked, that at this rate she

might go on even to the commander in chief, if she was not stopped.

Hannah did not deny having made this prolific boast; on the contrary, she held down her head in silence; and the magistrate commented severely on her shameless incontinence.

The oath having been administered to her, she declared Corporal Geer to be the man who had conquered her virtue in this instance, and his worship asked Corporal Geer what he had to say to it.

Corporal Geer placed his thumbs down the seams of his trowsers, turned out his toes, drew himself up to the "*attention!*" point, and said he did not know what to say to it—these *accidents* would happen sometimes.

"Then all you have to do," observed the magistrate, "is to give sureties to the parish officers, in order that they may not suffer by your *accident*. You must procure two housekeepers to be bail for you.

Corporal Geer said he could not procure *one*.

"Then you must go to prison," said his worship.

The serjeant in attendance, officially, said the corporal was in a very awkward predicament; for he had already *several* affairs of the same kind on his hands; and within the last three weeks he had "*married* ONE of his ladies."

"Why, really, corporal, you ought to be ashamed of your conduct!" said one of the magistrates.

"So I am, sir," replied the corporal; "but what can I do, sir? I have made one of 'em all the amends I can—by marrying of her."

"Yes, you marry one, and leave the children of the others to starve, or to be maintained by the public."

The corporal in reply muttered something about *marrying them all*, if the law would let him; and

the children, be they as many as they might, should all share alike, whatever he had.

The serjeant said he had no bail to offer, nor would the regiment interfere; and therefore the corporal was committed to prison to await the order of sessions.

583. *The Law and the Prophets.*—An old lady somewhat evangelical, hearing her son slip out an oath on a Sunday, exclaimed, "My dear Richard, what are you about? What can you think of the law and the prophets?" "What do I think of them?" said he, "why, I think *the law pockets the profits most infernally.*"

584.—*A Spiritless Wife.*

"Is my wife *out of spirits?*" said Jack, with a sigh,
As her voice of a tempest gave warning;
"Quite *out*, sir, indeed," said the man in reply,
"For she emptied the bottle this morning."

585.—*The Irish Weddings.*—It is said that an affair of an extraordinary nature occurred lately in the county of Wicklow, which is likely to furnish matter for discussion in one of our law courts. The parties are exceedingly respectable, and it is to be lamented that the occurrence has plunged two families into inexpressible grief. Two marriages took place; the two brides were escorted by their admiring grooms on the wedding-day to an hotel not far from town: they dined, took tea, supped, and then the ladies retired. The gentlemen unfortunately sacrificed a little too freely to the *jolly god*, and on retiring to bed, each entered the wrong apartment. So, indeed, says the Freeman's Journal; but, for our own parts, we should be happy to learn *which* of the gods, after quitting the shrine of Hymen, the *ladies* had paid their devotions to, not

to have prevented so *curious* a mistake ! We in charity presume that Somnus had thrown his drowsy mantle over them, and who, by the way, is not, in general, the deity a young lady would select as a substitute for love on her bridal night.

586.—*Epitaph on an Innkeeper at Exon.*

Life's an inn, my house will show it,
I *thought* so once, but now I *know* it.
Man's life is but a winter's day ;
Some only *breakfast* and away ;
Others to *dinner* stay, and are full fed ;
The oldest man but *sups*, and then to *bed*.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day !
He who goes *soonest* has the least to pay.

587.—Mr. Fox supped one evening with Edmund Burke at the Thatched House, where they were served with dishes more elegant than substantial. Charles's appetite being rather keen, he was far from relishing kickshaws that were set before him, and addressing his companion, "These dishes, Burke," said he "are admirably calculated for your palate, they are both *sublime and beautiful.*"

588.—President Washington was the most punctual man in his observances of appointments ever known to the writer. He delivered his communications to Congress at the opening of each session in person. He always appointed the hour of twelve at noon for this purpose ; and he never failed to enter the hall of Congress while the State-House clock was striking that hour. His invitations to dinner were always for four o'clock, M. T. He allowed five minutes for the variations of time-pieces, and he waited no longer for any one. Certain lagging members of Congress sometimes came in when dinner was nearly half over. The writer has heard the

President say to them with a smile, "Gentlemen, we are too punctual for you: I have a cook who never asks whether the company has come, but whether the hour has come."

589.—*The World.*

The world's a book, writ by the eternal art
Of the great Author: printed in man's heart;
'Tis falsely printed, though divinely penn'd,
And all the *errata* will appear at th' *end*.

590.—A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work. His friend looking at the figure, exclaimed, "You have been idle since I saw you last." "By no means," replied the sculptor; "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "but these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo; "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

591.—*An Orangewoman.*—A certain witty judge, having heard that Miss Nugent was brought up to vote for Mr. Sutter, of Orange notoriety, and being shown the printed list of candidates, on which, under the statute of King William, was written, "Good men in bad times." "Ay, bad times indeed," said his lordship, "when the daughter of a respectable man like Mr. Nugent is compelled to turn *Orangewoman*."

592.—*Sir Thomas More.*—"After he was beheaded, his trunke was interred in Chelsey-church; his head was fixed on London bridge. There goes this story in the family, viz., that one day, as one

of his daughters was passing under the bridge, looking on her father's head, said she, 'That head has layne many a time in my lappe, would to God it would fall into my lappe as I pass under ;' she had her wish, and it did fall into her lappe, and is now preserved in a vault in the cathedral church of Canterbury. The descendant of Sir Thomas is Mr. More of Chelston, in Hertfordshire, where, among a great many things of value plundered by the soldiers, was his chap, which they kept for a relique. Methinks 'tis strange that all this time he is not canonized, for he merited highly of the church."

593.—*Procrastination.*

When sloth puts urgent business by,
To-morrow's a new day, she'll cry ;
And all her morrows prove it true,
They're never used, and therefore new.

594.—One Terence M'Manus, in the north of Ireland, lately taken up for sheep-stealing, wrote an account of the same to his friend, in the following words :—"As we wished to have some mutton to our turnips, we went to Squire Carroll, who had more sheep than is neibors ; they were very wilde, and the pastur very large, and we were obliged to take a new method to entice them by force to come near us. As this method may be of some service to you to no, I think it my duty to tell you of it : Pat Duggon and me wrapt ourselves up in hay, and as the sheep came round to ate it, we cut their throats. But a sarch being made, five quarters belonging to two of them was found in my cabin."

595.—"How does your new-purchased horse *answer ?*" said the late Duke of Cumberland to George Selwyn. "I really don't know," replied George, "for I never *asked him a question.*"

596.—*Equality.*

I dream'd, that buried in my fellow clay,
Close by a beggar's side I lay:
And as so mean a neighbour shock'd my pride
Thus, like a corse of consequence, I cried—
"Scoundrel, begone! and henceforth touch me not:
More manners learn, and at a distance rot."
"How! scoundrel!" in a haughtier tone, cried he,
"Proud lump of dirt, I scorn thy words and thee:
Here all are equal; now thy case is mine;
This is my rotting-place, and that is thine."

597.—Crebillon was unfortunate in his family. His wife was suspected of infidelity, and his son was licentious in his writings and in his conduct. His enemies gave out that his plays were written by a brother of his, who was a clergyman. As a proof of this, they said that his brother at his death had finished four acts of *Catiline*, and that Crebillon himself was obliged to add the fifth, which is very inferior to the rest, and condemned the play. One day he was saying in a company, in which his son was present, "I have done two things in my life which I shall always repent—my *Catiline* and my son." "And yet, sir," said his son, "there are many persons who affirm that you are the author of neither."

598.—*Miles Fleetwood, Recorder of London.*—"When King James came into England, he made his harangue to the city of London, wherein was this passage: 'When I consider your wisdom, I admire your wealth.' It was a two-handed rhetorication; but the citizen tooke it all in the best sense. He was a very severe hanger of highwaymen, so that the fraternity were resolved to make an exam-

ple of his worship, which they executed in this manner :—They lay in wayte for him not far from Tyburne, as he was to come from his house in Buckinghamshire; had a halter in readinesse, brought him under the gallows, fastened the rope about his neck, his hands tyed behind him, (and his servants bound,) and then left him to the mercy of the horse, which he called Ball. So he cried, 'Ho, Ball! Ho, Ball!' and it pleased God that his horse stood still till somebody came along, which was halfe an houre or more. He ordered that his horse should be kept as long as he would live, which was so."

599.—A person had been relating many incredible stories, when Professor Engel, who was present, in order to repress his impertinence, said, "But, gentlemen, all this amounts to but very little, when I can assure you that the celebrated organist, Abbe Vogler, once imitated a thunder storm so well, that for miles round all the milk turned sour."

600.—A barrister entered the hall with his wig very much awry, of which he was not at all apprized, but was obliged to endure, from almost every observer, some remark on its appearance, till at last addressing himself to Mr. Curran, he asked him, "Do you see any thing ridiculous in this wig?" The answer instantly was, "Nothing but the head."

601.—Mr. Curran was once asked, what an Irish gentleman, just arrived in England, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue. "I suppose," replied the wit, "he's trying to *catch the English accent.*"

602.—A certain young clergyman, modest, almost to bashfulness, was once asked by a country apothecary, of a contrary character, in a public and crowded assembly, and in a tone of voice sufficient

to catch the attention of the whole company, "How it happened that the patriarchs lived to such extreme old age?" To which question he immediately replied, "Perhaps they took no physic."

603.—An officer who was quartered in a country town, being once asked to a ball, was observed to sit sullen in a corner for some hours. One of the ladies present, being desirous of rousing him from his reverie, accosted him with, "Pray, sir, are you not fond of dancing?" "I am very fond of dancing, madam," was the reply. "Then why not ask some of the ladies that are disengaged to be your partner, and strike up?" "Why, madam, to be frank with you, I do not see one handsome woman in the room." "Sir, yours, *et cetera*," said the lady, and with a slight courtesy left him, and joined her companions, who asked her what had been her conversation with the captain. "It was too good to be repeated in prose," said she; "lend me a pencil, and I will try to give you the outline in rhyme."

"So, sir, you rashly vow and swear,
You'll dance with none that are not fair.
Suppose we women should dispense
Our hand to none but men of sense."
"Suppose! well, madam, pray what then?"
"Why, sir, *you'd never dance again*."

604.—The emperor Rodolphus Austriacus being at Nuremberg upon public business, a merchant came before him with a complaint against an innkeeper, who had cheated him of a bag of money which he had deposited in his hands, but which the other denied ever having received. The emperor asked what evidence he had of the fact; and the merchant replied, that no person was at all privy to the affair but the two parties. The em-

peror next inquired what kind of a bag it was; and when the merchant had described it particularly, he was ordered to withdraw into the next room. The emperor was about to send for the innkeeper, when, fortunately, the man came himself just in time, with the principal inhabitants of the place, to wait upon his majesty. The emperor knew him very well; and as Rodolphus was very pleasant in his manner, he accosted him familiarly, saying, "You have a handsome cap, pray give it to me, and let us exchange." The innkeeper, being very proud of this distinction, readily presented his cap; and his majesty soon after retiring, sent a trusty and well-known inhabitant of the city to the wife of the host, saying, "Your husband desires you would send him such a bag of money, for he has a special occasion for it; and by this token he has sent his cap." The woman delivered the bag without any suspicion, and the messenger returned with it to the emperor, who asked the merchant if he knew it, and he owned it with joy. Next the host was called in, to whom the emperor said, "This man accuses you of having defrauded him of a bag of money committed to your trust; what say you to the charge?" The innkeeper boldly said, "It was a lie, or that the man must be mad, for he had never any concerns with him whatever." Upon this the emperor produced the bag; at the sight of which the host was so confounded, that he stammered out a confession of his guilt. The merchant received his money, and the culprit was fined very heavily for his guilt, while all Germany resounded in praise of the sagacity of the emperor.

605.—A very talkative lady received a visit from a gentleman, who was introduced to her as a man of great taste and learning. She, in order to court

his admiration, displayed her knowledge and her wit with an unceasing rapidity. Being asked her opinion of her new acquaintance, she said she was never more charmed with the company of any man. A general laugh ensued ; the gentleman was dumb, and had kept up the conversation only with nods and smiles.

606.—A man, who was on the point of being married, obtained from his confessor his certificate of confession. Having read it, he observed that the priest had omitted the usual penance. "Did you not tell me," said the confessor, "that you were going to be married ?"

607.—Father Jackson, a Jesuit, was a missionary at the isle Ouessant. After having particularly instructed the chief of these islanders, he was made priest and rector of the island. He went every year to Brest, in November or December, to make his purchases, and above all to buy an almanack, his precious and only guide to the day of the month on which the moveable feasts fell. One year, the weather was so bad, that it was impossible for him to embark before the end of March, yet still they were enjoying flesh days in the island by the example of their rector, while all the rest of Christendom was fasting. At last our pastor goes to Brest, where he learns that it is Passion week, and having provided himself with every thing, he returns home On the Sunday following, he gets up in his pulpit and announces to his flock the involuntary error he has committed ; "But," he adds, "the evil is not much, and we'll soon catch the rest of the faithful. That all may be in rule, the three flesh days shall be to-day, to-morrow, and Tuesday ; the day following shall be Ash-Wednesday ; the rest of the

week we'll fast; and on Sunday we'll sing Hallelujah."

608.—Two Irish seamen being on board a ship of war that was lying at Spithead, one of them, looking on Haslar Hospital, observed, "How much that building puts me in mind of my father's stables." "Arrah, my honey," cries the other, "come with me, and I will show you what will put you in mind of your father's house." So saying, he led him to the pig-sty; "There," said he, "does not that put you in mind of your father's parlour?"

609.—Some one seeing a beggar in his shirt, in winter, as brisk as another muffled up to the ears in furs, asked him how he could endure to go so? The man of many wants replied, "Why, sir, you go with your face bare; I am all face." A good reply, for a regular beggar, whether taken in a jocose or a philosophical sense.

610.—Peter the Great was jealous to fury. He once broke to pieces a fine Venetian glass in one of his frenzies, saying to his wife, "You see it needed but one blow of my arm to make this glass return to the dust whence it came!" Catherine answered, with her natural gentleness and sweetness, "You have destroyed the finest ornament in your palace; do you think you have made it more splendid?"

611.—When it was debated about sending bishops to America, much was said pro. and con. One gentleman wondered that any one should object to it. "For my part," said he, "I wish all our bishops were sent to America."

612.—An Irishman telling what he called an excellent story, a gentleman observed, he had met with it in a book published many years ago. "Confound these ancients," said Teague, "they are always stealing one's good thoughts."

613.—*The King and the Courtier.*—A king, a courtier, and other persons, being thrown by shipwreck upon a strange land, from which there was no hope of returning, the inhabitants, after relieving them, asked them what they could do for the common good. Some of them said they could help in this and that business; others, that they possessed this and that amusing art; and occupation was given them accordingly. The king and courtier, who had not opened their lips, being then examined, the king replied, that his talent lay in wearing something particular on his head, costing fifty times as much as a dozen great families, and looking extremely majestic on holidays; all which, he said, procured a great deal of comfort to a nation, and equal respect from its rivals. He added, that it was part of his business to beget similar great men for the benefit of his country; and that this branch of his possession was a privilege confined to his family. Being asked if his family were as remarkable for their health as their other virtues, he said with an aspect of great dignity, that the offspring of the most diseased or oldest gentleman of his race was more desirable for the state, than that of the healthiest or finest of any other. The people, after an involuntary pause, during which they conferred a little with each other, turned to the courtier, who said, that for his part, it was his business to add splendour to his majesty the king, which he did chiefly by putting on his clothes for him, making him low bows, and having a very large estate. The people, who were a very humane race, listened to the king and the courtier with extreme mildness and gravity, taking them in fact for a couple of madmen; for they had been a flourishing nation for many centuries without any officers of that kind,

and could have no conception of such extraordinary utilities. They therefore consigned the king to apartments in a hospital for invalids, and continued the courtier with him in his usual capacity.

614.—*Reason or no Reason.*—When Mahomet pretended that he had received his Koran from heaven, and yet refused to give any proofs of it but such as were to be found in the book itself, an Arabian asked him why he might not believe in the Christian books by the same reason. "You have nothing to do with reason in such matters," answered Mahomet, "and I'll tell you why." "Nay," returned the other, "you have no right to give me a reason against reason itself. Either you must allow me to be of any religion I please, for no reason at all; or we must reason about the matter at last."

615.—*On the same Subject.*—Mahomet meeting the same Arabian one day after the above argument said to him with a sarcastic air, "So, you think that reason settles every thing! What is the reason that you lost your camels the other day, and that there is such a thing in the world as theft?" "I never said," replied the Arabian, "that reason settled every thing; but it does not follow, that I am to admit any thing you please to tell me. This were to lose my reason as well as my camels; and I allow I see no reason for that."

616.—*The Wonderful Physician.*—One morning at daybreak a father came into his son's bedchamber, and told him that a wonderful stranger was to be seen. "You are sick," said he, "and fond of great shows: Here are no quack-doctors now nor keeping of beds. A remarkable being is announced all over the town, who not only heals the sick, but makes the very grass grow; and what is more, he is to rise out of the sea." The boy, though he was

of a lazy habit, and did not like to be waked, jumped up at hearing of such an extraordinary exhibition, and hastened with his father to the door of the house, which stood upon the sea-shore. "There," said the father, pointing to the sun, which at the moment sprung out of the ocean like a golden world, "there, foolish boy, you who get me so many expenses, with your lazy diseases, and yourself into so many troubles, behold at last a remedy, cheap, certain, and delightful. Behold at last a physician, who has only to look in your face every morning at this same hour, and you will be surely well."

617.—"Why glitters gold upon the most prominent station of our cathedral?" asks Mr. Brown of Parson Birch. "Why," replies the divine, with much simplicity, "it is the *highest object* of the church."

618.—*A Considerate Husband.*—A man of the name of Marley was sentenced to be hanged at the last assizes, for stealing a mare, but has since been respited. Marley's contrivance to make money, during the few days he had to live, deserves to be recorded for its novelty and ingenuity. He actually made application to be permitted to perform the office of executioner on a person who was to suffer before him, stating, "he would earn thereby a certain sum; and if the favour was granted him, of allowing his wife to hang himself, he was sure she would do it as well and as *tenderly* as any person that could be found; and the creature," he said, "would then have, by the produce of *both* jobs, wherewithal to pay her rent."

619.—A lady some time back, on a visit to the British Museum, asked the person in attendance if they had a *skull of Oliver Cromwell?* Being answered in the negative, "Dear me," said she, "that's very strange; *they have one at Oxford.*"

620.—The following was lately extracted from a provincial paper: "Wanted, a footman and housemaid, who can neither *write* nor *read writing*. The advertiser is induced to make this application through a newspaper, as he has not been able to meet with such *qualifications;* and having suffered much inconvenience from his letters, notes and papers being inspected by his servants; afterwards becoming the conversation of the servant's-hall, and, in course the whole village. None need apply who have been at a writing-school."

621.—*Brute Sagacity.*—A circumstance was related to us when a boy, by a person who, like Cobbett, was once a serjeant in the army, and which we never recollect to have seen in print. This individual served at one time in Gibraltar. There are a good many goats that scramble about within the precincts of the garrison; and at one point of the huge rock there is a goat-road leading down to the water's edge. This imperceptible track, however, is so excessively narrow, that only one goat can travel by it at a time, while even a single false step, or the slightest attempt to run to the right or the left, would infallibly precipitate the bearded traveller from the top to the bottom. It happened that one goat was going down while another happened be ascending the path, and the two meeting in the middle, instinctively, and not without fear and trembling, made a dead stop. To attempt to turn aside was instant death, and although the topmost goat could have easily pushed his brother out of the way, he was too generous to take such an advantage. At last, after deep cogitation and much deliberation, they hit upon a scheme which even man, with all his boasted wisdom, could not have surpassed; that is, the one goat lay quietly and cautiously down on all

fours, and allowed the other to march right over his body, to the great delight of the persons who witnessed this singular dilemma.

622.—*Lord Chancellor Hyde.*—Bishop Burnet relates, that the father of Hyde, when he first became known at the bar, took him aside one day and spoke as follows: "Men of your profession are apt to stretch the prerogative too far, and injure liberty. I charge you never to sacrifice the laws and liberty of your country to your own interest or the will of your prince. This honest charge he repeated twice, and immediately fell into a fit, of which he died in a few hours.

623.—*The most diligent Bishop.*—Now I would ask a strange question: Which is the most diligent Bishop in all England? Methinks I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. I will tell you; it is SATAN! He is the most skilful preacher of all others: he is never out of his diocese; never out of his cure; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth watch at all times—ye shall never find him out of the way; call when you will, he is ever at home. But some will say to me, "What, sir, are ye so privy of his counsel that ye know all this to be true?" "Truly, I know him too well, and have obeyed him a little too much; but I know, by St. Paul, who saith of him, *Circuit*, he goeth about in every corner of his diocese—*sicut leo*, that is, strongly, boldly, and proudly;—*rugiens*, roaring, for he letteth no occasion slip to speak or roar out;—*quærens*, seeking, and not *sleeping*, as our bishops do. So that he shall go for my money, for he minds his business. Therefore, ye unpreaching prelates, if ye will not learn of good men, for shame learn of the devil.

624.—A street in Trowbridge has been named *Heavenly*-street, from seven persons of the name of *Angel*, two of the name of *Church*, four of the name of *Parsons*, and one of the name of *Clerk*, residing in it.

625.—*Military Bon-Mot.* The cautious conduct of a commander of the Allied Army at the battle of Fontenoy, called forth the ridicule of his friends, and procured him the jocular appellation of *The Confectioner;* for, being asked why he did not move forward to the front with more rapidity, he replied, "I am *preserving* my men."

626.—It was said of Boulter (a better sort of highwayman, that one day riding on horseback, on the high road, he met a young woman who was weeping, and who appeared to be in great distress. Touched with compassion, he asked what was the cause of her affliction; when she told him, without knowing who he was, that a creditor, attended by a bailiff, had gone to a house which she pointed out, and had threatened to take her husband to prison for a debt of thirty guineas. Boulter gave her the thirty guineas, telling her to go and pay the debt, and set her husband at liberty; and she ran off, loading the honest gentlemen with benedictions. Boulter, in the mean time, waited on the road till he saw the creditor come out; he then attacked him, and took back the thirty guineas, besides every thing else he had about him.

627.—*Conjugal Tenderness.*—After the fatal duel between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun, in which both fell mortally wounded at the first exchange of shots, the body of the latter was conveyed to his own house in Gerrard-Street. The only sensation his lady is said to have felt on the occasion, was extreme displeasure that the bloody corpse

of her husband should have been flung upon her "best bed," to the great detriment of her splendid counterpane and furniture.

628.—A boy having run away from school to go to sea, his friends wrote to him, "That death would be perpetually staring him in the face;" to which he replied, "Well, what of that? every ship is provided with *shrouds*."

629.—An amorous youth and a blooming damsel, within one hundred miles of Ulverston, having resolved to tie the matrimonial noose, had the banns published; but the sighing swain, finding himself deficient in the "needful," canvassed all his friends for a supply, but in vain. Not to be driven from his purpose by trifling discouragement, he ordered the bride and her friends to repair to church, while he again scoured the town for cash. Finding his second application equally as unsuccessful as his first, he resolutely enlisted into the Lancashire Militia, got married with part of the bounty, handed the rest to the smiling bride, and thus became a son of Mars and a disciple of Hymen at the same time.

630.—*Dr. Young and his Booksellers.*—Tonson and Lintot were both candidates for printing a work of Dr. Young's. The poet answered both letters the same morning, but misdirected them. In these epistles he complains of the rascally cupidity of each. He told Tonson that Lintot was so great a scoundrel, that printing with him was out of the question; and writing to the latter, decided that Tonson was an old rascal, but, &c., and then makes the election in his favour.

631.—A ludicrous scene took place lately. As one of the itinerant showmen was passing through Long-lane to Smithfield, the axle-tree of his caravan broke, and discharged his cargo into the street.

Several monkeys were instantly seen running in different directions, one of which took refuge in a cook-shop, to the no small discomfiture of the master cook and his hungry guests. *Pug*, without waiting to examine the bill of fare, placed himself by a dish of ready-sliced plum-pudding, and, *sans ceremonie*, helped himself; and all remonstrance on the part of the cook could not persuade him to relinquish his delicious repast, until his master, by force of *arms*, dislodged him from the luxurious banquet.

632.—A lady, the other day, was asked by an envious female acquaintance, her age. "Really," said she, "I do not know, but I must be about thirty." "It is very extraordinary," replied the other with a sneer, "that you do not know your age." "I never count my years," said the lady; "I am not afraid of losing a single year; none of my female friends will rob me of one."

633.—*Dr. Johnson's Scale of Liquors.*—Claret for boys,—Port for men,—Brandy for heroes. "Then," said Mr. Burke, "let me have claret; I love to be a boy; to have the careless gaiety of boyish days." Johnson replied, "I should drink claret too, if it would give me that; but it does not: it neither makes boys men, nor men boys. You'll be drowned by it before it has any effect upon you."

634.—*Expensive gallantry.*—Among the *facetiæ* of Charles the Second's days, it was the custom, when a gentleman drank a lady's health as a toast, by way of doing her greater honour, to throw some part of his dress into the fire, an example which his companions were bound to follow, by consuming the same article of their apparel, whatever it might be. An acquaintance perceiving at a tavern dinner that

Sir Charles Sedley (the gay licentious wit and versifier) had a very rich lace cravat, when he named his toast, committed his cravat to the flames, as a burnt offering to the temporary divinity; and Sir Charles was of course obliged, along with the rest, to do the same. He complied with good humour, saying it was a good joke, but that he would have as good a one some time. Accordingly, at a subsequent meeting of the same party, he toasted Nell Gwynne; and calling in a tooth-drawer he had in waiting, made him draw a decayed tooth which it was a blessing to lose. His companions begged him to be merciful, and wave the custom; but he was inexorable, and added to their mortification by repeating, "Patience, patience, gentlemen, you know you promised I should have my frolic too."

635.—*Thrale's Entire.*—On the death of Mr. Thrale, it was believed that Dr. Johnson wanted to wed his rich widow, and "An Ode to Mrs. Thrale, by Samuel Johnson, L.L.D., on their approaching nuptials," was published by the wags, of which the following is a specimen:—

"If e'er my finger touch'd the lyre
In satire fierce, in pleasure gay,
Shall not my THRALIA'S smiles inspire?
Shall SAM refuse the sportive lay?

My dearest lady, view your slave;
Behold him as your very scrub,
Eager to write, as author grave,
Or govern well the brewing-tub.

To rich felicity thus rais'd,
My bosom glows with amorous fire;
Porter no longer shall he prais'd,
'Tis I myself am *Thrales Entire.*"

636.—*Anecdote of the Court.*—When his Majesty was in Edinburgh, and after he had held the levee, dressed, out of compliment to his northern subjects, "in the garb of old Gaul;" it became a matter of etiquette discussion, whether or not it would be proper to hold the drawing-room in the same uniform of plaid and kilt. The Peeresses and other ladies held a council upon the subject, at which opinions ran almost universally against this mode of adorning the Royal Person. It was observed, however, that Lady H——— had said nothing, and as she has great influence, her judgment was solicited. "Why," replied she, "I am sorry, ladies, to differ so much from all your sentiments; but it does appear to me that, as his Majesty is to stay so short a time with us, we ought certainly to see as much of him as we can."

637.—*Curious Anecdote.*—Mr. Coke, of Longford, (brother to Mr. Coke of Norfolk,) is the father of several accomplished daughters. One of the tenants on his estate, a young farmer of superior attainments, had become in arrears for his rent; his landlord expostulated with him on the subject, and hinted that, with his handsome person, he might easily obtain a wife among some of his richer neighbours, that would soon enable him to pay off his arrears, and place him in better circumstances. The young farmer listened, looked thoughtful, and departed. In a few days he returned, and told his landlord he had been reflecting seriously on their last conversation, and would follow his counsel. At this interview one of the daughters of his wealthy landlord was present. In a short time afterwards it was discovered that John Greensmith (the name of the young farmer) had effectually taken the hint, and, by an elopement

to Gretna-Green, had become the dutiful son-in-law of the gentleman who had thus, unwittingly, bestowed upon him his sage advice.

638.—*Curious Dialogue.*—"Where the —— do you come from?" said Wilkes to a beggar in the Isle of Wight. "From the lower regions." "What is going on there?" Much the same as here." "What's that?" "The rich taken in, and the poor kept out."

639.—The Hon. K. C—— observed, in allusion to a recent important death, that "the fundholders had now no chance, for that Castlereagh, after having sold Ireland and pawned England, had gone *below* with *the duplicate in his pocket!*"

640.—When Sir William Curtis returned from his voyage to Italy and Spain, he called to pay his respects to Mr. Canning, at Gloucester Lodge. Among other questions, Sir William said, "But pray, Mr. Canning, what do you say to the tunnel under the Thames?" "Say," replied the Secretary, "why, I say it will be the greatest *bore* London ever had, and that is saying a great deal."

641.—*An Epitaph.*

"Remember me as you pass by,
As you are now so once was I;
As I am now so you must be,
Therefore prepare to follow me."

Underneath these lines, some one wrote in blue paint,

"To follow you I'm not content,
Unless I knew which way you went."

642.—*Negro Wit.*—A short time since, a gentleman driving on the road between Little River and Brighton, was overtaken by a negro boy on a mule,

who attempted for a long while, without success, to make the animal pass the carriage. At length the boy exclaimed to his beast, "I'll bet you a *fippenny* I make you pass this time ;" and after a short pause, again said, "you bet ?—very well." The boy repeated the blows with renewed vigour, and at last seeceeded in making him pass : when the gentleman, who overheard the conversation between Quaco and his steed, said to him, "Well, my boy, now you have won, how are you going to make the mule pay you ?" "Oh, sir," says Quaco, "me make him pay me very well ; Massa give me one tenpenny for buy him grass, and me only buy him a fippenny worth !"

643.—*An Irish Bull.*

A worthy baronet, of Erin's clime,
Had a famed telescope in his possession,
And on a time
Of its amazing powers he made profession.
"Yon church," cried he, "is distant near a mile,
Yet when I view it steady, for awhile,
Upon a bright and sunny day,
My glass, so strong and clear,
Does bring the church so near,
That often *I can hear the organ play.*"

644.—*A Curious Epitaph.*—Some years since, a Mr. Dickson, who was provost of Dundee, in Scotland, died, and by will left the sum of one guinea to a person to compose an epitaph upon him ; which sum he directed his three executors to pay. The executors, thinking to defraud the poet, agreed to meet and share the guinea amongst them, each contributing a line to the epitaph, which ran as follows :—

First. "Here lies Dickson, Provost of Dundee."
Second. "Here lies Dickson, here lies he."

The *Third* was put to it for a long time, but unwilling to lose his share of the guinea, vociferously bawled out,

"Hallelujah, halleluje."

645.—*On one who was ruined by gaining a Law-suit.*

Whoe'er takes counsel of his friends,
Will ne'er take counsel of the law;
Whate'er his means, whate'er his ends,
Still he shall no advantage draw.

Justice it vain may urge her plea,
May show that all is right and fair;
The lawyer, too, has had his fee,
And gain'd your *suit*—but left you *bare*.

646.—Cramer, the excellent leader of the royal band, had long wished to have a black man to beat the kettle-drum. His majesty, who had an unconquerable antipathy to blacks being near his person, opposed the desire of the leader. At last, Cramer appointed to the kettle-drum a person, who, though an European, had a complexion that, at a short distance, would render the quarter of the world where he was born a matter of doubt. On the first night of this swarthy gentleman's appearance in his new office, his majesty, when he entered the music-room, seemed at first startled and displeased, but after approaching a little nearer, he called Cramer to him,—"I see, sir," said the king, "you wish to accustom me to a black drummer by degrees."

647.—*A Lover's Request.*

"Oh, spare me, dear angel, one lock of your hair,"
A bashful young lover took courage, and sighed.
"'Twere a sin to refuse you so modest a prayer,
So take the whole wig," the sweet creature replied.

648.—On the death of Bishop L——, Dr. King, then Bishop of Dublin, who expected to be made primate, was passed over as being too old to be *removed*. The reason assigned for the refusal was as mortifying as the refusal itself. When the new primate, Dr. B——, called upon him, he received him sitting, saying with a significant smile, "My lord, I am certain your grace will pardon me, as you know *I am too old to rise.*"

649.—*To Captain Parry, the Polar Navigator, on his giving a Fete on board the Hecla.*

Dear Captain Parry, you are right
To give the belles a levee:
God grant your *dancing* may be *light*,
For, Oh! your *book is heavy.*

650—.*Shakspeare's Love-Letter.*—The following is said to have been from the pen of Shakspeare, and addressed to the lady he afterwards married. It is inscribed to the "Idol of mine eyes and the delight of my heart, Anne Hathaway."

Would ye be taught, ye feather'd throng,
With love's sweet notes to grace your song,
To pierce the heart with thrilling lay,
Listen to mine, *Anne Hathaway!*
She *hath a way* to sing so clear,
Phœbus might, wondering, stop to hear:

To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
And Nature charm, *Anne hath a way:*
She *hath a way,*
Anne Hathaway,
To breathe delight Anne *hath a way.*

When envy's breath and ranc'rous tooth
Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,
And merit to distress betray,
To soothe the heart Anne *hath a way.*
She *hath a way* to chase despair,
To heal all grief, to cure all care:
Turn foulest night to fairest day.
Thou know'st fond heart Anne *hath a way.*
She *hath a way,*
Anne Hathaway,
To make grief bliss Anne *hath a way.*

Talk not of gems,—the orient list,
The diamond, topaz, amethyst,
The em'rald mild, the ruby gay:
Talk of *my* gem, Anne Hathaway!
She *hath a way* with her bright eye
Their various lustre to defy;
The jewel she, the foil they,
So sweet to look Anne *hath a way.*
She *hath a way,*
Anne Hathaway,
To shame bright gems Anne *hath a way.*

But were it to my fancy giv'n
To rate her charms, I'd call them heaven;
For though a mortal made of clay,
Angels must love Anne Hathaway;
She *hath a way* so to control,
To rapture the imprisoned soul

And sweetest heav'n on earth display,
That to be heaven Anne *hath a way;*
She *hath a way*
Anne Hathaway,
To be heaven's self Anne *hath a way.*

Anne Hathaway was eight years older than Shakspeare, but still only in her 26th year when he married; "an age," says Dr. Drake, "compatible with youth and with the most alluring beauty." As the same learned writer and biographer asserts that not so much as a fragment of the bard's poetry addressed to his Warwickshire beauty has been rescued from oblivion, we may well conclude that the poem just cited is spurious; but that Shakspeare had an early *disposition* to write such verses, we may conclude, from what he says in *Love's Labour Lost*, Act IV. sc. 3:—

"Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink was tempered with love's sighs."

651.—*To-Morrow.*

To-morrow you will live, you always cry,
In what fair country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive—
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far-fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say;
To-day itself's too late, the wise lived yesterday.

652.—A report having been circulated in the four courts of the death of a certain great law lord, he himself was supposed to have been the author of it, for the purpose of affording him the opportunity of giving the following lines to the public, and of enjoying the merit of them in his life-time:—

He's dead! alas! facetious punster,
Whose jokes made learned wigs with fun stir:

From heaven's high court a tipstaff's sent,
To call him to his punishment—
Stand to your ropes, ye sextons, ring,
Let all your clappers ding dong ding!
Nor BURY him without his due,
He was himself a TOLER* too!

* Lord Norbury's name.

653.—Two gentlemen, the other day, conversing together, one asked the other if ever he had gone through Euclid? The reply was, "I have never been farther from Liverpool than Runcorn, and I don't recollect any place of that name between Liverpool and there."

654.—*On Self-conceit.*

Hail charming power of self opinion;
For none are slaves in thy dominion;
Secure in thee, the mind's at ease;
The vain have only one to please.

655.—A countryman a few days back passing through Temple-bar in company with a friend in town, asked him the following question:—"*Be that High-gate?*"

656.—*Who's the Dupe?*—A poor actor at Norwich, personating *Granger*, in the farce of "*Who's the Dupe?*" on his benefit night, which turned out a very wet evening, and occasioned a bad house, in reply to *Gradus's* Greek quotation, where *Old Doily* sits as umpire, began thus:—"*O raino nighto! spoilo benefito quito.*"

657.—*Short-hand Question and Answer.*—A gentleman remarkable for his fund of humour, wrote to a female relative the following couplet:—

How comes it, this delightful weather,
That *U* and *I* can't dine together

To which she return'd the following reply :—

My worthy friend, it cannot be ;
U cannot come till *after T*.

658.—*A Courtly Hint.*—One day, at the levee of Louis XIV., that monarch asked a nobleman present "How many children have you?" "Four, sire." Shortly afterwards, the king asked the same question. "Four, sire," replied the nobleman. The same question was several times repeated by the king, in the course of conversation, and the same answer given. At length the king asking once more, "how many children have you?"—the nobleman replied, "Six, sire." "What!" cried the king with surprise ; "six ! you told me four just now!" "Sire," replied the courtier, "I thought your majesty would be tired of hearing the same thing so often."

659.—*The Deceased Wife.*

We lived for one-and-twenty years
As man and wife together ;
I could no longer keep her here,
She's gone, I know not whither ;
Her body is bestowed well,
A decent grave doth hide her ;
I'm sure her soul is not in hell,
The devil can't abide her.
I rather think she's up aloft,
For in the last great thunder,
Methinks I heard her very voice
Rending the clouds asunder.

660.—*Frederick the Great and his Chaplain.*—Frederick the Great being informed of the death of one of his chaplains, a man of considerable learning and piety, determining that his successor should not

be behind him in these qualifications, took the following method of ascertaining the merit of one of the numerous candidates for the appointment :—He told the applicant that he would himself furnish him with a text the following Sunday, when he was to preach at the Royal Chapel, from which he was to make an extempore sermon. The clergyman accepted the proposition. The whim of such a probationary discourse was spread abroad widely, and at an early hour the Royal Chapel was crowded to excess. The king arrived at the end of the prayers, and, on the candidate's ascending the pulpit, one of his majesty's aids-de-camp presented him with a sealed paper. The preacher opened it, and found nothing written therein; he did not, however, in so critical a moment, lose his presence of mind; but turning the paper on both sides, he said, "My brethren, here is nothing, and there is nothing; out of nothing God created all things," and proceeded to deliver a most admirable discourse upon the wonders of the creation.

661.—*On the Death of a Young Man.*

Mourn not this hopeful youth so soon is dead
But know, he trebles favours on his head,
Who for a morning's work gives equal pay
With those who have endur'd the heat o'th'day ?

662.—*Honesty in Humble Life.*—At a fair in the town of Keith, in the north of Scotland, in the year 1767, a merchant having lost his pocket-book, which contained about £100 sterling, advertised it next day, offering a reward of £20 for its recovery. It was immediately brought to him by a countryman, who desired him to examine it; the owner, finding it in the same state as when he lost it, paid down the reward; but the man declined it, alleging it was too

much. He then offered him £15, then £10, then £5, all which he successively refused. Being at last desired to make his own demand, he asked only five shillings to drink his health, which was most thankfully given.

An instance of conduct extremely similar occurred at Plymouth at the end of the late war. A British seaman, who had returned from France, received £65 for his pay. In proceeding to the tap-house in Plymouth dock-yard, with his money enclosed in a bundle, he dropped it, without immediately discovering his loss. When he missed it, he sallied forth in search of it; after some inquiries, he fortunately met J. Prout, a labourer in the yard, who had found the bundle, and gladly returned it. Jack, no less generous than the other was honest, instantly proposed to Prout to accept half, then £20, both of which he magnanimously refused. Ten pounds, next £5, were tendered, with a similar result. At length Jack, determined that his benefactor should have some token of his gratitude, forced a £2 note into Prout's pocket.

Traits of character like these would reflect honour on any class of life.

663.—*Power of Patience.*

Let him whose present fortune gives him pain,
Scorn the low vulgar custom to complain!
All that withholds his wish the brave will break,
Or silent bear those claims 'tis poor to shake.

664.—*Literary Sensibility.*—Racine, who died of his extreme sensibility to a rebuke, confessed that the pain which one severe criticism inflicted outweighed all the applause he could receive.

665.—*The Careless Coupée.*

Jenny is poor, and I am poor,
Yet will we wed, so say no more
And should the *bairns* you mention come,
As few that marry but have some,
No doubt but heaven will stand our friend,
And *bread* as well as *children* send.

So fares the hen in farmer's yard,
To live alone she finds it hard:
I've known her weary every claw,
In search of corn among the straw;
And when in quest of nicer food,
She clucks among her chirping brood.

With joy I've seen the self-same hen
That scratch'd for *one*, could scratch for *ten*.

These are the thoughts that make me willing
To take my girl without a shilling ;
And for the self same cause, d'ye see,
Jenny's resolv'd to marry me.

666.—*Exhilarating Opportunity*..—Wanted a few respectable persons to complete a genteel coffin club. The prospects held out by this society are peculiarly cheering and desirable. The weekly subscription is one penny ; and there is a meeting on Monday evenings to pass a convivial hour, and talk over the business of the institution. Gentlemen are allowed to try on their own goods, and to see that they are made according to order. Gentlemen not particularly nice may be accommodated with a warranted second-hand article, as it happens to drop in. Further particulars may be known on application to Mr. Laugh-and-lie-down, the undertaker, at his retreat, Sarcophagus Cottage, Camberwell. Laugh-and-lie-down begs to inform married folks that he has generally had the honour to give particular satisfaction to widows and widowers. Laugh-and-lie-down hopes he shall be excused by his more regular connexion for resorting to this ungenteel mode of turning a penny ; but the fact is, that the present unfortunate slackness of business, arising from his not being favoured with their orders so often as could be wished, has left him no alternative. He will still, however, be found anxious to wait on them with the utmost promptitude and pleasure, on the slightest indication that his services may be useful. It is his general practice to wait on his patrons or their friends, on hearing they are sick ; but should he in any instance be found deficient in this act of duty, he trusts it will be imputed to inadvertence,

and not to any want of sympathy with the natural feelings of persons so unfortunately situated.

667.—The following certificate of a marriage was found amongst an old lady's writings, viz:

"This is to satisfy whom it may concern, that Arthur Waters and Amy Yursley were lawfully married by me, John Higgonson, on the first day of August, anno 1703.

"I, Arthur, on Monday,
Take thee, Amy, till Tuesday,
To have and to hold till Wednesday,
For better for worse till Thursday;
I'll kiss thee on Friday—
If we don't agree on Saturday,
We'll part again on Sunday."

668.—Sieur Boas (the sleight of hand man) was accosted in the usual style by a retailer of oranges. "Well, my lad," says the sieur, "how do you sell them?" "Two-pence a piece, sir," quoth the man. "High-priced, indeed," rejoined the deceiver; "however, we'll try them." Cutting an orange into four pieces, "Behold," says the sieur (producing a *new guinea* from the inside of the orange), "how your fruit repays me for your extortion. Come, I can *afford* to purchase *one* more," and he repeated the same experiment as with the first. "Well to be sure," says he, "they are the first fruit I ever found to produce golden seeds." The sieur then wished to come to terms for his whole basket; but the astonished clodpole, with joyous alacrity, ran out of the house, and reaching home, began to quarter the contents of the whole basket. But, alas! the *seeds* were no more than the produce of nature—the conjurer alone possessing the *golden* art.

669.—A Frenchman translating a passage from Swift, which mentioned that an officer had been *broke* by the Duke of Marlborough, literally translated it *roue*—broke alive upon the wheel.

670.—*On an Old Maid who dropped Ten Years of her Age.*

A stiff-starch'd virgin, of unblemish'd fame
And spotless virtue, Bridget Cole by name,
At length the death of all the righteous dies,
Aged just four and fifty—*here she lies.*

671.—*Birmingham Liars.*—A gentleman told his friends that he was born in Birmingham, and though he loved the country, and respected its inhabitants, yet he must in justice declare, that all people born in that town, and its vicinity, were the greatest liars in the universe. "Then," says a gentleman present, "if you speak truth, you lie; and if you lie, you speak truth."

672.—The inhabitants of Mount-street, Southampton, were alarmed one morning at three o'clock by a drunken fellow crying, "*Fire! fire!*" "Where, for God's sake, is it?" exclaimed a hundred voices at once. "That's exactly what I want to know," replied the fellow, "for my pipe's gone out."

673.—A gentleman having lost a pair of silk stockings, made a bellman cry them, with a reward of eighteenpence. "That is too little," said his friend, "the finder will not give up a pair of silk stockings for eighteenpence." "Aye!" quoth cunning Isaac, "but for that reason I have desired him to say they are worsted."

674.—*Whimsical Inscription.*—A gentleman coming to town from Seven Oaks In Kent, observed on a sign in the road the following lines, which on inquiry he found to be the offspring of the landlord's brain—

"I John Stubbs liveth hear,
Sells good brandy, gin, and beer,
I mead my borde a letel whyder,
To lette you nowe I sell good syder.

675.—*Speaking Terms.*—Mr. Reynolds, the dramatist, once met a *free* and *easy* actor, who told him that he had passed three festive days at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of——, *without any invitation;* convinced (as proved to be the case) that my lord and lady, not being on *speaking terms*, would *each* suppose the *other* had asked him.

676.—*On Sir Isaac Newton.*

"Some *demon*, sure," says wond'ring Ned,
"In Newton's brain has fix'd his station,"
"True," Dick replies, "you've rightly said,
I know his name—'tis *demon-stration.*"

677.—*David's Sow, Origin of the Phrase.*—A few years ago, one David Lloyd, a Welchman, who kept an inn at Hereford, had a living sow with six legs; and the circumstance being publicly known, great numbers of all descriptions resorted to the house. It happened that David had a wife who was much addicted to drunkenness, and for which he used frequently to bestow upon her a very severe drubbing. One day in particular, having taken a second extra cup, which operated in a very powerful manner, and dreading the usual consequence, she went into the yard, opened the sty-door, let out the sow, and lay down in its place, hoping that a short unmolested nap would sufficiently dispel the fumes of the liquor. In the mean time, however, a company arrived to see the much-talked of animal; and Davy, proud of his office, ushered them to the sty, exclaiming, "Did any of you ever see so uncommon a creature be-

fore ?" "Indeed, Davy," said one of the farmers, "I never before observed a sow so very drunk in all my life !" Hence the term, *drunk as David's sow.*

678.—*Lord Byron's Lines, found in his Bible.*

Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries.
Oh ! happiest they of human race,
To whom our God has given grace
To hear, to read, to fear, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way ;
But better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

679.—A few sundays ago, the clerk of a parish in the north of England rose up after the Litany, and called out, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God—the gentlemen of the parish are desired to meet after evening service, on business of importance—part of the hundred and fifteenth psalm."

680.—Judge Clayton was an honest man, but not very deep in the law. Soon after he was raised to the Irish bench, he happened to dine in company with counsellor Harwood, so deservedly celebrated for his brogue, humour, and legal knowledge. Clayton liked his glass ; and having drank rather freely, began to make some observations on the laws of Ireland. "In my country" (England), said he, "the laws are numerous, but then one is always found to be a key to the other. In Ireland it is just the contrary ; your laws so perpetually clash with one another, and are so very contradictory, that I protest *I don't understand them.*" "True, my lord," cried Harwood, "*that is what we all say.*"

681.—*The Ploughman's Ditty.*

When *Molly* smiles beneath her cow,
I feel my heart I can't tell how ;
When *Molly* is on *Sunday* drest,
On *Sundays* I can take no rest.
What can I do ? on working days
I leave my work on her to gaze :
What shall I say ? at sermons I
Forget the text when *Molly's* by.
Good master curate, teach me how
To mind your preaching and my plough,
And if for this you'll raise a spell,
A good fat goose shall thank you well.

682.—*Borrowing.*—The Egyptians had a very remarkable ordinance to prevent persons from borrowing imprudently. An Egyptian was not permitted to borrow without giving to his creditor in pledge the body of his father. It was deemed both an impiety and an infamy not to redeem so sacred a pledge. A person who died without discharging that duty, was deprived of the customary honours paid to the dead.

683.—*Cure for Gossipping.*—Four or five gentlemen, resident in a country town, adopted, not long since, the following method to cure several gossipping neighbours of a rage for listening to defamatory stories :—They alternately agreed to set on foot some extraordinary tale of each other. By the time one story had nearly circulated through the town, a second was afloat ; and so on with a third, fourth, fifth, &c. At length the male and female gossips, finding the whole to be without the least foundation, grew so extremely incredulous, as not to believe the report of even a real *faux pas*.

684.—*On a Famous Toast.*

Belinda has such wond'rous charms,
'Tis Heaven to lie within her arms ;
And she's so charitably given,
She wishes all mankind in heaven.

685.—*Assertion without Proof.*—Mr. Boaden, the author of several popular theatrical pieces, gave Drury-lane theatre the title of a wilderness. This reached the ears of Sheridan, who did not forget it a short time afterwards, when he was requested to accept a tragedy of Mr. Boaden's. "No no," said Sheridan, "the wise and discreet author calls our house a wilderness. Now I don't mind allowing the oracle to have his opinion, but it is really too much for him to expect I will suffer him to prove his words."

686.—*Heroic Obedience.*—When Kleber was in Egypt, he sustained during five hours, with only two thousand men, the united efforts of twenty thousand. He was nearly surrounded, was wounded, and had only a narrow defile by which to escape. In this extremity, he called to him a chef de battaillon, named Chevardin, for whom he had a particular regard. "Take," said he to him, "a company of grenadiers, and stop the enemy at the ravine. You will be killed, but you will save your comrades." "Yes, my general," replied Chevardin. He gave his watch and his pocket-book to his servant, executed the order, and his death, in fact, arrested the enemy, and saved the French. There is something grand in the judgment of Kleber of the character of Chevardin ; and on the side of Chevardin, what a capacity for self-devotion.

687.—*One Lawyer More.*

"Pray does one More, a lawyer, live hard by?"
"I do not know of *one*," was the reply:
"But if one *less* were living, I am sure
Mankind his absence safely might endure."

688.—*The Earl of Marchmont.*—Lord Binning, who was sitting by his bed-side a few hours before his death, seeing him smile, asked what he was laughing at. He answered, "I am diverted to think what a disappointment the worms will meet with when they come to me, expecting a good meal, and find nothing but bones." The earl was eighty-four years of age, and very thin.

689.—*A Monkish Bull.*—An Italian monk has written a life of St. Francis Xavier, where he asserts, that by one sermon he converted *ten thousand persons* in a *desert island.*

690.—*Meditation on Self.*

As I walk'd by myself, I said to myself,
And myself said again to me,
Look to thyself, take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee.
Then I said to myself, and then answered myself
With the self-same repartee,
Look to thyself, or look not to thyself
'Tis the self-same thing to me.

691.—*French Bulls.*—The Irish nation have long been supposed to enjoy the exclusive privilege of making *bulls.* A French gentleman, who lately died at Provence, whose name was M. Cleante, affords an instance to the contrary, as will appear by the following anecdotes of him—

He bid his valet-de-chamber, very early one morning, look out of the window and tell him if it

was day-light. "Sir," said the fellow, "it is so dark I can see nothing as yet." "Beast that you are," replied the master, "why don't you take a candle, to see if the sun rises or no?"

He was ill of a fever: his physician forbade him the use of wine, and ordered him to drink nothing but barley-water. "That I would," said the patient, "with all my heart, provided it had the relish of wine; for, I assure you, I had as soon eat beef as partridge if it had the same taste!"

He paid a visit to a painter, who was busy in drawing a landscape, where a lover and his mistress were in conversation. "Let me beg of you," said M. Cleante, "to draw me in a corner, where I can hear every word these lovers are saying, without any body seeing me!"

A gentleman told him that he had dined with a poet, who had regaled him with an excellent epigram for the desert. Cleante immediately called for his cook, and asked him why he had never brought a dish of epigrams to his table."

He desired a painter, who was taking his portrait, to draw him with a book in his hand, which he should read out loud!

692.—*Extreme Parsimony.*—The following remarkable instance of penury is true. A person in the neighbourhood of Whitehaven, who died some time since, had, by industry and parsimony, accumulated a sum twenty times as large as he durst enjoy the interest of. At the age of sixty, he made his *will*, and left the bulk of his riches to a favourite relation. That relation, some time after, incurred his displeasure in so great a degree, that he determined to cut him off from every posthumous advantage. While *he* lived, no person had the shadow of reason to *hope*. But here an insuperable objec-

tion appeared. The *country scrivener*, who had framed the will, had charged the enormous sum of *eighteen-pence* for his labour; and the frugal testator equally desirous of keeping his property from an undeserving person, and anxious to have the business done as *low as possible*, deferred the second edition of his *last will and testament*, in expectation that the terms would be reduced as the professors were multiplied. In short, he deferred it for *twelve years;* but, among the increased number of *scholars* who sprung up in the neighbourhood, none could be found to execute the instrument on *his* terms. At length (at the age of seventy-two) he found what answered all his purposes—he saved *three-pence three-farthings* by travelling six hours in the rain—but he *lost* his life.

693.—Henry, Prince of Wales, son of King James I., being at a hunting match, the stag, almost spent, crossed a road where a butcher was passing with his dog. The stag was instantly killed by the dog, at which the huntsmen were greatly offended, and endeavoured to irritate the prince against the butcher; but his highness coolly answered, "What if the butcher's dog killed the stag, could the butcher help it?" They replied, "That if his father had been so served, he would have sworn so, no one could have endured it." "Away!" cried the prince, "all the pleasure in the world is not worth an oath." It is also said of this prince, that, when at play, being asked why he did not swear as others did, he answered, "He knew no game worthy of an oath."

694.—*Hops first used.*—There was an information exhibited, about the fourth of Henry VI., against a person, for that he put a kind of unwholesome weed into his brewing, called *a hop*.

695.—*I cannot Laugh ; an Epigram.*

Tom made some joke, while o'er a merry glass,
His friends in kind good humour let it pass,
All but Sir Frost, who growl'd in surly mood,
"I'd laugh, friend Tom, believe me—if I could."
"Thanks, dear Sir Frost, your gravity's well known,
You never laugh at wit—that's not your own ;
The wonder, therefore, is—and that not small—
That you, my friend, should ever laugh at all."

696.—Madame de Stael's daughter, the Baroness de Broglie, was an extraordinary beauty. Her charms made such an impression on Prince Talleyrand, that, in contemplating them, he was often deficient in his attentions to her highly-gifted mother. One day, being on a party of pleasure on the water, she determined to confound him, and put this question :—"If our vessel were to be wrecked by a storm, which of us would you strive to save first, me or my daughter ?" "Madam," instantly replied Talleyrand, "with the many talents and acquirements you possess, it would be an affront to you to suppose that you cannot swim ; I should therefore deem it my duty to save the Baroness first."

697.—*The Beautiful Black Eyes.*

Tom's wife once praised his *two* black eyes !
She never had seen such before ;
"My wife," says Dick, "has two outvies,
And often blesses me with *four*."

698.—*The lost Law-suit.*—A little girl, who knew very well the painful anxiety which her mother had long suffered during a tedious course of litigation, hearing that she had at last lost her law-suit, innocently cried out, "O, my dear mamma ! how

glad I am that you have *lost* that nasty *law-suit*, which used to give you so much trouble and uneasiness."

699.—*The Banker and the Sailor; or the Tickler.* When Mr. Hankey was in vogue as a great banker, a sailor had, as part of his pay, a draft on him for fifty pounds. This the sailor thought an immense sum, and, calling at the house, insisted upon seeing the master in private. This was at length acceded to; and when the banker and the sailor met together, the following conversation ensued—

Sailor.—"Mr. Hankey, I've got a tickler for you—didn't like to expose you before the lads."

Hankey.—"That was kind. Pray what's this tickler?"

Sailor.—"Never mind, don't be afraid, I won't hurt you; 'tis a *fifty*."

Hankey.—"Ah! that's a tickler, indeed."

Sailor.—"Don't fret; give me five pounds now, and the rest at so much a week, and say nothing to nobody."

700.—*Crooked Coincidences.*—A pamphlet, published in the year 1703, has the following strange title:—"The *Deformity* of Sin cured; a sermon, preached at St. Michael's, *Crooked*-lane, before the Prince of Orange, by the Rev. J. *Crookshanks*.—Sold by Matthew Denton, at the *Crooked* Billet, near *Cripplegate*, and by all other booksellers." The words of the text are, "*Every crooked path shall be made straight;*" and the prince, before whom it was preached, was *deformed* in his person.

701.—*Pugilistic Friendship.*—A baronet, a great amateur of the pugilistic art, had written a work to demonstrate its utility. He even taught it *gratis* to those who had an inclination to receive his lessons.

A nobleman in the neighbourhood happening to pay him a visit, and conversing with him about wrestling, the knight laid hold of him behind, and threw him over his head. The former a little bruised by his fall, rose in a passion. "My lord," said the baronet, gravely, "I must have a great friendship for you; you are the only one to whom I have ever shown that trick."

702.—*The Cook's Disaster.*

To turn the penny, once, a wit
Upon a curious fancy hit;
Hung out a board, on which he boasted—
Dinner for three-pence, *Boil'd* and *Roasted.*
The hungry read, and in they trip,
With eager eye and smacking lip—
Here, bring this *boil'd* and *roasted* pray.
Enter—*Potatoes* dress'd *each* way.
All instant rose, the house forsook,
And cursed the dinner, kick'd the cook.
Our landlord found—poor Patrick Kelly—
There was no joking with the belly.

703.—*Going and returning.*—A *bon vivant* one evening told one of his bottle companions that he intended to leave the sum of £20 to be spent at his funeral. His companion asked, "Whether the said money was to be spent in going or returning?" and was answered, "*going*, to be sure; for, when you *return*, you know I sha'n't be with you."

704.—*In Health, yet out of Order.*—A gentleman of the sister country, being at public meeting at the City of London Tavern, in the course of his speech made a digression or two, which caused some remarks from the company; but, still continuing wide of the sudject relating to the meeting, the noble chairman at last interrupted him with "I am very

sorry, sir, but I must say that you are *very much out of order.*" "Oh?" replied Mr. O'L——— "you may make yourself *aisy* on that score, my lord, for *I never was in better health in all my life.*"

705.—*The Witticism of an Astrologer.*—As the officers were carrying an astrologer to the gallows, "You," says a spectator to him, "that could so perfectly read in the stars the destiny of others, how came you not to foresee your own?" "Three times," replied the astrologer, "I cast my nativity, and three times it informed me that one dayI should be elevated above others, and see every one else at my feet."

706.—*Love of Gold.*—An *old* gentleman of the name of *Gould* having married a very young wife, wrote a poetical epistle to a friend to inform him of it; and concluded it thus:—

"So you see, my dear sir, though I'm eignty years old,
A girl of eighteen is in love with *old Gould!*"

To which his friend replied,—

"A girl of eighteen may love Gould, it is true,
But, believe me, dear sir, it is *Gold* without *U!*"

707.—A gentleman who resides in the Octagon had been to a party a few nights since, and was found by the police endeavouring to support himself by one of the lamp-posts. "Why do you not go home, sir?" said the police to him. "I'm waiting till my door comes round to me, when I shall try and run into it," replied the unsteady *bon vivant.*

708.—When Foote went first to Scotland, he was inquiring of an old highlander, who had formerly

been prompter to the Edinburgh theatre, about the state of the country, with respect to travelling, living, manners, &c., of all which the Scot gave him very favourable accounts. "Why then," said Foote, "with about £300 a year, one may live like a gentleman in your country?" "In troth, master Foote," replied his informant, "I cannot tell that, for as I never knew a man there who spent half that sum, I don't know what might come into his head who could attempt *to squander the whole.*"

708.—A conceited coxcomb once said to a barber's boy, "Did you ever shave a monkey?" "Why, no, sir," replied the boy, "never; but if you will please to sit down, I will try."

709.—An Irishman having a looking-glass in his hand, shut his eyes and placed it before his face; another asking him why he did so—"Upon my soul," says Teague, "it is to see how I look when I am asleep."

710.—*The Progress of Matrimony.*

In the blithe days of honey-moon,
With Kate's allurements smitten,
I lov'd her late, I lov'd her soon,
And called her dearest kitten.
But now my kitten's grown a cat,
And cross like other wives,
Oh! by my soul, my honest Mat,
I think she has nine lives!

711.—*Habitual Cold.*—"When I have a cold in my head," said a gentleman in company, "I am always remarkably dull and stupid." "You are much to be pitied, then, sir," replied another, "for I don't remember ever to have seen you without a cold in your head."

712.—*A good Voice.*—A gentleman in public company commencing a song, was entreated by a friend to desist. "You will never," said the latter, "gain anything by your voice." "You are wrong," replied the former; "my voice as a voter, in a plumper, at the late election, gained me a round sum of money.

713.—*Short Commons.*—At a shop window in the Strand there appears the following notice:—"Wanted *two* apprentices, who will be treated as *one* of the family."

714.—*My Uncle.*

Who lives where hangs three golden balls,
Where Dick's poor mother often calls,
And leaves her tippets, muffs, and shawls?
My Uncle.

Who, when you're short of the short stuff,
Nose starving for an ounce of snuff,
Will "raise the wind" to buy enough?
My Uncle.

Who cheers the heart with "Money lent,"
When friends are cold, and all is spent,
Receiving only cent. per cent.?
My Uncle.

Who, when I want a glass of gin,
Will take my ragged jacket in,
And keep it till I call again?
My Uncle.

Who takes my saucepan full of holes,
And shoes in want of better soles,
To raise the dust to buy the coals?
My Uncle.

Who takes the linen torn and soil'd,
And cradle piddled till its spoil'd.
In short, takes all, except the child?
My Uncle.

Who, when the wretch is sunk in grief,
And none beside will yield relief,
Will aid the honest or the thief?
My Uncle.

Yet when detection threatens law,
Who hidden stores will open draw,
That future rogues may stand in awe?
My Uncle.

Who, fortune's golden glare withdrawn,
When sycophants no longer fawn,
Takes all but honour into pawn?
My Uncle.

Who cares not what distress may bring,
If stolen from beggar or from king,
And, like the sea, takes every thing?

My Uncle.

Who does all this, and think'st no sin,
And, would he yield a glass of gin,
Would take the very devil in?

My Uncle.

Bought wisdom is the best, 'tis clear,
And since 'tis better as more dear,
We for high prices should revere

My Uncle.

715.—An attorney-general once receiving a client, who was intimate with him, in his library, the gentleman expressed surprise at the number of wigs that were hanging up. "Yes, there are several," replied the attorney; "*that*," pointing to a scratch, "is my common business wig; *that*, my chancery wig; *that*, my house of lords' wig; and *that*, my court wig." "And pray, sir," asked his friend, "where is your *honest man's wig?*" "O," replied the lawyer, "that's *not professional!*"

716.—*How to Rise Early.*—An Irishman, some time since, bade an extraordinary price for an alarm clock, and gave as a reason, "That, as he loved to *rise early*, he had nothing to do but *to pull the string, and he could wake himself.*"

717.—*Compliment to a Judge.*—An attorney brought an action against a farmer for having called him a rascally *lawyer*. An old husbandman being a witness, was asked if he heard the man call him a lawyer? "I did," was the reply. "Pray," says the judge, "what is your opinion of the import of the word?" "There can be no doubt of that," replied the fellow. "Why, good man," said the judge,

"there is no dishonour in the name, is there?" "I know nothing about that," answered he, "but this I know, if any man called me a *lawyer* I'd knock him down." "Why, sir," said the judge, pointing to one of the counsel, "that gentleman is a lawyer, and that, and I too am a lawyer." "No, no," replied the fellow; "no, my lord; you are a judge, I know; but I'm sure you are *no lawyer*."

718.—*Cupboard Love.*

Frank carves very ill, yet will palm all the meats;
He eats more than six, and drinks more than he eats.
Four pipes after dinner he constantly smokes,
And seasons his wit with impertinent jokes.
Yet sighing, he says, "we must certainly break;
And my cruel unkindness compels him to speak,
For of late I invite him but four times a week."

719.—*Anecdote of Fordyce, the Banker.*—With the foibles generally attendant upon an aspiring man, Fordyce had generous qualities. A young intelligent merchant, who kept cash at his banking-house, one morning making a small lodgment, he happened to say, "That if he could command some thousands at present, there was a certain speculation to be pursued, which, in all probability, would turn out fortunate." This was said loosely, without Fordyce making any answer, or seeming to attend to it, and no more passed at the time.

A few months afterwards, when the same merchant was what they call *settling his book* with the house, he was very much surprised to see the sum of £500 placed to his credit-side more than he knew he possessed. Thinking it a mistake, he pointed it out to the clerk, who, seeing the entry in Mr. Fordyce's hand-writing, said, he must have paid it to him. The merchant shortly after meeting Mr. F——

requested an explanation, when Mr. Fordyce told him that he had gained a handsome sum by the hint which he had dropped a few months before, and thought he was justly entitled to the sum he had placed to his credit.

720.—*On a very Slow Barber.*

Whilst Dick, the village barber, scrapes your cheek,
And tells a story that would last a week;
His tardy razor glides so very slow,
That, ere h'es done *another beard* will grow!

721.—*How to be a Connoisseur.*—A lady to whom a painter had promised the best picture in his collection, knew not which to take, and hit upon this stratagem:—She sent a person to the painter, who was from home, to tell him that his house was on fire. "Take care of my Cleopatra," exclaimed the artist. The next day the lady sent for the Cleopatra.

722.—*A Rum Witness sent to Quod.*—A witness being interrogated by Lord Norbury, in a manner not pleasing to him, turned to an acquaintance, and told him, in a half whisper, that he did not come there to be *qeered* by the old one. Lord Norbury heard him, and instantly replied in his own *cant*, "I'm *old*, 'tis true, and I'm *rum* sometimes, and once I'll be *queer*, and send you to *quod*."

723.—*The Racket Court.*—The counsel in the Irish courts are not always so decorous and attentive as they should be. During the examination of a witness, Lord Norbury had occasion once or twice to request silence; when the man, in reply to a question from his lordship relative to his occupation, answered that he kept a *racket court*. "Indeed," said the judge, and looking archly at the bar, con-

tinued, "and I am very sorry to say that I am Chief Justice of a *racket court* much too often."

724.—*Monopoly.*—In a humorous trial between the rival managers, Messrs. Daly and Astly, respecting the right of the latter to perform the farce of *My Grandmother*, at the Peter-street theatre, Dublin, Daly's counsel stated that the penalties recoverable from the defendant for his infringement of the right of the patent theatre would all be given to that excellent charity, the Lying-in Hospital. Mr. Toler, in reply, observed, "That it was notorious no man in Dublin had contributed more largely, *in one way*, to the Lying-in Hospital than Mr. Daly; and it was therefore but fair, if he recovered in this action, that he should give them the *cash*, but," continued the facetious counsel, "although Mr. Daly's attachment to *good pieces* is proverbial, we don't choose that he shall monopolize all the *good pieces* in Dublin, from *My Grandmother* down to *Miss in her Teens.*"

725.—*Royal Bon-Mot.*

When proud Sir Blandy first began
To bow and scrape, and cringe, at court,
Although a desperate loyal man,
He oft was turn'd to royal sport.

The queen once asked him had he been
In other kingdoms o'er the wave?
He answered her with look serene,
"Why, yes, *an't please your Grace*, I have."

"What does the silly puppet mean?"
She cries, "to insult me to my face—
I'm majesty, and England's queen,
Without the smallest *claim to grace.*"

726.—*Affectionate Regret.*—A Chinese, forty years of age, who had a very passionate mother, frequently received from her a sound beating, which he always bore with exemplary patience. A friend, who knew the life the poor fellow led, calling on him one day just after he had received a severe drubbing from his mother, found him dissolved in tears, and quite inconsolable. "What," said the friend, "can be the cause of this immoderate grief?" "Ah!" replied the poor fellow, "my dear mother did not thrash me half so soundly to-day as she used to do—poor creature! her strength is fast declining; I am much afraid that I shall soon loose her."

727.—*The Blessings of Wedlock.*

Two farmers held dispute, to prove
The blessings of connubial love;
"See here," cries one, with honest smile,
"Six healthful boys my cares beguile."
"And I," cried t'other, "might, perhaps,
Have had as fine a set of chaps;
But (which our happiness ensures)
Our priest is not so young as yours."

728.—*The Lottery of Life.*—Prince Maurice, in an engagement with the Spaniards, took twenty-four prisoners, one of whom was an Englishman. He ordered eight of these to be hanged to retaliate a like sentence passed by Arch-duke Albert, upon the same number of Hollanders. The fate of the unhappy victims was to be determined by drawing lots. The Englishman, who had the good fortune to escape, seeing a Spaniard express the strongest symptoms of horror when it came to his turn to put his hand into the helmet, offered, for twelve crowns, to stand his chance. The offer was accepted, and he

was so fortunate as to escape a second time. Upon being called a fool for so presumptuously tempting his fate, he said, "He thought he acted very prudently, for, as he daily hazarded his life for sixpence, he must have made a good bargain, in venturing it for twelve crowns."

729.—*Curious Irish Examination.*—Mr. Edward Farrel, being charged with selling spirits without a licence, an itinerant informer, named John Hart, was produced, who preferred his complaint in the following words:—

Informer—"On the 8th day of December I went to the house of that man that keeps the ball-alley (pointing to Mr. Farrel), and called for a naggin of whiskey, for which I paid him three-pence down on the counter—*more betoken*, he keeps a house for girls."

Ned Farrel—"You lie, you vagabond; I keep no girls—(*much laughter*). Gentlemen (to the magistrates), I'll cross-examine this scoundrel. Do you hear, you rascal—you paid three-pence for a naggin of whiskey—was it before or after you drank it?"

Informer—"It was after, to be sure; I paid you at the counter."

Ned Farrel—"Now, you lying thief, I knew I'd find you out; is there no law, is there no justice, is a man's life to be sworn away by such an infernal villain? He swore on his solemn oath that he paid me after he drank the whiskey. Now, gentlemen, have I not found him out? Look at him; is there a man in Ireland would give him a glass of whiskey, unless he paid for it beforehand?"—(*Shouts of laughter.*)

Informer—"I did pay you, and the girl that I

took in with me could prove the same only that she's now thirty miles off."

Ned Farrel—"You lie, you villain."—(Here the magistrates interposed.)

Ned Farrel—"Are you there, Garret Gomerford?"

Garret—"Yes, sir,"

Ned Farrel—"Come along up here. (Master Garret gets upon the table.) Here, gentlemen, is the boy I got to mind the ball-alley, *when it will be finished*, and a very proper boy he is. Now, Garret, what did I say to the rascal when he applied to me for spirits?"

Garret (*three quarters drunk*)—"Why, you see when he had *cum in*, he *axed* for the *speerits*, and Mr. Farrel said he hadn't any, but he'd send to a licensed house for it."

Ned Farrel—"Where it could be fairly and honestly obtained."

Garret (*staggering*)—"Yes, where it could be got in a fair and decent way. All this happened the very day that I was last in the stocks."—(*Great laughter.*)

Informer (*to a question by Mr. Duan*)—"I will not swear, but he might have sold whiskey on Friday, Saturday, or Sunday, *unknown'st* to me."

Ned Farrel—"Gracious God! only look at that fellow (the informer)—look at the cut of his *jib* (*much laughter*). Do you want to pamper that fellow, who says that *another woman* and himself came into the house? Let him produce that woman, and I'll stand or fall by her; but she is not to be found."—(*Loud laughter.*)

Ned was convicted in the penalty of five pounds.

730.—*False Teeth; or Doubts Decided.*

Sophia had teeth of ivory white,
In which her lovers took delight.
Charles swore they were *false*, and put her in a freak;
The little urchin bit from spite,
And proved that Charles's doubts were right,
She left her *grinders* dangling from his cheek.

731.—*The Doctor and Apothecary.*—An apothecary, one of the friends, meeting Dr. Fothergill in the street, accosted him in the following manner:—"Friend Fothergill, I intend dining with thee to-day." "I shall be glad to see thee," replied the doctor. "I intended bringing my family with me," says the apothecary. "So much the better," quoth the doctor. "But pray, friend, hast thou not some joke?" "No joke indeed," replies the apothecary, "but a very serious matter. Thou hast attended friend Ephraim these three days, and ordered him no medicine. I cannot live at this rate in my own house, and I must therefore live in thine." The doctor took the hint, and prescribed handsomely for his friend Ephraim, and his friend Leech, the apothecary.

732.—*Judicious Revision.*—A French poetaster once read to Boileau a miserable rondeau of his own, and made him remark, as a very ingenious peculiarity in the composition, that the letter G was not to be found in it. "Would you wish to improve it still further?" said the critic. "To be sure," replied the other, "perfection is my object." "Then take all the other letters out of it," said Boileau.

733.—*An Advertisement.*

Wanted—a wife
To sweeten life,
By a bachelor, healthy and young;

She must be fair,
In prudence rare,
And one that can bridle her tongue.

If she has pelf,
She's like myself,
No difference then will arise ;
If not, I still
Endeavour will
Two jewels to find in her eyes.

There's nothing more,
On any score,
That I've to offer at present :
So let what Miss
Will answer this,
Direct to *Will Manor*, on the Crescent.

734.—A young man, visiting his mistress, met a rival who was somewhat advanced in years, and wishing to rally him, inquired how old he was? "I can't exactly tell," replied the other: "but I can inform you that an ass is older at twenty than a man at sixty.

735.—*The Danger of Disseminating Free-thinking Opinions.*—Mallet was so fond of being thought a sceptic, that he indulged this weakness on all occasions. His wife, it is said, was a complete convert to his doctrines, and even the servants stared at their master's bold arguments, without being poisoned by their influence. One fellow, however, who united a bad heart to an unsettled head, was determined to practice what Mallet was so solicitous to propagate, and robbed his master's house. Being pursued, and brought before a justice, Mallet attended, and taxed him severely with ingratitude and dishonesty. "Sir," said the fellow, "I have

often heard you talk of the impossibility of a future state ; that after death there was neither reward for virtue, nor punishment for vice, and this tempted me to commit the robbery." "Well, but, you rascal," replied Mallet, "had you no fears of the gallows ?" "Master," said the culprit, looking sternly at him, "what is it to you if I had a mind to venture that ? You had removed my greatest terror ; why should I fear the less ?"

736.—*Singular Epitaph.*—The following epitaph was, some years ago, found among the papers of an old man of the name of John So, who passed the greater part of his life in obscurity, within a few miles of Port Glasgow ; and the hand-writing leads to the conclusion that it was written by himself :—

So died *John So,*
So so did he *so ?*
So did he live,
And *so* did he die ;
So so did he *so ?*
And *so* let him lie.

737.—*Reverse of Fortune.*—When Amer, who had conquered Persia and Tartary, was defeated by Ismail, and taken prisoner, he sat on the ground, and a soldier prepared a course meal to appease his hunger. As this was boiling in one of the pots used for the food of the horses, a dog put his head into it ; but, from the mouth of the vessel being too small, he could not draw it out again, and ran away with both the pot and the meat. The captive monarch burst into a fit of laughter ; and, on one of his guards demanding what cause upon earth could induce a person in his situation to laugh, he replied, "It was but this morning the steward of my household complained that three hundred camels were

not enough to carry my kitchen furniture; how easily it is now borne by that dog, who hath carried away my cooking instruments and dinner!

738.—Dean Swift once preached a charity sermon at St. Patrick's, Dublin, the length of which disgusted many of his auditors, which coming to his knowledge, and it falling to his lot soon after to preach another sermon of the like kind in the same place, he took special care to avoid falling into the former error. His text was, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given, will he pay him again." The dean, after repeating his text in a very emphatical tone, added, "Now, my beloved brethren, you hear the terms of the loan; if you like the security, down with the dust." It is worthy of remark that the quaintness and brevity of this sermon produced a very large contribution.

739.—*Pat's Opinion of Green and his Balloon.*

A paddy mingled in a roar
When Green's balloon came down,
Who sent him for a chaise and four,
To the next country town.

A gentleman who saw him driven,
Cried, "whither Pat in haste?"
Quoth Pat, "a messenger from *heaven*
Bade me run very fast—

He's lost his horse in the clouds,
His car is smash'd in twain,
And now he wants a coach and four
To mount the skies again."

740.—*The Usurer's Diary—Journal for de Week.* *Sunday.*—No business to be done—de Christians all out making holiday; waiting at home for Levi—

he never come; took a walk in St. George's-field—bad luck all de day.

Monday.—At 'Change till two; man in red coat wanted to borrow monish—did not like his looks—called in de afternoon in St. James's-street—not at home—bad luck; thought to have touched dere.

Tuesday.—Went to west end of de town—bought some old cloash—took in—gave great price for de breeches— thought I felt a sovereign in de fob, left dere by mistake—only done to cheat me—nothing but a farthing; sold them again to Levi—took him in, in de same manner, with profit—very good dat.

Wednesday.—Went to St. James's-street again—devil in de man, never at home—met Levi—scold me about de breeches—not mind dat at all, I swore I knew nothing of the matter; went to puff at auction—well paid; engaged at anoder in de evening—found out dere—obliged to sneak off—found a pair of candlesticks in my coat pocket—drooped in by accident; sold dem to Mr. Polishplate, de silversmith—did well by dat.

Thursday.—On 'Change met the gentleman wid de white wig—wanting more monish—let him have it—good securities; like white wigs: carried my advertisements to de newspapers—signed Z; pretty crooked letter dat—always sure to bring in customers.

Friday.—Met my good friend Mr. Smash—not seen him a long time—arrested him for de monish he owed me; went home to prepare for de Sabbath.

Saturday.—Went twice to de synagogue—repented of my shins—felt much comforted; remember to call in de morning on de man with de white wig.

741 *The Quaker's Caution.*—The following ad-

monition was addressed by a quaker to a man who was pouring forth a volley of ill language against him, "Have a care, friend, thou mayest run thy face against my fist."

742.—*Cheap Dinner for Lawyers.*—Mr. Tooke, while studying in the Inns of Court, had, for fellow-students and familiar associates, Messrs. Dunning and Kenyon, the former of whom afterwards became his defender in a court of Justice, while the latter sat on the bench as his judge. Respecting the trio, Mr Stephens says, in his *Memoirs* of Mr Tooke :—

"I have been repeatedly assured by Mr. Horne Tooke that they were accustomed to dine together, during the vacation, at a little eating-house in the neighbourhood of Chancery-lane, for the sum of seven-pence halfpenny each. 'As to Dunning and myself,' added he, 'we were generous ; for we gave the girl who waited on us a penny a-piece ; but Kenyon, who always knew the value of money, sometimes rewarded her with a halfpenny, and sometimes with a promise !' "

743.—*Baron Von Weber.*—This late celebrated professor being invited to dine at Mr. L———'s, whose taste for magnificence as well as music is well known, was so struck with involuntary surprise as he entered the drawing-room, that he made a pause, and then exclaimed, in an under tone, which however reached the ears of some gentlemen near him, "Mon Dieu ! It is far better to *sell* music than to *write* it." How many others might make the same remark !

744.—*Exaltation.*—A fellow boasting in company of his family, declared even his own father died in an exalted situation. Some of the company looking incredulous, another observed, "I can bear testimony of the gentleman's veracity, and my father

was sheriff for the county when he was hanged for horse-stealing."

745.—"What have you got to say, old *Bacon-face?*" said a counsellor to a farmer, at a late Cambridge assizes. "Why," answered the farmer, "I am thinking my *Bacon-face* and your *Calf's-head* would make a very good dish!"

746.—*Hume and Lady W——e's Exposure to a Storm.*—The lady was partial to the philosopher and the philosopher was partial to the lady. They once crossed the Frith from Kinghorn to Leith together, when a violent storm rendered the passengers apprehensive of a salt water death; and her ladyship's terrors induced her to seek consolation from her friend, who, with infinite *sang froid*, assured her "he thought there was great probability of their becoming food for the fishes!" "And pray, my dear friend," said Lady W——e, "which do you think they will eat first?" "Those that are *gluttons*," replied the historian, "will undoubtedly fall foul on me; but the *epicures* will attack your ladyship."

747.—*Take a Wife.*—A young man, who had in the course of a short time more than two or three children sworn to him, was thus rebuked by an elderly lady, "Fie, fie, Charles, let the maids alone, and take a wife." "So I did once, my lady," replied the graceless sinner, "but then her husband made such a bother, I shall never forget it."

748.—*Cards.*—"Oh dear!" exclaimed a lady, while playing at whist, "I have lost my honour." "then, madam," remarked a gentleman present, "you should not have played the odd trick."

A young lady exclaiming at loo, "Oh, I am quite loo'd," the gentleman replied, "Miss, if ever you wish to have a husband, keep that confession to yourself."

749.—An Irish fellow, one Jonathan Young, of Dublin, had a great regard for Betty Sly, a young maid, as he thought her; and that they might live quietly and peaceably together hereafter, he thought of this expedient; one day he told her that it was his full intent to marry her, for which reason he would tell her all the secrets of his heart, that their alliance might be the stronger. Amongst many other things, he told her that in the heat of blood he got a son on a friend of his, which was still living, and desired her not to take it amiss. "No, no," said she, "I am very well pleased, for a friend of mine got me with child; and if you intend to make our alliance stronger, it may be done with another marriage, that is, between your son and my daughter."

750.—*Old Goose and Wild Oats.*—The celebrated Lord Falkland being introduced as a member of the House of Commons, at an early age, a grave senator objected to his youth, observing, "That he did not look as if he had sown his *wild oats.*" "So much the better," replied the young nobleman, with a bow, "I am come to a place where there is an old gander to pick them up."

751.—*To be Just in Trifles.*—Nouschirvan, king of Persia, being hunting one day, became desirous of eating some of the venison in the field. Some of his attendants went to a neighbouring village, and took away a quantity of salt to season it; but the king suspecting how they had acted, ordered that they should immediately go and pay for it. Then turning to his attendants, he said, "This is a small matter in itself, but a great one as regards me, for a king ought ever to be just because he is an example to his subjects, and if he swerves in trifles, they will become desolute. If I cannot make all my people just in the smallest things, I can at least show them that it is possible to be so."

752.—*Memorable Example.*—Cambyses, king of Persia, was remarkable for the severity of his government, and his inexorable regard to justice. This prince had a favourite of the name Sisamnes, whom he made a judge; but who presumed so far on the credit he had with his master, that justice was sold in the courts of judicature as openly as provisions in the market. When Cambyses was informed of these proceedings, enraged to find his friendship so ungratefully abused, the honour of his government prostituted, and the liberty and property of his subjects sacrificed to the avarice of this wretched minion, he ordered him to be seized and

publicly degraded, after which he commanded his skin to be stripped over his ears, and the seat of judgment to be covered with it, as a warning to others. At the same time, to convince the world that this severity proceeded only from the love of justice, he permitted the son to succeed the father in the honours and office of prime minister, cautioning him that the same partiality and injustice should meet with a similar punishment. It is remarked of his successor, that he was one of the most upright judges that ever existed, but on many occasions he was observed to wriggle very much in his seat.

753.—*A Goose's Reason.*

A *Goose*, my grandam one day said,
Entering a barn, pops down its head ;
I begg'd her then the cause to show :
She told me she must wave the task,
For nothing but a goose would ask,
What nothing but a goose could know.

754.—*An easy Way to satisfy Electors.*—When Mr. Sheridan first stood for Stafford, he made abundant promises to procure places for such electors as would vote for him ; and, wonderful to relate ! he kept his word, for numbers of them were appointed to offices in Drury-lane theatre and the Opera-house. By this munificence he gained his election ; but in a very short time he found opportunities to oblige new friends, most of the others being obliged to relinquish their situations from *receiving no pay.*

755.—*Queen Bess's Consolation.*—A courtier came running to her, and with a face full of dismay, "Madam," said he, "I have bad news for you ; the party of tailors, mounted on mares, that attacked the Spaniards, are all cut off." "Courage, friend !"

said the queen; "this news is indeed bad; but when we consider the nature of the quadrupeds, and the description of the soldiers, it is some comfort to think we have lost neither *man* nor *horse*."

756.—*An Opinion without a Fee*—Sergeant Fazakerly being on a visit in the country, in the time of a long vacation, was one day riding out with a rich squire, who happened at that time to be about engaging in a law suit, and thought it a good opportunity to pump an opinion out of the counsellor, *gratis*. The sergeant gave his opinion in such a way that the gentleman was encouraged to go on with his suit, which, however, he lost, after expending considerable sums. Irritated by his disappointment, he waited upon the sergeant at his chambers, and cried out, "Zounds! Mr. Sergeant, here have I lost three thousand pounds by your advice." "By my advice," says Fazakerly, "how can that be? I don't remember giving you my advice, but let me look over my book." "Book," says the other, "there is no occasion to look at your book, it was when we were riding together at such a place." "Oh," answered the sergeant, "I remember something of it; but, neighbour, that was only my travelling opinion, and that is never to be relied on, except registered in my fee-book."

757.—*Fashionable Hours*.—The late Duke of Devonshire, who used to leave Brookes's regularly at a very late hour, in passing by the stall of a cobbler at the end of Jermyn-street, in his way home, always wished the cobbler a "good night," which the cobbler as regularly returned by wishing his grace a "good morning!"

758.—At a late duel in Kentucky, the parties discharged their pistols without effect, whereupon one of the seconds interfered, and proposed that the

combatants should shake hands. To this the other second objected as unnecessary. "For," said he, "their hands have been shaking this half-hour."

759.—*The Chancellor and Curran.*—One day, when it was known that Curran was to make an elaborate argument in chancery, Lord Clare (the title of Fitzgibbon) brought a large Newfoundland dog upon the bench with him; and, during the progress of the argument, he lent his ear much more to the dog than to the barrister. At last the chancellor seemed to lose all regard to decency, he turned himself quite aside in the most material part of the case, and began, in full court, to fondle the animal. Curran stopped short. "Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," said Lord Clare. "Oh!" replied Mr. Curran, "I beg a thousand pardons, my lord; I really took it for granted that your lordship was employed in consultation."

760.—History perhaps does not boast a more noble and laconic address than that which was made by the great Duke de Grammont to the King of Spain, when he demanded the infanta, his daughter, in marriage, in the name of his sovereign. "Sire," said he, "the king, my master gives you peace, and to you, madam, his heart and crown."

761.—*Dear Bought Wit.*—A gentleman observing, with a significant shake of the head, as a compliment to his own sagacity and experience, that wit was never *good* till it was *dear bought;* another, whose opinion of the speaker's wit was at a very low ebb, made the following galling remark—"Then we may presume, sir, you bought your portion of the commodity *under prime* cost."

762.—*An Extempore Sermon.*——An itinerant preacher being stopped by some rude fellows, they

insisted on having an extempore sermon on the spot. The poor man endeavoured to excuse himself, but in vain; they only became more clamorous, and the fear of personal ill-treatment induced his compliance. He chose for his text the following verse from Job: "Naked came I from my mother's womb, and naked shall I return."

"I shall divide my sermon," said the ingenious man, "into three heads; the egress into life, the progress through it, and the regress out of it; and were I to preach all day I could not tell you more than the truth of this." His hearers were all attention, when he spoke as follows:—

"By egress man doth life obtain;
By progress findeth all things vain;
Little pleasure, little gain;
Then *regress comes*, and ends his pain."

763.—*A Comparison.*—It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles, the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

764.—*A Female Pirate.*—Two gentlemen meeting a lady highly rouged, one of them said, "There is a female pirate for you." "A pirate," replied the other, "how can that be?" "It is plain enough," continued his friend, "she is trying to make captures with false colours."

765.—Voltaire, speaking of law, says, "I never was but twice in my life completely on the verge of ruin; first, when I lost a law-suit; and, secondly, when I gained one."

766.—*Lie-ing Opinions.*—A case of gross and palpable absurdity being submitted to the opinion of an eminent counsel, the man of law being asked if the action would lie, replied, "Yes if all the witnesses would *lie* too."

767.—*Private Theatricals; or "A Pot Discovered."*—Some time since, a set of amateurs were performing *Othello*, and had reached that period of the play where *Desdemona* is discovered in bed. A wag, who was attached to the company, watched his opportunity, and just before the scene was drawn up, he ran upon the stage with a certain utensil generally to be found in bed-chambers, which he popped under the lady's bed, taking care, however, to leave a part of it exposed to the view of the spectators. When the scene was shifted, the audience, who never before had seen poor *Desdemona* provided with this convenience, were immediately convulsed with laughter, which lasted for a quarter of an hour, greatly to the delight of the planner of the mischief, and the astonishment of those behind the scenes, who were unable to understand the cause of all this mirth, and were a long time ere they discovered and removed the unseemly object which gave rise to it

768.—*Impromptu on a Lady, who, soon after Marriage, separated from her Husband, and went to America.*

"Say, doctor, what is become of your spouse,
Who to gain you considered such bliss?"
"Faith she's gone to another world, and I hope
Will never return unto this."

769.—*The Sorcerer Acquitted.*—A fortune-teller was arrested at his theatre of divination, *al fresco*, at the corner of the Rue de Bussy, in Paris, and carried before the tribunal of correctional police.

"You know how to read the future?" said the president, a man of great wit, but too fond of a joke for a magistrate. "I do, M. le President," replied the sorcerer. "In this case," said the judge, "you

know the judgment we intend to pronounce?" "Certainly." "Well, what will happen to you?" "Nothing." "You are sure of it?" "You will acquit me." "Acquit you?" "There is no doubt of it." "Why?" "Because, sir, if it had been your intention to condemn me, you would not have added irony to misfortune." The president, disconcerted, turned to his brother judges, and the sorcerer was acquitted.

770.—*Theatrical Mistake.*—A laughable blunder was made by Mrs. Gibbs, at Covent-garden theatre, some time since, in the part of *Miss Sterling*, in the *Clandestine Marriage.* When speaking of the conduct of *Betty*, who had locked the door of *Miss Fanny's* room, and walked away with the key, Mrs. G. said, "She had locked the key and carried away the door in her pocket." Mrs. Davenport, as *Mrs. Heidelberg*, had previously excited a hearty laugh by substituting for the original dialogue, "I protest there's a candle coming along the gallery with a man in its hand;" but the mistake by Mrs. Gibbs seemed to be so unintentional, so unpremeditated, that the effect was irresistible, and the audience celebrated the joke with three rounds of applause.

771.—*Funeral Panegyric.*—Granger, in his Biographical Anecdotes, mentions a Madam Cresswell, a celebrated procuress in the reign of Charles the Second. This lady, when dying, desired to have a sermon preached at her funeral, for which the preacher was to have £10, but upon this express condition, that he was to say nothing but what was well of her. A preacher was with some difficulty found who undertook the task. He, after a sermon preached on the general subject of mortality, and the good uses to be made of it, concluded with saying, "*By the will of the deceased it is expected that I*

should mention her, and say nothing but what was well of her. All that I shall say of her, therefore, is this :—She was born *well*, she lived *well*, and she died *well;* for she was born with the name of *Cresswell*, she lived in Clerken*well*, and she died in Bride*well.*"

772.—Soon after the conclusion of the French war in Queen Elizabeth's time, a young pert officer, who had been but lately enlisted in the service, came to the ordinary at the Black Horse Inn, Holborn, where Major Johnson, a brave, rough, old Scotch officer, and one that feared the Lord, usually dined. The young gentleman, while at dinner, was venting some new fangled notions, and speaking, in the gaiety of his humour, against the dispensations of Providence, when the major, at first, only desired him to speak more respectfully of One for whom all the company had an honour ; but finding him run on in his extravagance, began to reprimand him in a more serious manner. "Young man," said he, "do not abuse your benefactor whilst you are eating his bread. Consider whose air you breathe, whose presence you are in, and who it is that gave you the power of that very speech which you made use of to his dishonour." The young fellow, who thought to turn matters into a jest, asked him if he was going to preach ; but at the same time desired him to take care what he said when he spoke to a man of honour. "A man of honour," said the major, "thou art an infidel and a blasphemer, and I shall use thee as such." In short, the quarrel ran so high that the young officer challenged the major. Upon their coming into the garden, the old fellow advised his antagonist to consider the place into which one pass might plunge him ; but on finding him to grow upon him to a degree of scurrility, as believing the ad-

vice proceeded from fear, "Sirrah," said he, "if a thunderbolt does not strike thee dead before I come at thee, I shall not fail to chastise thee for thy profaneness to thy Maker, and thy sauciness to his servant." Upon this he drew his sword, and cried out with a loud voice, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon !" which so terrified his antagonist, that he was immediately disarmed, and thrown upon his knees. In this posture he begged his life, but the major refused to grant it before he asked pardon in a short extemporary prayer, which the old gentleman dictated upon the spot, and which his proselyte repeated to him in the presence of the whole ordinary that were then gathered about them in the garden, to their no small divertion.

773.—*Delay of Judgment ; a Lesson for Judges.* —Juvenalis, a widow, complained to Theodoric, king of the Romans, that a suit of hers had been in court three years, which might have been decided in a few days. The king being informed who were her judges, gave orders that they should give all expedition to the poor woman's cause ; and in two days it was decided to her satisfaction. Theodoric then summoned the judges before him, and inquired how it was that they had done in two days what they had delayed for three years ? "The recommendation of your majesty," was the reply. "How," said the king, "when I put you in office, did I not consign all pleas and proceedings to you ? You deserve death for having delayed justice for three years, which too days could accomplish ;" and, at that instant, he commanded their heads to be struck off.

774.—*The Admiral's Nose.*—Lord Hood had a nose like a demi-culverin ; it, in fact, was like the bowsprit of a small sloop. The sailors called him

Old Nosey, and said, if ever the admiral is shot, it would be my carrying away his "jib-boom." He was returning from the drawing-room one day very early, and met Admiral Rowley going there. "You need not go, Rowley, the room was so crowded, I could hardly get my nose in." "Then," said Rowley, "I'll proceed; for where your lordship got in your *nose*, my *body* will find a free passage."

775.—*Goods at Prime Cost.*—A celebrated courtezan, in the decline of her beauty, put up to sale by auction, all the trinkets which she had received from her former lovers. Observing some pretty women who murmured at the appraisal of them as too high, the fair sinner addressed them with a sly look, and a kind of frown in her face, "I suppose, ladies, you would like to have them at *prime cost.*"

776.—*The Passionate Lady.*—Some one said to Lady Cleveland that Mrs. B—— was very often contending with her husband, and thwarting him in his opinions; she was a very passionate woman indeed. "Pshaw," said her ladyship; "most women, in the indulgence of their *passions*, rise up against their *superiors.*"

777.—*The Peer and the Sheep-stealer.*—Lord Kames used to relate a story of a man who claimed the honour of his acquaintance on rather singular grounds. His lordship, when one of the justiciary judges, returning from the north circuit to Perth, happened one night to sleep at Dunkeld. The next morning walking towards the ferry, but apprehending he had missed his way, he asked a man whom he met to conduct him. The other answered, with much cordiality, "That I will do with all my heart, my lord; does your lordship remember me? My name's John ——; I have had the honour to be before your lordship for stealing sheep?" "Oh

John, I remember you well; and how is your wife? she had the honour to be before me too, for receiving them, knowing them to be stolen." "At your lordship's service. We were very lucky, we got off for want of evidence; and I am still going on in the butcher trade." "Then," replied his lordship, "we may have the honour of meeting again."

778.—The early part of the life of Eleanor Gwynn is little known. Having a very pleasing voice, she used to go from tavern to tavern, to amuse different companies with songs after dinner. This procured her an engagement at Drury-lane, where King Charles first saw her. She had her influence over him till not many hours before he died, for he begged the Duke of York to be mindful of poor Nell.

She resided at a splendid house in St. James's Square, the back room of which, on the ground-floor, was (within memory) covered with looking-glasses. Over the chimney was a beautiful picture of herself; in another room was that of her sister. In this house she died, in the year 1691, and was pompously interred in the parish church of St. Martin's-in-the-field, Dr. Tennison, the then vicar, and, finally Archbishop of Canterbury, preaching her funeral sermon. The sermon was afterwards brought forward at court by Lord Jersey, to impede the doctor's preferment; but Queen Mary having heard the objection, answered, "Well, and what then? this I have heard before, and it is a proof that the unfortunate woman died a true penitent, who, through her life, never let the wretched ask in vain."

779.—An Irish gentleman having a small picture-room, several persons desired to see it at the same time. "Faith, gentleman," said he, if you all go in, it will not hold you."

780.—*Anecdote of Weber.*—Neither our manners nor our climate suited the baron, "who should have died hereafter." When he was loudly called for after the first performance of *Oberon*, he said to Mr. Kemble, "Sir, for why you make the people *cry* so for me?" and it was with great difficulty that he was induced to make his appearance at the side scenes; and not then till he had frequently exclaimed, "No, no, where is de Fawcett?" wishing him to go on and receive all the honours.

If he had continued to compose for our theatres, he would probably have succeeded in improving the style of our singers. On one occasion, at a rehearsal, he said, "I am very sorry you tak so much trouble." "Oh! not at all;" was the reply. "Yes," he added, "but I say yes; dat is, why you tak de trouble to sing so many notes dat are not in de book."

781.—*Battle of Agincourt.*—A gentleman, long famous for the aptitude of his puns, observing a violent fracas in the front of a gin-shop, facetiously termed it "The battle of *A-gin-court.*"

782.—Munden, when confined to his bed, and unable to put his feet to the ground, being told by a friend that his *dignified* indisposition was the laugh of the Green-room, pleasantly replied,—"Though I love to laugh, and make others laugh, yet I would much rather they would make me a *standing* joke."

783.—*Gaming Extraordinary.*—The late General Scott, so celebrated for his success in gaming, was one evening playing very deep with the Count D'Artois and the Duke de Chatres, at Paris, when a petition was brought up from the widow of a French officer, stating her various misfortunes, and praying relief; a plate was handed round, and each

person put in one, two, or three louis d'ors; but when it was held to the general, who was going to throw for a stake of 500 louis d'ors, he said, "Stop a moment, if you please, sir, here goes for the widow." The throw was successful, and he instantly swept the whole into the plate, and sent it down to the astonished petitioner.

784.—*Father O'Leary and Counsellor Curran.*—One day after dinner Curran said to him, "Reverend father, I wish you were St. Peter." "And why, counsellor, would you wish that I were St. Peter?" asked O'Leary. "Because, reverend father, in that case," said Curran, "you would have the keys of heaven, and you could let me in." "By my honour and conscience, counsellor," replied the divine, "it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out." Curran enjoyed the joke, which he admitted had a good deal of justice in it.

785.—*Strong Grog.*—A venerable but eccentric member of the presbytery, lately, in attempting to get into the packet boat, fell into the canal. He was drawn out half drowned, and conveyed to a house in the neighbourhood, where he was put to bed. "Will ye tak some spirits and water, sir?" asked his considerate host. "Na, na; I hae had plenty of *water* for ae day; I'll tak the *spirits* noo."

786.—*Lord Nelson and Mr. Pitt.*—These two great men could never agree. It was told Nelson that Mr. Pitt said, "He was the greatest fool he ever knew when on shore." "He speaks truth," said the hero, "and I would soon prove him to be a fool if I had him on board of ship; nevertheless, I am as clever an admiral as he is a statesman, which is saying a great deal for myself." He disliked the man, but honoured his great talents.

787.—*Playhouse Wit.*—In the time of the celebrated John Wilkes, when the outcry against the influx of Scotchmen to London was at its height, the play of *Macbeth* happened to be acted one night at Old Drury. When *Macduff* came to that question which Shakspeare puts into his mouth, "Stands Scotland where it did?" "No," bawled out a wag in the gallery, "*it has come to London.*"

788.—*Letter from a Flute-Player to a Fiddler.*

"Dear Tom,

I have played *time* at the *overture* of your *resting*-board, but was told you was got into your *country airs.* I wish we could meet and *wet our whistles* together, and I am sure, notwithstanding our late *discord,* we should agree to a *hair.*

TIMOTHY BLOWPIPE."

789.—A Vice Chancellor of Trinity College was remarkably fond of *ham.* He frequently asserted that men ought to adhere to the principles in which they were educated, and abide by the customs which belonged thereto. His worship being once present at a table where a hot *ham* was brought into the room, the flavour seemed to delight him; but before he could make an incision, one of the company requested he would answer the following question: "If you, sir, had been educated as a Jew, how would you have acted, if, when you were very hungry, such a *ham* as this had been placed before you?" "Sir," replied he, "I would have made a low bow, and said with Agrippa, *almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.*"

790.—In a country news-room, the following notice is written over the chimney, "Gentlemen learning to spell are requested to use yesterday's paper!"

791.—A woman, who was not a water drinker, once walking with her husband, remarked that it rained, for she had just got *a drop in her eye.* "Nay, my dear," said he, "that you got before you left home."

792.—*No Variety.*—When Sam Foote was once at Bath, he was asked what fare he usually met at Dr. Delacour's table. "Sir," replied the satirist, "we have always a piece of beef, a saddle of mutton, a couple of chickens, and *Captain Matthews.*"

793.—*Beattie's Anecdote of a Dog.*—Dr. Beattie, in his Dissertations, Moral and Critical, relates an instance of canine sagacity. As a gentleman was walking across the Dee, when it was frozen, the ice gave way in the middle of the river, and down he sunk; but kept himself from being carried away in the current by grasping his gun, which had fallen athwart the opening. A dog who attended him, after many fruitless attempts to rescue his master, ran to a neighbouring village, and took hold of the coat of the first person he met. The man was alarmed, and would have disengaged himself; but the dog regarded him with a look so kind and significant, and endeavoured to pull him along with so gentle a violence, that he began to think there was something extraordinary in the case, and therefore suffered himself to be conducted by the animal, who brought him to his master in time to save his life.

794.—When Admiral Haddock was dying, he called his son, and thus addressed him, "Considering my rank in life, and public services for so many years, I shall leave you but a small fortune; but, my boy, it is honestly got, and will wear well; there are no seamen's wages or provisions, nor one single penny of dirty money in it."

795.—*A Club in Dublin.*

At a club in Dublin it was agreed that if any of the company should speak in a foreign language, he should be fined a bumper. Soon after one of them began talking Irish, which being considered as a foreign and barbarous tongue, he was fined two bumpers.

796.—*Singular Intermarriage.*—A Mr. Hardwood had two daughters by his first wife, the eldest of whom was married to John Coshick; this Coshick had a daughter by his first wife, whom old Hardwood married, and by her he had a son; therefore, John Coshick's wife could say as follows:—

My father is my son, and I'm my mother's mother;
My sister is my daughter, and I'm grandmother to
my brother.

797.—*Beau Nash.*—The celebrated Nash being in a market-town in the country, had occasion to employ a porter about some business, in which he blundered egregiously, and put Nash in a passion, who scolded him severely. "Zounds, sir," said the fellow, unable to bear his reproaches any longer, "tell me what you'd have, and I'll get it you." "Then get me, you puppy, a greater fool than yourself," said Nash. Away went the porter, and meeting with the mayor of the town, told him that Mr. Nash was at the inn, and wanted to speak with him. Nash was greatly surprised when his worship told him the reason of his visit, and to excuse himself, fairly confessed what had passed between him and the porter: upon which the mayor set out in a passion, and immediately ordered the fellow into the stocks. As soon as Nash was informed of this, he repeated those lines in Pope:—

> "Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
> Atones not for the mischief that it brings."

And then said he would go and comfort the poor devil. When he came to the place where the delinquent was confined, he thus accosted him: "Sirrah," said he, "being a poor man, what business have you with wit? It is an ingredient the rich cannot but manage to their disadvantage." And turning round to one of his friends, "My lord ———," says he, "has so much wit, that he can never keep a guinea in his pocket; and Colonel ———, because of his wit, never could keep a friend. Wit is ever dealing in difficulties: you see it has brought this man to the stocks, who, if a fool, might have been mayor of the town, and sent others here." Then giving the porter a guinea, "There, friend," says he, "is something for you; now go

home, and study stupidity." "That I will, master," replied the fellow, "I'll study the whole corporation."

798.—*The Black Coat Observed.*—As one of the Princes of Orange was passing through a village on a Sunday, he asked the people, "Who is the man in black playing at tennis?" He was answered, "The man who has the care of our souls." "Good people," said the prince, "is this the man who has the care of your souls? you had best then look about you, and take a little care of them yourselves."

799.—A young lady of Namur, of good family, having a gallant, was at a loss in conducting the correspondence. A hair-dresser, not an unusual messenger of love, was chosen as the agent; but how was he to escape the vigilance of her father, a widower, who had a perpetual eye on her conduct? Singular as it may appear, the old gentleman's wig was chosen as the letter-box. He wore a bag, which his daughter used to take off every evening when he called for his nightcap, and she was sure to find a billet from her lover, which the hair-dresser had placed there in the morning when he affixed the bag, and which the old gentleman had unsuspectedly carried about all the day. She had sufficient time to peruse it, and replace her answer, which the hair-dresser withdrew in the morning to deliver to her lover.

800.—An old woman received a letter from the post-office at New York. Not knowing how to read, and being anxious to know the contents, supposing it to be from one of her absent sons, she called on a person near to read the letter to her. He accordingly began, and read,—"Charlestown, June 23, 1833. Dear mother," then making a stop to find out what followed, (as the writing was ra-

ther bad,) the old lady exclaimed,—"*Oh! 'tis my poor Jerry, he always stuttered.*"

801.—*One Scraper enough at a time.*

As Foote stood conversing along with a friend,
A wretched street fiddler his ears did offend,
The sound might be anything call'd but a tune,
And out of the window he sixpence flung soon.
"Good man, haste away," and kindly he swore,
"One *scraper* is surely enough for one door."

802.—It happened that the learned Patru, who was no less remarkable for his necessities than his great learning, being tormented by his creditors, determined at length to sacrifice his books to his own ease and their satisfaction. His library, therefore, was exposed to sale. Mr. Bileau heard of this circumstance, and, repairing to his house, made a purchase of the whole. A few hours after he sent M. Patru a letter, by which he acquainted him that he had a great favour to request of him, and would not be refused, which was, to esteem the books still his own, and to make use of them as long as he lived.

803.—*Ingenious Apology.*—Verbruggen, the actor, in a dispute with one of King Charles's illegitimate sons, was so transported by anger as to strike him behind the scenes of Drury-lane, and call him, (in allusion to his mother, Nell Gwynn,) a son of a w———. Complaint was made of this insult, and Verbruggen was told he must either not act in London, or publicly ask the nobleman's pardon. Verbruggen consented, on condition he might use his own terms; and he came on the stage and said,—"I did call the Duke of St. A—— a son of a w———, *it is true, and I am sorry for it.*"

804.—*An Elegant Compliment.*—Garrick once

asked Rich, the manager of the theatre, how much he thought Covent Garden would hold. "I could tell to a shilling," replied the manager, "if you would play *Richard* in it."

805.—*Matrimonial Hint.*—"My dear Lady B—, I have a terrible heart-burn." "Ah! Sir Harry, what's that to the *heart-ache?*"

806.—A gentleman endeavouring to put up his gig at Wandsworth, at a review of light-horse, was told there were already three horses in a stall. "Oh, then," continued his companion, "if that is the case, we are completely *forestalled*"

807.—*A Trifling Error.*—A gentleman waiting in the anti-chamber at the Exeter Concert Room, inquired of the attendant what was the nature of the performance, adding, that he supposed they were *miscellaneous;* to which the other immediately replied, "No, sir, I don't think *she* is here; but there's Miss Holdaway, and Miss George, and several other excellent singers."

808.—*Singing and Jumping.*—Handel was once the proprietor of the Opera-house, London, and at the same time presided at the harpsichord in the orchestra. His embellishments were so masterly, that the attention of the audience was frequently diverted from the singing to the accompaniment, to the frequent mortification of the vocal professors. A pompous Italian singer was once so chagrined at the marked attention paid to the harpsichord in preference to his own singing, that he swore that if ever Handel played him a similar trick, he would jump down upon his instrument, and put a stop to the interruption. Upon which Handel thus accosted him,—"Oh! oh! so you vil jump, vil you? Very vell, sare; be so kind and tell me de night ven you vil jump, and I vil advertise in de bill, and

I shall get grate dale more money by your jumping than I shall get by your singing."

809.—*Elegant Wit.*

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

810.—*New Use of the Commandments.*—A gentleman was one day telling a lady of thieves having broken into a church, and stolen the communion plate and the ten commandments. "I can suppose," said the informant, "that they may melt and sell the plate, but cannot divine for what purpose they should take the commandments." "To *break* them, to be sure," replied she, "to *break* them."

811.—Mr. Curran, who was a very small man, having a dispute with a brother counsel (who was a very stout man), on which words ran high on both sides, called him out. The other, however, objected; "for," said he, "you are so little, that I might fire at you a dozen times without hitting, whereas the chance is that you shoot me at the first fire." "Upon my conscience, that's true," cried Curran; "but to convince you I don't wish to take any advantage, you shall chalk my size upon your body, and all hits out of the ring shall go for nothing."

812.—A miser having lost a hundred pounds, promised ten pounds reward to any one who should bring it him. An honest old man, who found it, brought it to the old gentleman, demanding the ten pounds. But the miser, to baffle him, alleged there were a hundred and ten pounds in the bag when lost. The poor man, however, was advised to sue for the money; and when the cause came on to be tried, it appearing that the seal had not been

broken, nor the bag ripped, the judge said to the defendant's counsel, "The bag you lost had a hundred and ten pounds in it, you say?" "Yes, my lord," said he. "Then," replied the judge, "according to the evidence given in court, this cannot be the money, for here were only a hundred pounds; therefore the plaintiff must keep it till the true owner appears."

813.—*Benefit of Law.*—Mr. Corri, the musician, became bankrupt in Edinburgh, and having been thrown into prison, he was liberated by the humanity of the law of that country, which allows an insolvent debtor, who has not acted fraudulently, to be released on his giving up to his creditors all his property on oath. This is done by an action against the creditors, called *cessio bonorum*, in the course of which the bankrupt must satisfy the court respecting his losses, &c. Mr. Corri's counsel, Mr. Robert Sinclair, after enumerating a variety of losses from the theatre, a tea-garden, &c., added, "There is one article, my lords, which I shall read to you from Mr. Corri's statement,—'I have had forty-seven law-suits, all of which I lost except one, and that *cost* me £3 17s. 4d. for the winning of it!'"

814.—*Bad is the Best.*

"My wife's so very bad," cried Will,
"I fear she ne'er will hold it—
She keeps her bed." "Mine's worse," said Phil,
"The jade has just now sold it!"

815.—*The Saw Found.*—A carpenter on board a ship returning from the West Indies, having lost his saw, suspected the captain's negro boy of having stolen it. Mungo denied all knowledge of the affair, and in this dubious way the matter remained; when the carpenter one day exclaimed to a brother sailor,

"This d—d saw sticks in my gizzard." The boy instantly ran to his master, and joyfully cried out, "Massa, me glad, me glad, Massa ! carpenman find him saw." "Ah ! ah ! and where did he find it ?" "Yes, Massa, indeed me tell no lie ; he say it stick in him gizzar."

816.—Frederick III., king of Prussia, one day found a Dutch merchant at the door of his palace, called *Sans Souci*, whom he politely accosted, and asked if he wished to see the gardens. The merchant, who did not know his majesty, answered, "He was afraid he could not have that satisfaction, as he understood the king was there at that time." "Give yourself no concern about that," replied Frederick, "I will undertake to show it you myself." He then led the merchant into the most beautiful part of the garden, and desired his opinion concerning a variety of things. When he had shown him every thing that was remarkable, the Dutchman took out his purse, and would have given some money to his guide. "No," said the king, "we are not allowed to take anything, we should lose our places if we did." The merchant thanked him, took his leave very politely, fully persuaded that he had been speaking to the inspector of the gardens. He met the gardener, who said to him very roughly. "What do you here ? the king is yonder." The Dutchman told him what had happened, and praised very much the politeness of the gentleman who had shown him the garden. "And do you know who that is ?" asked the gardener ; "it is the king himself !" The astonishment of the Dutchman may be easily imagined.

817.—*A Cropt Horse.*—"Indeed, indeed, friend Tom," said one citizen to another, "you have spoiled the look of your nag by cropping his ears so

close; what could be your reason for it?" "Why, friend Turtle, I will tell you; my horse had a strange knack of being frightened, and on very trifling occasions would prick up his ears as if he had seen the devil; and so, to cure him, I cropt him."

818.—*Anecdote of the late Earl of Chesterfield.*—The late Lord R——, with many good qualities, and even learning and parts, had a strong desire of being thought skilful in physic, and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Chesterfield, who knew his foible, and on a particular occasion wished to have his vote, came to him one morning, and, after having conversed upon indifferent matters, complained of the head-ache, and desired his lordship to feel his pulse. It was found to beat high, and a hint of losing blood given. "I have no objection; and as I hear your lordship has a masterly hand, will you favour me with trying your lancet upon me?"—"*Apropos,*" said Lord Chesterfield, after the operation, "*do you go to the House to-day?*" Lord R— answered, "*I did not intend to go, not being sufficiently informed of the question which is to be debated; but you, who have considered it, which side will you be of?*" The earl, having gained his confidence, easily directed his judgment: he carried him to the House, and got him to vote as he pleased. He used afterwards to say, "That none of his friends had done as much as he, having literally bled for the good of his country."

819.—An honest industrious peasant in Picardy, being observed to purchase weekly five loaves, was asked what occasion could he possibly have for so much bread. "One," replied the honest fellow, "I take myself, one I throw away, one I return, and the other two I lend." "How do you make that out?" "Why," returned the peasant, "the one

which I take myself is for *mine own use;* the second, which I *throw away*, is for my *mother-in-law;* the loaf I *return* is for my *father;* and the other two, which I *lend*, are those with which I *keep* my two children, in hopes that they will *one day return* them to me."

820.—*Charles the Second and Nell Gwynn.*—Boman, the actor, was appointed to sing in a concert at the lodgings of Nell Gwynn, at which were present only the king, (Charles II.,) the Duke of York, and one or two more, who were usually admitted to these parties of pleasure. The king highly commended the performance. "Then, sir," said the lady, "to show you don't speak like a courtier, I hope you will make the performers a handsome present." The king said he had no money about him, and asked the Duke of York if he had any. The duke replied, "I believe, sir, not above a guinea or two." The laughing lady, turning to the people about her, and using the king's common expression, cried, "Od's fish, what company am I got into."

821.—*Dancing.*—An Indian of respectability could never consent to his wife or daughter dancing in public, nor can they reconcile the English country dance to their ideas of female delicacy. An amiable Hindoo, at Bombay, being taken to a verandah overlooking the assembly-room, where a number of ladies and gentlemen were going down a country dance, his conductor asked him how he liked the cheerful amusement; the mild Indian replied, "Master, I do not quite understand this business; but in our caste we say, if we place butter too near the fire, butter will soon melt."

822.—*Anecdote for a Bishop's Table.*—Not very long ago, a gentleman, who sometimes speaks his

mind, was dining at the table of a bishop, surrounded by gentlemen who do not always do so,—for they were his chaplains. His lordship gave much into the marvellous, to which the inferior clergy bowed assent. "And I remember," cried his lordship, "when the old palace of Ely was pulled down, there was a toad found under the wall at least eight inches across the back, and twelve in length. The toad was supposed to be a hundred years old." "*Wonderful*," answered the chaplains. "*Wonderful indeed*," answered the gentleman, "for it proves that in those days there were no *toad-eaters*."

823.—*Mr. Cæsar.*—An itch for punning was a constant attendant of Swift's. He dined one day in company with the lord keeper, his son, and their two ladies, with Mr. Cæsar, treasurer of the navy, at his house in the city. They happened to talk of Brutus, and Swift said something in his praise; when it struck him immediately that he had made a blunder in doing so; and, therefore, recollecting himself, he said, "*Mr. Cæsar, I beg your pardon.*"

824.—*Pillars, and Caterpillars.*—During the rebellion in 1745, when the troops were travelling northwards, a soldier quartered at Derby was greatly caressed by the landlord, who extolled the military to the skies, and said that soldiers were the pillars of the nation, and invited the honest man and his wife to call on their return from Scotland and they should be welcome to all his house afforded for a week, a month, or a year. After the affair of Culloden, returning by the same route, the soldier, recollecting his landlord's kind invitation, went to see him. Boniface did not know him. "Not know me?" said the soldier, "my name is Bell; did you not invite me?" "Pshaw! the danger is all over now. You soldiers are the scum of the earth."

"Did you not say we were the pillars of the nation?" "I do not know what I said, but if I did say so, I am sure I meant caterpillars."

825.—*Cause and Effects.*—A country attorney drew a bill the other day upon his agent in London, which was noted for non-payment. The person wrote to the agent to know the reason of its being dishonoured. The agent wrote on the back of the note, "*No Effects.*" The other wrote again to know how this could happen; upon which he wrote back, "*No Causes.*"

826.—*Half-way and Back.*—An old gentleman, who had been accustomed to walk round St. James's Park every day, was asked by a friend whom he met in the Mall, if he continued to take his usual walk. "No, sir," replied the old man, "I cannot do that now; I cannot get round the park; but I will tell you what I do instead, I go half round and back again."

827.—Bed is a bundle of paradoxes; we go to it with reluctance, yet we quit it with regret; and we make up our minds every night to leave it early, but we make up our bodies every morning to keep it late.

828.—*A Sovereign's duty.*—The haughty Solyman, emperor of the Turks, in his attacks on Hungary, took the city of Belgrade, which was considered as the bulwark of Christendom. After this important conquest, a woman of low rank approached him, and complained bitterly that some of his soldiers had carried off her cattle, in which consisted her whole wealth. "You must then have been in a deep sleep," said Solyman, smiling, "if you did not hear the robbers." "Yes, my sovereign," replied the woman, "I did sleep soundly, but it was in the fullest confidence that your high-

ness watched for the public safety." The emperor, who had an elevated mind, far from resenting this freedom, made the poor woman ample amends for the loss she had sustained.

829.—*Anecdote of Judge Holt.*—There never was a man who watched with more jealous care over the privileges of the people than this upright and impartial judge. He was advanced to the bench in 1689. While in office he was solicited to support, with his officers, a party of the military which was sent to disperse a riot occasioned in Holborn by the frequent and violent practice of decoying young men for the plantations. "Suppose," said the judge to the messenger, "that the mob should not disperse at your appearance, what are you to do then?" "Sir," replied the officer, "we have orders to fire on them." "Have you, sir?" said the judge; "then take notice of this, if there be *one* man killed, and you are tried before me, I will take care you and every soldier of your party shall be hanged. Sir," added he, "go back to those who sent you, and tell them that no officer of mine shall attend soldiers; and let them know, at the same time, that the laws of this kingdom are not to be executed by the *sword;* these matters belong to the *civil power*, and *you have nothing to do with them.*" The chief justice immediately, with his tipstaves and a few constables, repaired to the spot, and after addressing the populace, and promising the punishment of those who had excited the *public indignation*, he dispersed the mob quietly.

830.—A person once knocked at the door of a college-fellow, to inquire the apartments of a particular gentleman. When the fellow made his appearance, "Sir," said the inquirer, "will you be so obliging as to direct me to the rooms of Mr. ——?"

The fellow had the misfortune to stutter. He began, "S-S-Sir, pl-pl-please to go to ——," and then stopped short. At length, collecting all his indignation to the tip of his tongue, he poured out a frightful expression, adding, as he shut the door, "you will find him sooner than I can direct you."

831.—*Punishment in Advance.*—A Russian officer, named Valensky, who had a command in the Persian expedition, had once been beaten by the emperor Peter's order, mistaking him for another. "Well," says Peter, "I am sorry for it, but you will deserve it one day or other, and then remind me that you are in arrears with me," which accordingly happened upon that expedition, and he was excused.

832.—The room wherein one of the wives of Harry VIII. was sentenced to decapitation, during the time that Bridewell Hospital was the royal residence, is now the court-room where vagabonds, &c., that are apprehended in its precincts, are tried, Bridewell being (though in the city) a separate jurisdiction. On each side of its spacious fireplace, is a worm-eaten crutch, that once supported an apparently miserable cripple, scarcely able to crawl; but suspicion arising that he was an impostor, and nothing as yet being proved to the contrary, he was sentenced to imprisonment and hard labour, and, as a prelude to which, a sound flogging before he left the court. A wicket, about five feet high, surmounted with sharp iron spikes, closing the door-way, was thought sufficient to secure him while the apparatus was getting ready for his punishment; but, to the utter astonishment of every one present, this infirm *disciple of Lazarus* eluded his sentence, by suddenly springing over the wicket, and escaping his pursuers. His crutches, which he

left behind, are still shown as a memento of his agility.

833.—*Dressing and Shaving.*—Two sailors went into a cook-shop and called for dinner. The landlady set before them a piece of pork, which had not been properly singed, many long hairs adhering to it. "Jack," said he to his companion, "I cannot stomach this pork; why the hairs are as thick and as long as a cable." "You may eat away, gentlemen," said the landlady; "I can assure you it is good meat, for I *dressed* it myself." "Did you so, mistress?" said the other sailor, "I wish you had also *shaved* it yourself."

834.—*Which is the Lady?*—At a fashionable church in London, a real Corinthian dandy went to be married. The clergyman, who was of the school of Dr. Parr, looked at the *thing* from head to foot, and then coolly turned round to the gentleman who acted as father, and said, "Pray, sir, which is the lady?"

835.—*Curing a Scold.*—In the early period of the history of Methodism, some of Mr. Wesley's opponents, in the excess of their zeal against enthusiasm, took up a whole waggon load of Methodists, and carried them before a magistrate. When they were asked what these persons had done, there was an awkward silence: at last, one of the accusers said, "Why, they pretended to be better than other people; and, besides, they prayed from morning till night." The magistrates asked if they had done any thing else. "Yes, sir," said an old man, "an't please your worship, they *convarted* my wife: till she went among them she had such a tongue, and now she is as quiet as a lamb." "Carry them back," said the magistrate, "and let them *convert* all the scolds in the town."

836.—*Hypochondriacism.*—A medical man calling one morning upon a patient, who had been on the sick list a considerable time, but whose *only real* maladies were *too much money* and *nothing to do*, found his countenance illumined with a brilliance of expression altogether extraordinary. Inquiring the cause, he was not a little surprised to learn that the good man, having been informed that the *tread-mill* acted like a talisman on the constitution, had actually *taken steps* to erect one for his own personal edification, under the firm conviction that it would effect an ultimate and decided reform in his *habeas corpus*.

837.—*Dublin Wit.*—A certain alderman of that city having been, on his departure from a dinner at the mayoralty-house, solicited by a poor woman for charity for herself and five starving children, exclaimed, "I would give £50 to be as hungry as any of you."

838.—*Advice Gratis.*—An old gentleman, who frequented one of the coffee-houses, being unwell, determined to make free with the professional men who attended occasionally, and steal an opinion on his case. Accordingly, seated perchance in the same box with one of the faculty, he inquired what he should take for such a complaint, naming his own. "I'll tell you," replied the doctor, sarcastically, "you should take advice."

839.—A Miss Hudson being addressed by a naval officer, whom she repulsed, it was observed, in her presence, that he was not the only warrior who had been foiled in endeavouring to enter Hudson's Bay.

840.—Mr. Jekyll being told the other day, that Mr. Raine, the barrister, was engaged as counsel for a Mr. Hay, inquired if *Raine* was ever known to do good to *Hay?*

841.—Mr. Bearcroft told his friend Mr. Vansittart, "Your name is such a long one, I shall drop the sittart, and call you Van for the future." "With all my heart," said he; "by the same rule, I shall drop croft, and call you Bear."

842.—One Mrs. Trout being delivered of a son, who was christened Jonas, a wag said,

"Three days and nights, assents the sacred tale,
Jonas lay hid in the belly of a whale:
A greater wonder now by far's come out,—
Jonas—from nine months' lodging in a *Trout*."

843.—Sir Andrew Agnew, a Scotch baronet, was famous heretofore for giving *broad hints*. The nature of them will be best ascertained by the following anecdote:—Sir Andrew having for some time been pestered by an impudent and impertinent intruder, it was one day remarked to the baronet, by a friend, that this man no longer appeared in his company, and asked how he contrived to get rid of him. "In troth," said the baronet, "I was obliged to give the chield a *broad hint*." "A broad hint," replied his friend, "I thought he was one of those who could not take a hint." "By my faith, but he was *forced* to take it," answered Sir Andrew, "for, as the fellow would not gang out of the *door*, I threw him out of the *window*."

844.—*Lady Clare and Dr. Crompton.*—Lady Clare was the most witty as well as the most accomplished woman of her day, and the very soul of every gay party in Dublin when her husband was lord chancellor. Dr. Crompton was then a celebrated dentist, and followed that profession only. He was allowed to be the best made man in Dublin, though otherwise remarkably ugly, having a tooth

which stuck out a quarter of an inch, and displaced his upper lip; he was remarkably vain, and a great buck.

Lady Denny observing him one day superbly dressed at a public ball, said to her friend Lady Clare, "Does not your ladyship observe that Crompton has got a new suit, quite of the London cut? Don't you think he is the greatest *buck* in the room?" "Yes, my dear, he is the only *buck-tooth* amongst us." He retained the name of "buck-tooth" to his death.

845.—*Chesterfield's Advice.*—Lord Chesterfield had a chaplain who led a life that did no great honour to his cloth. His lordship was at length compelled to take notice of his conduct, but knowing the patient was a little squeamish, he sweetened the medicine to his palate in the following manner: He told him, with a smile of good humour, that if to the many vices he had already, he would take the trouble to add one more, he did not doubt but his character might be redeemed. The clergyman desiring to know what it might be, was answered by his lordship, "Hypocrisy, doctor; only a little hypocrisy."

846.—At the late Lewes Assizes, a landlord brought some wine to a gentleman dining in a private room, which he did not approve, and he requested it might be changed. The landlord expressed his surprise at this, as he said it was greatly admired by the *Gentlemen of the Bar*, who were drinking it above stairs. "Ay," replied the other very coolly, "they are not *Judges*."

847.—*A Long Story.*—An Italian nobleman, who was grievously afflicted with old age and the gout, entertained a *conteur*, or fable narrator, whose business it was to talk him to sleep. The *conteur* was a man

to have talked the world to sleep in twenty minutes; but the excessive restlessness of his patron sometimes defied his utmost exertions. One night it fell out that the Marchese was particularly wakeful, and the *conteur's* invention more than usually slow. He had exhausted his whole stock in hand of adventures, and contrived (such as they were) three new tales; but still the patient slept not, and kept calling upon him to continue. At length, wearied out, the *conteur* struck at a fresh fable. "There was a poor peasant," said he, "who dwelt upon the Pomeranian mountains, who went forth one day to a neighbouring market to purchase a flock of sheep: he made his bargain, (though prices were high,) and set out on his return home, driving two hundred ewes"—("It was a large flock," muttered the Marchese,)—"two hundred ewes beside lambs before him; but a storm arose before night, and the rivulets swelled with the rain: at length the peasant came to the bank of a wide river, which was no longer fordable from the floods, though it had been so when he passed in the morning. There was no bridge nearer than three leagues, and the roads were getting heavy for the cattle. Could a boat be procured? There was one, but so small that it would only carry one sheep at a time. In this dilemma the traveller had no choice; he put a sheep into the boat, rowed it over with some difficulty, (for the stream was now strong and rapid,) landed it on the far shore, and returned for another." When the *conteur* had arrived at this point of his story, he stopped, and composed himself to sleep; but the nobleman, who was still awake, cried out, as usual, "Go on, Beneditto, go on. Why do you not proceed with the farmer on his journey?" "Ah! let me sleep, my lord, I entreat you," returned the

conteur, in despair; "I shall awake again, I am sure, before he has got his sheep over."

848.—At the close of a silly book, the author as usual printed the word FINIS. A wit put this among the errata, with the following couplet:—

"FINIS!—an error or a lie, my friend!
In writing foolish books—there is *no end*."

849.—*Anti-Climax.*—Mr. H——, the Professor of Chemistry in the University of Dublin, who was more remarkable for the clearness of his intellect than the purity of his eloquence, adverted in one of his lectures to the celebrated Dr. Boyle, of whose talents he spoke with the highest veneration, and thus concluded his eulogy;—"He was a great man," said the Professor,—"a very great man: he was the *father* of chemistry, gentlemen, and *brother* of the Earl of Cork."

850.—*Courtship and Marriage.*

She. You men are angels while you woo the maid,
But devils when the marriage vow is said.

He. The change, good wife, is easily forgiven—
We find ourselves in hell, instead of heaven.

851.—*Clerical Wit.*—The facetious Watty Morrison, as he was commonly called, was entreating the commanding officer of a regiment at Fort George, to pardon a poor fellow sent to the halberds. The officer granted his petition, on condition that Mr. Morrison should accord with the first favour he asked: the favour was to perform the ceremony of baptism for a young puppy. A merry party of gentlemen were invited to the christening. Mr. Morrison desired Major ——— to hold up the dog. "As I am a minister of the Kirk of Scotland," said Mr. M., "I must proceed accordingly."

Major ——— said he asked no more. "Well, then, Major, I begin with the usual question, 'You acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy?'" The Major understood the joke, and threw away the animal. Thus did Mr. Morrison turn the laugh against the ensnarer, who intended to deride a sacred ordinance.

On another occasion, a young officer scoffed at the parade of study, to which clergymen assigned their right to remuneration for labour, and he offered to take a bet he would preach half an hour upon any verse, or section of a verse, in the Old or New Testament. Mr. Morrison took the bet, and pointed out, "And the ass opened his mouth, and he spoke." The officer declined employing his eloquence on that text. Mr. Morrison won the wager, and silenced the scorner.

852.—*The Archbishop and his Ways.*—A gentleman passing Lambeth Palace, exclaimed to a person standing at the gate next the church, "I wish the Archbishop would mend his ways!" "Why, sir," said the man, "what offence has the Archbishop given you?" "He has done me no wrong," replied the passenger; "I complain not of the acts of his Grace, but my feet are tender, and this rough road of sharp pebbles, so close to his residence, is to me a place of punishment. I only wish him to mend his bad path-ways." The explanation was satisfactory, and the joke produced a laugh.

853.—Hogarth had a most enthusiastic admiration of what he called the line of beauty; and enthusiasm always leads to the verge of ridicule, and seldom keeps totally within it. One day, Hogarth, talking with great earnestness on his favourite subject, asserted that no man thoroughly possessed with the true idea of the line of beauty, could do

anything in an ungraceful manner: "I, myself," added he, "from my perfect knowledge of it, should not hesitate in what manner I should present anything to the greatest monarch." He happened at that moment to be sitting in the most ridiculously awkward posture imaginable.

854.—*Pun Judicial.*—At the sessions, a girl named Ann Flood pleaded guilty to an indictment charging her with stealing a certain domestic utensil. The chairman, after sentencing her to be imprisoned to the end of the sessions, observed that it was only a pot carried away by *A. Flood.*

855.—*A Complication of Disorders.*—"What did Mr. —— die of?" asked a simple neighbour. "Of a complication of disorders," replied his friend. "How do you describe this complication, my good sir?" "He died," answered the other, "of two physicians, an apothecary, and a surgeon."

856.—*Cant and Hypocrisy.*—The following letter was written by Lord Orford, in answer to an application made to him to become President of the Norwich Bible Society:—

"Sir, I am surprised and annoyed by the contents of your letter:—surprised, because my well-known character should have exempted me from such an application; and annoyed, because it obliges me to have even this communication with *you.*

"I have long been addicted to the gaming-table: I have lately taken to the turf: I fear I frequently blaspheme; but *I have never distributed religious tracts.* All this was well known to you and your society; notwithstanding which, you think me a fit person for your president! God forgive your hypocrisy! I would rather live in the land of *sinners, than with such saints!*

"I am, &c., &c.,"

857.—A young girl from the country, lately on a visit to Mr. H——, a Quaker, was prevailed on to accompany him to the meeting. It happened to be a silent one, none of the brethren being moved by the Spirit to utter a syllable. When Mr. H—— left the meeting-house with his young friend, he asked her, "How dost thee like the meeting?" To which she pettishly replied, "Like it? why, I can see no sense in it; to go and sit for whole hours together without speaking a word, it is enough 'to *kill the devil.*'" "Yes, my dear," rejoined the Quaker, "*that* is just what we want."

858.—*Proclamation Extraordinary.*—The town-crier of Cheltenham being lately ordered to give public notice that all defaulters of the King's taxes would be exchequered, performed his commission as follows:—"Notice is hereby given, that all persons who do not pay their taxes before the —— June, will be *executed* according to the law."

859.—The report having gone abroad that a female pedant, who was somewhat of a linguist, was about to be married, a severe wit observed, "He could answer for her disposition to *congregate*, but feared she would have no opportunity of *declining*."

860.—*Lord Norbury.*—His Lordship, while lately indisposed, was threatened with a determination of blood to the head. Surgeon C——l accordingly opened the temporary artery; and, whilst attending to the operation, his lordship said to him in his usual quick manner, "C——l, I believe you were *never called to the bar?*" "No, my lord, I never was," replied the surgeon. "Well, I am sure, doctor, I can safely say *you have cut a figure in the temple.*"

861.—*A Querulous Man.*—Mr. Tyers (the proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens) was a worthy man,

but indulged himself a little too much in the querulous strain when anything went amiss; insomuch, that he said, if he had been brought up a hatter, he believed people would have been born without heads! A farmer once gave him a humorous reproof for this kind of reproach of heaven: he stepped up to him very respectfully, and asked him when he meant to open his gardens. Mr. Tyers replied, the next Monday fortnight. The man thanked him repeatedly, and was going away; but Mr. Tyers asked him in return, what made him so anxious to know. "Why, sir," said the farmer, "I think of sowing my turnips on that day, for you know we shall be sure to have rain."

862.—*Charles the Second.*—Amongst the numerous satires which were written against the King and the Court in this reign, was a ballad called "Old Rowley," which lashed his Majesty very severely, by comparing him to an ugly, old, broken-down stallion of his, which went by that name. One evening, when the king went to visit Mrs. Halford, a favourite young lady, he overheard her singing this very song, but did not think proper to knock till she had finished. The lady, finding that some person was at the door, asked, "Who is there?" to which the king humorously replied, "It is old Rowley himself, madam."

863.—Two dinner-hunters meeting in Pall-Mall a short time back, one inquired of the other how he had been for some days. He replied, "In a very poor way indeed, I have not been able to eat anything at all." "God bless me," said his hungry friend, "that is extremely strange, you generally have a very good appetite; you must have been seriously ill." "Oh! not at all, believe me; you misconceive my meaning, I *could* have eat, but the

reason why I have not been able to do so, is, *that no one has admitted me to dinner.*"

864.—*Anecdotes of Mr. Curran.*—Mr. Curran was once asked, what an Irish gentleman, just arrived in England, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue. "I suppose," replied the wit, "he's trying *to catch the English accent.*"

In speaking of a learned sergeant, who gave a confused, elaborate, and tedious explanation of some point of law, Curran observed, "That whenever that grave counsellor endeavoured to unfold a principle of law, he put him in mind of a fool whom he once saw struggling a whole day to open an oyster with a rolling-pin."

865.—*Sheridan Surprised.*—Sheridan used to borrow money in advance of his bankers, on account of the receivership of the Duchy of Cornwall, which, in his latter days, as he stated in the House of Commons, was all he had to exist upon. He one day requested the banker, with due humility, to lend him twenty pounds. "Certainly, sir; perhaps you would like fifty?" "It would be very acceptable." "Or a hundred, sir?" "That would be still better," said the astonished Sheridan. "Or two hundred, sir?" said the banker. "What is the meaning of this? surely you are not bantering me?" said the wondering M.P. "Oh, then, sir, perhaps you have not yet received our letter?" which was the case; for on that day a draft of £1200 had been paid in for the receiver-general.

866.—*Sheridan Money-bound.*—Sheridan, in his journies, had often to stop at the inns on the road till he got a remittance from the treasurer of the theatre. He always marked the letters which he sent on these occasions, "Money-bound," implying he could not weigh anchor and leave port till a sup-

ply made the wind fair. When he separated from the theatre entirely, and a general examination of documents took place, there were four hundred and twelve "money-bound" letters of his upon the files.

867.—*Matrimony.*—The following curious advertisement is extracted from the "British Press" newspaper of 1807, and we doubt not but that if a matrimonial lottery office were established, it would be a profitable speculation, and would accommodate many bashful bachelors and forlorn virgins, who now pine in single-blessedness, and are ignorant of those joys which are the chief delight and source of our existence :—

"Ladies.—As many ladies, from a retired life, or undue restraint, or caprice, have not entered into the matrimonial state, Mrs. Morris, No. 27, Clipstone-street, Fitzroy-square, undertakes to obtain them objects to their wishes. Those who have employed her, will confess she is deserving the utmost confidence : it never can be known that ladies apply to her, if they do not disclose it themselves : as her connexions are extensive, it is supposed that she knows where to find unmarried ladies, without their applying to her. She is at home every morning from ten till three, and every afternoon from five till eight. None but persons of fortune, and of the most irreproachable characters, will be treated with. No letters received that are not post-paid."

868.—*Dutch Cleanliness.*—Sir William Temple, observing upon the extravagant neatness of the people of Holland, mentions a circumstance of a magistrate going to visit the mistress of a house at Amsterdam, where, knocking at the door, a tight, strapping, North-Holland lass came and opened it. He asked whether her mistress was at home ; she

said, "Yes," and with that he offered to go in ; but the wench, marking his shoes were not very clean, took him by both arms, threw him upon her back, carried him across two rooms, set him down at the bottom of the stairs, pulled off his shoes, put him on a pair of slippers that stood there, and all this without saying a word ; but when she had done, she told him that he might go to her mistress, who was in a room above.

869.—*The Captive's Friend.*—During one of the wars in India, Major Gowdie became Tippoo's prisoner, and was confined with many other gentlemen in Bangalore, where they suffered every species of insult, hardship and barbarity. A humane and beneficent butcher, whose business led him often to the prison, saw and felt for their sufferings ; for they had been stripped of their clothes and robbed of their money before they were confined. It would have cost the butcher his ears, and perhaps his life, had he discovered any symptoms of pity for the prisoners before his countrymen. They were allowed only one seer of rice, and a piece, or half-penny, per day for their subsistence ; but the butcher contrived to relieve their necessities. Upon opening the sheeps' heads, which they frequently bought of him for food, they were astonished to find pagodas in them. In passing the yard of their prison, he often gave them abusive language, and threw balls of clay or dirt at them, as if to testify his hatred or contempt ; but, on breaking the balls, they always found that they contained a supply of money for their relief ; and this he did frequently for a long time, until the prisoners were released.

In the following war, Major Gowdie was destined to attack Bangalore ; and he had not long entered the breach, when he saw and recollected his old

friend the butcher. He ran with eagerness to embrace him, saved him from the carnage, and led him to a place of safety. The transport of the two generous souls, at their meeting, gave the most pleasant sensations to all who beheld them : it softened the rage of the soldiers, and made the thirst of blood give way to the soft emotions of humanity.

870.—*Second Thoughts Best.*—To retract from an evil design, not only shows wisdom, but that a man is master of his passions and humours ; whereas, some men are so resolutely bigoted to their judgments and opinions, that if they once engage in any particular scheme, they will pursue it, however opposed by self-reproaches and inconveniences. A person having been at a gaming-house, and lost all his money and estate, grew desperate, and determined to hang himself on the first convenient sign-post he came to. Coming to a proper place, he fixed his garters, and was preparing for execution, when, on a sudden, a merry thought came into his head, which diverted him from his purpose, and he went away, saying, "I reprieve thee from day to day, till thou diest a natural death."

871.—*Ludicrous Anecdote.*—Sir Peter Lely, a famous painter, in the reign of Charles I., agreed for the price of a full-length, which he was to draw for a rich alderman of London, who was not indebted to nature either for shape or face. When the picture was finished, the alderman endeavoured to beat down the price, alleging, that if *he* did not purchase it, it would lay on the painter's hands. "That is your mistake," said Sir Peter, "for I can sell it at double the price I demand." "How can that be ?" says the alderman ; "for it is like nobody but myself." "But I will draw a tail to it, and then it will be an excellent monkey." Mr. Alderman, to

prevent an exposure, paid the sum agreed for, and carried off the picture.

872.—*Anecdote of Shakspeare.*—Shakspeare was performing the part of a king in one of his own tragedies ; standing near the queen's box, and having given orders to the attending officers, Elizabeth, wishing to know whether he would depart from the dignity of the sovereign, at that instant dropped her handkerchief : when the mimic monarch, instantly exclaimed,

"But, ere this be done,
Take up our sister's handkerchief."

873.—*A Soldier's Answer to his General.*—An Indian general reviewing his troops of horse, said to one of the soldiers, "Why is thy horse so thin ?" "I have a wife and children," replied the man, "who are much thinner ; and can I support them all with the pay the sultan gives me ?" The general was moved with the poverty and ingenuity of the man : "Here," said he, giving him a large sum of money, "now nourish thy family, and fatten thy horse."

874.—*Puppyism.*—A young dashing blade went into a haberdasher's shop the other day to buy a watch-ribbon, which came to four-pence. He laid a shilling on the counter ; the man immediately gave him sixpence only, forgetting the two-pence due to him : so, after some time, when this Bond-street lounger had looked at the man, and the man at him, "Fellow," said he, "*fatigue* me with my twopence !"

875.—*Essay on Snuff-taking.*—Every professed, inveterate and incurable snuff-taker, at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and

wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes one minute and a half.

One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of every ten.

One day out of every ten amounts to thirty-six days and a half in a year.

Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in for forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it.

In the expense of snuff-boxes and handkerchiefs, it will appear, that this luxury encroaches as much on the income of the snuff-taker, as it does on his time; and that, by a proper application of the time and money thus lost to the public, a fund might be constituted for the discharge of the national debt.

876.—The Duchess of Devonshire, well known for her literary talents, had invited a select company of fashionables to dinner, and to enjoy the pleasures of music and of literary conversation. Amongst others to whom she sent invitations, were the Messrs. Smith, brothers, one of whom is the author of "*The Rejected Addresses*," and both well known in the literary world. The invitation was so worded, that they were not to arrive till the dinner was over; for, being plebeians, they were scarcely fit to mingle with the patricians, and were to enliven the noble company by their brilliant flashes of wit. To the duchess's note, Mr. George Smith returned for answer, "That he was very sorry, as was also his brother, that they could not avail themselves of the honour her Grace had done them, but both having accepted prior engagements, his brother to grin through a collar at Peckham fair, and he himself to

eat tripe for a wager with the dogs in Clare-market, they were obliged to decline attending." The duchess, upon the receipt of this note, instantly despatched her steward with another, apologizing for the first note, and hoped they would honour her with their company, which they did: having thus, by their spirit, asserted their equality.

877.—*The Volunteer.*—A sailor who had not seen the inside of a church for some time, strolled into that of Portlock, in Somersetshire, just as the minister ascended the pulpit, who gave out for his text, "*Wilt thou go with me to Ramoth Gilead, to battle?*" which being twice repeated, the tar, with some warmth, rose up and exclaimed, "What, do none of you answer the gentleman? For my part, if nobody else will go, I'll go with him myself, with all my heart."

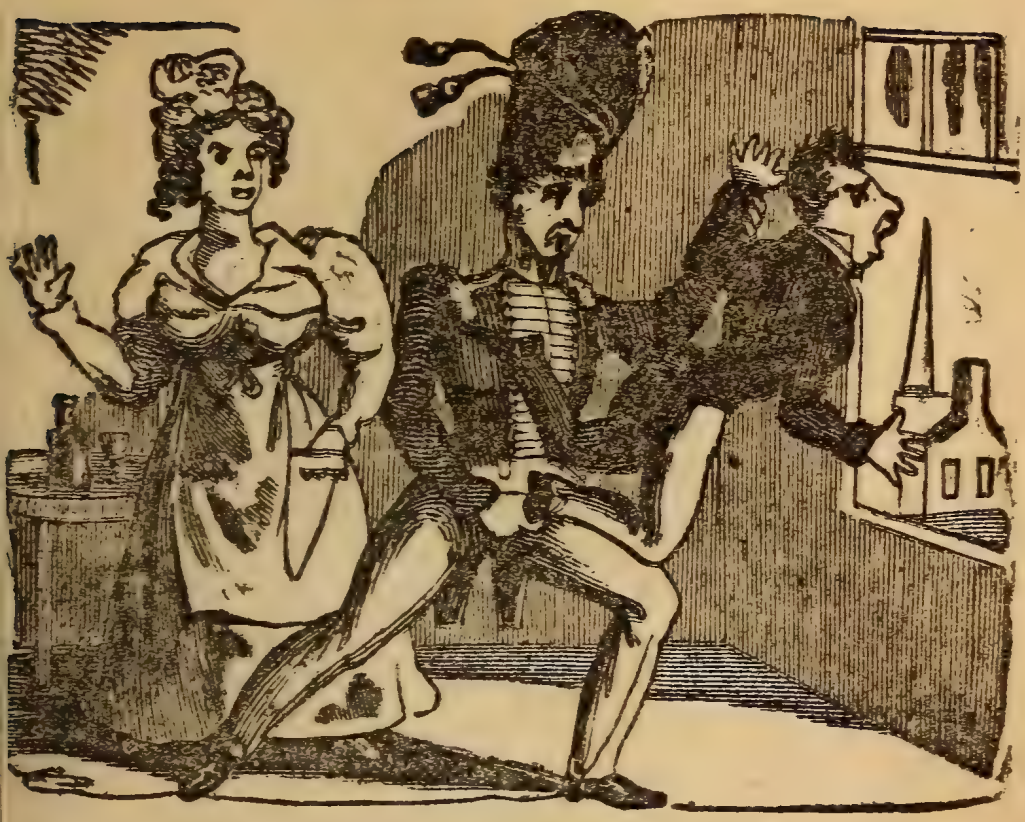
878.—The clergyman of a country village reprehending one of his parishioners for quarrelling with his wife so loudly, and so frequently, as to be a source of perpetual disturbance to the neighbourhood, in the course of his exhortation, remarked, that the scriptures declared, that man and wife were *one.* "Ay, that may be, sir," answered Hodge, "but if you were to go by when me and my wife were at it, you'd think there were *twenty* of us!"

879.—A Quaker, a few days since, having been called in evidence at a Quarter Sessions, one of the magistrates, who had been a blacksmith, desired to know why he would not take off his hat. "It is a privilege," said the witness, "that the laws and liberality of my country indulge people of our religious mode of thinking in." "If I had it in my power," said the justice, "I would have your hat *nailed* to your head." "I thought," said Obadiah

"that thou hadst given over the trade of *driving nails.*"

880.—Philip II., walking one day alone in one of the cloisters of the Escurial, an honest tradesman, seeing the door open, went in. Transported with admiration of the fine paintings with which that house was adorned, he addressed himself to the king, whom he took for one of the servants of the convent, and desired him to show him the paintings, and explain the subjects of them. Philip, with all the humility and condescension of a lay-brother, conducted him through the apartments, and gave him all the satisfaction he could desire. At parting, the stranger took him by the hand, and squeezing it affectionately, said, "I am much obliged to you, friend ; I live at St. Martins, and my name is Michael Bambis : if you should chance to come my way, and call upon me, you will find a glass of good wine at your service." "And my name," said the pretended servant, "is Philip the Second ; and if you will call upon me at Madrid, I will give you a glass of as good."

881.—*A Bold Monitor.*—Agustus Cæsar was once sitting in judgment when Macenas was present, who, perceiving that the emperor was about to pass sentence of death upon a number of persons, endeavoured to get up to him ; but being hindered by the crowd, he wrote on a piece of paper, "When are you going to rise, hangman ?" and then threw the note into Cæsar's lap. Cæsar immediately rose without condemning any person to death ; and far from taking the sarcastic admonition of Macenas amiss, he felt much troubled that he had given cause for it.



882.—*The Punishment.*—An honest Irishman in the service of Louis the Fourteenth, having caught a fellow in his chamber, after some words, told him he would let him escape that time, but if ever he found him there again, he would throw his hat out of the window. Notwithstanding this terrible threat, in a very few days he caught the spark in the very same place, and was as good as his word. Knowing what he had done, he posted away to a place where he knew the king was to be, and throwing himself at his majesty's feet, implored his pardon. The king asked him what his offence was. He told him that he had been abused, and that he had thrown the man's hat out of the window. "Well, well," said the king, laughing, "I very readily forgive you, considering your provocation, I think you were

much in the right to throw his hat out of the window." "Yes, and it please you, my liege," said the dragoon, "but his head was in it." "Was it so?" replied the king, "well, well, my word is past."

883.—*Honourable Enemy.*—Cneius Domitius, tribune of the Roman people, eager to ruin his enemy, Marcus Scaurus, chief of the senate, accused him publicly of several high crimes and misdemeanours. His zeal in the prosecution tempted a slave of Scaurus, through hope of a reward, to offer himself privately as a witness. But justice here prevailed over revenge; for Domitius, without uttering a single word, ordered the perfidious wretch to be fettered, and carried to his master. So universally was this action admired, that it procured Domitius an accession of honours which he could scarcely have hoped for otherwise. He was successively elected consul, censor, and high-priest.

884.—*Anecdote of Quin.*—A lady of much caricaturing sensibility, was detaining Quin, while buying a pair of gloves, with expressions of her ardent desire to see him make love. Quin, who seems to have been the Doctor Johnson of the stage, if we may judge from the character of his replies, answered, "Madam, I never *make* love; I always buy it *ready made.*"

885.—Louis XI., when young, used to visit a peasant, whose garden produced excellent fruit. Soon after he ascended the throne, this peasant waited on him with his little present, a turnip, the produce of his own garden, of an extraordinary size. The king, smiling, remembered the hours of pleasure he had passed with him, and ordered a thousand crowns to be given to him. The lord of the village hearing of this liberality, thought within himself, "If this peasant gets a thousand crowns

for a turnip, I have only to present his majesty with a handsome horse, and my fortune is made." Arriving at court, he requested the king's acceptance of one. Louis highly praised the steed, and the donor's expectations were raised to the utmost, when the king exclaimed, "Bring me my turnip!" and added, as he presented it to the nobleman, "there, this cost me a thousand crowns, I give it you in return for your horse."

886.—*Noble Generosity.*—When the earl of Spencer was a boy, he called at an inn at St. Alban's, where he had frequently stopped, and observing that the landlord looked unusually dejected, asked him the cause. He said, "That affairs ran cross, his creditors were severe, and he should be soon obliged to shut up his house." "That is a pity," said the young nobleman; "how much money will be required to reinstate you?" "Oh! your honour, a great sum; not less than a thousand pounds." "And would that sum perfectly answer the purpose?" "It would, sir; and I would honestly repay any gentleman who would be generous enough to advance it." Young Spencer said no more, but ordering his horses to his carriage, posted back to London, and going instantly to his guardian, told him he wanted a thousand pounds. "A thousand pounds, sir!" said the guardian, "it is a large sum. May I ask to what purpose it is to be applied?" "No purpose of extravagance, upon my honour, but I will not tell you to what use it is to be destined." The guardian refused to advance the cash. The young gentleman hurried to his relations, and made his complaint: a consultation was held, and it was at length agreed to let him have the money, without demanding the mode in which he intended to dispose of it. He carried it

immediately to the distressed landlord, whose business was conducted with fresh vigour, and his inn has been since one of the most capital in England.

887.—*Perfidy Punished.*—Brutus, the general, having conquered the Patarenses, ordered them, on pain of death, to bring him all their gold and silver, and promised rewards to such as should discover any hidden treasures. Upon this, a slave, belonging to a rich citizen, informed against his master, and discovered to a centurion the place where he had buried his wealth. The citizen was instantly seized and brought, together with the treacherous informer, before Brutus. The mother of the accused followed them, declaring, with tears in her eyes, that she had hidden the treasure without her son's knowledge, and that, consequently, she alone ought to be punished. The slave maintained that his master, and not the mother, had transgressed the edict. Brutus heard both parties with great patience, and being convinced that the accusation of the slave was chiefly founded on the hatred he bore to his master, he commended the tenderness and generosity of the mother, restored the whole sum to the son, and ordered the slave to be crucified. This judgment, which was immediately published all over Lycia, gained him the hearts of the inhabitants, who came in flocks to him from all quarters, offering, of their own accord, the money they possessed.

888.—*Perfidy Rewarded.*—What a noble contrast does the conduct of Brutus form to the base cruelty which disgraced the reign of James II., on an occasion not very dissimilar. During Monmouth's rebellion, one of his followers, knowing the humane disposition of a lady of the name of Mrs. Grant, whose life was one continued exercise of beneficence, fled to her house, where he was maintained and

concealed for some time. Hearing, however, of the proclamation which promised an indemnity and reward to those who discovered such as harboured the rebels, he betrayed his benefactress; and such was the spirit of justice and equity which prevailed among the ministers, that the ungrateful wretch was pardoned, and recompensed for his treachery, while his benefactress was burnt alive for her charity towards him.

889.—*Eccentric Verdict.*—A young lady in Washington, America, having committed suicide in a fit of *love phrenzy*, the coroner's jury brought in the following verdict:—"Died by the visitation of Cupid."

890.—*A Lamb's Fry better than Nothing.*—A comical old fellow, who loved to be saving, having been to market to purchase a lamb's fry, on his return met an acquaintance, who accosted him with "Ah! Mr. Gripe'em, what, you've been to purchase some provision?" "Yes," said the old man, "a nice lamb's fry for my supper." "Ah!" said the other, "nothing is better for supper than lamb's fry." "I beg your pardon," retorted the old gentleman, "but I think lamb's fry is *better than nothing.*"

891.—*A Sailor a Judge of Horse-flesh.*—Some sailors, who had made a great deal of prize-money, lately determined on purchasing a horse for the use of the mess; accordingly, one of them was pitched upon to buy the horse. As soon as this honest tar got on shore, he went to a noted horse-dealer, who brought out a very clever-looking horse for the sailor's inspection, which he particularly recommended to him as being a nice *short backed* horse. "Ay, that may be," said the sailor, "and that's the very reason he won't do, *for there's seven of us.*"

892.—*Simplicity.*—A West Indian, who had a remarkably fiery nose, sleeping in his chair, a negro boy, who was in waiting, observed a musquito hovering about his face. Quashi eyed the insect very attentively, and at last saw it alight upon his master's nose, and immediately fly off again. "Ah!" exclaimed the negro, "me glad to see ycu *burn your foot!*"

893.—*A Bishop's Epitaph.*—"In this house, which I have borrowed from my brethren, the worms, lie I, Samuel, by divine permission late bishop of this island, in hopes of the resurrection to eternal life. Reader, stop! view the lord bishop's palace, and smile."

894.—*Jack Bannister and the Barber's Block.*—While this celebrated son of Momus was playing a part in the *Weathercock*, at Southampton, in the height of his military furor he made a desperate cut at the wig-block, which had previously been his opponent in his imaginary court: when the *caput ligneum*, whose assurance was but frail, suddenly detached itself from its frame, and rebounded from the stage into the orchestra, plump on the strings of the double-bass. A few notes of discord was all the injury sustained, and Bannister, with his usual *nanchalance* observed, "There, my opponent at the *bar* has got into a *scrape* at last."

895.—Philip, King of Macedon, having drunk too much wine, happened to determine a cause unjustly, to the prejudice of a poor widow, who, when she heard his decree, boldly cried out, "I appeal to Philip sober." The king, struck with the peculiarity of the event, recovered his senses, heard the cause afresh, and, finding his mistake, ordered her to be paid out of his own purse, double the sum she was to have lost. This is an example worthy imitation.

896.—*Female Delicacy.*—A company of fashionable ladies, in conversation, were discussing the merits of various popular English novels, when one lady remarked, that she preferred "Tom Jones" to "Sir Charles Grandison," as being more interesting, and giving a truer picture of living manners. A city lady, eager to show her deep reading and observation, exclaimed, "Yes, ma'am, and I too prefer Tom Jones, whom I have just left in bed with another man's wife."

897.—*Extraordinary Soldier.*—Samuel Macdonald, a soldier in the Sutherland Fencibles, was seven feet four inches in height, and every way stout in proportion. He was too large to stand in the ranks, and generally stood on the right of the regiment when in line, and marched at the head when in column; but he was always accompanied by a mountain deer of uncommon size. This animal was so attached to Macdonald, that, whether on duty with his regiment, or in the streets, the hart was always at his side. The Countess of Sutherland, with great kindness, allowed him 2s. 6d. per day extra pay; judging, probably, that so large a body must require more sustenance than his military pay could afford. He attracted the notice of the Prince of Wales, and was for some time one of the porters at Carlton House. When the 93rd was raised, he could not be kept from his old friends, and, joining the regiment, he died in Jersey, in 1802, much regretted by his corps.

898.—*Cut for Cut.*—A gentleman at Paris amusing himself in the gallery of the Palais Royal, observed, while he was carelessly looking over some pamphlets at a bookseller's shop, a suspicious fellow stand rather too near him. The gentleman was dressed according to the fashion of the times, in a

coat with a prodigious number of silver tags and tassels, upon which the thief began to have a design; and the gentleman, not willing to disappoint him, turned his head another way, to give him an opportunity. The thief immediately set to work, and in a trice twisted off seven or eight of the silver tags. The gentleman perceived it; and, drawing out a penknife, caught the fellow by the ear, and cut it off close to his head. "Murder! murder!" cries the thief. "Robbery! robbery!" cries the gentleman. Upon this the thief, in a passion, throwing them at the gentleman, roared, "There are your tags and buttons." "Very well," says the gentleman, throwing it back in like manner, "*there is your ear.*"

899.—*An Elegy.*

Good people all, with one accord,
  Lament for Madam Blaise,
Who never wanted a good word
  From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
  And always found her kind:
She freely lent to all the poor
  Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please
  With manner wondrous winning;
And never followed wicked ways,
  Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
  With hoops of monstrous size;
She never slumbered in her pew
  But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has followed her
When she has walk'd before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
Her doctors found, when she was dead,
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more,
She had not died to-day.

900.—*A Sailor's Horsemanship.*—An officer of one of the ships at Spithead having occasion to send to his country-house in great haste, a few days since, despatched a sailor on horseback with a letter, who, after delivering it, and being refreshed, and the horse fed, went to the stable to prepare for his return. A bystander observed to him, "that he was putting on the saddle the hind part before." The sailor replied, "how do you know which way I am going to ride?"

901.—*Keeper of the Wardrobe; or, Canine Sagacity.*—Among the innumerable instances of sagacity which are justly related of the brute creation, the following recent one is well worth observation. A short time since, the coat, waistcoat, &c., of a gentleman engaged in a match at tennis at one of the public courts, were mixed indiscriminately among the clothes belonging to several others engaged in the same party. When the match was concluded, the attendant could not find a single article belonging to the first mentioned gentleman, and, supposing they were stolen, communicated his suspicions;

upon which the gentleman inquired for his dog, one of the Newfoundland breed, who was discovered in a retired corner, with all the clothes bundled together lying under him, grumbling certain consequences to every one who approached him, except his master, to whom he resigned his voluntary charge, with the utmost gentleness.

902.—*Sharp Work.*—A person who, in the course of a tedious law-suit, had given his attorney many hospitable invitations, was surprised at last to find as an article in his bill, "Dining with you —— times, at 6s. 8d. each." Being indignant at this return to his kindness, he resolved to turn the tables in some degree on the attorney, and accordingly charged him five shillings a time for his dinners and wine. The man of law, however, was too deep for him, and informed against him for selling wine without a licence.

903. *Noble Sentiment.*—Louis XII. showed a great and noble mind, when, being advised to punish those persons who had wronged him before he was king, he answered, "It does not become a King of France to avenge injuries done to a Duke of Orleans."

904.—*Lord Anson.*—On a stone pedestal against the inn at Goodwood, in Sussex, is the Lion, carved in wood, which adorned the head of Commodore Anson's ship, the Centurion, during the circumnavigation of the globe. It has the following inscription:—

Stay, traveller, awhile, and view
One who has travelled more than you.
Quite round the globe, in each degree,
Anson and I have ploughed the sea;
Torrid and frigid zones have pass'd,
And safe ashore arrived at last.

905.—*A riendly Warmth.*—Addison and Mr. Temple Stanyan were very intimate. In the familiar conversations which passed between them, they were accustomed freely to dispute each other's opinions. Upon some occasion, Mr. Addison lent Stanyan five hundred pounds. After this, Mr. Stanyan behaved with a timid reserve, deference, and respect; not conversing with the same freedom as formerly, or canvassing his friend's sentiments. This gave great uneasiness to Mr. Addison. One day they happened to fall upon a subject on which Mr. Stanyan had always been strenuous to oppose his opinion; but, even upon this occasion, he gave way to what his friend advanced, without interposing his own view of the matter. This hurt Mr. Addison so much, that he said to Mr. Stanyan, "either contradict me or pay me the money."

906.—*A Philosopher Outwitted.*—A learned doctor being very busy in his study, a little girl came to ask him for some fire. "But," says the doctor, "you have nothing to take it in." As he was going to fetch something for that purpose, the little girl stooped down at the fire-place, and taking some cold ashes in one hand, she put live embers on them with the other. The astonished doctor threw down his books, saying, "With all my learning, I should never have found out that expedient."

907.—*The Oxonians and the Transformation.*—Three or four roguish scholars walking out one day from the University of Oxford, espied a poor fellow, near Abingdon, asleep in a ditch, with an ass by him laden with earthenware, he holding the bridle in his hand. Says one of the scholars to the rest, "If you will assist me, I'll help you to a little money, for you know we are bare at present." Of course they were not long consenting. "Why,

then," said he, "we'll go and sell this old fellow's ass at Abingdon; for you know the fair is to-morrow, and we shall meet with chapmen enough, therefore do you take the panniers off, and put them upon my back, and that bridle over my head, and then lead the ass to market, and let me alone with the old man." This being done accordingly, in a little time after the poor man waking, was strangely surprised to see his ass thus metamorphosed. "Oh! for God's sake," said the scholar, "take this bridle out of my mouth, and this load from my back." "Zoons, how came you here?" replied the old man. "Why," said he, "my father, who is a necromancer, upon an idle thing I did to disoblige him, transformed me into an ass; but now his heart has relented, and I am come to my own shape again, I beg you will let me go home and thank him." "By all means," said the crockery merchant, "I do not desire to have anything to do with conjuration," and so set the scholar at liberty, who went directly to his comrades, who were making merry with the money they had sold the ass for: but the old fellow was forced to go the next day to seek for a new one in the fair, and after having looked on several, his own was shown him as a very good one. "Oh!" said he, "what, have he and his father quarrelled again already? No, no, I'll have nothing to say to him."

908.—*The Devil Calumniated.*—A few years ago were seated in a stage coach, a clergyman, a lawyer, and a respectable looking elderly person. The lawyer, wishing to quiz the clergyman, began to descant pretty fully on the admission of such ill-qualified persons into the church. "As a proof," says he, "what pretty parsons we have, I once heard one read, instead of 'And Aaron made an

atonement for the *sins* of the people,'—'And Aaron made an *ointment* for the *shins* of the people.'" "Incredible!" exclaimed the clergyman. "Oh!" replied the lawyer, "I dare say this gentleman will be able to inform us of something similar." "That I can," said the old gentleman, while the face of the lawyer brightened in triumph, "for I once was present in a country church where the clergyman, instead of 'The devil was a *liar* from the beginning,' actually read, 'The devil was a *lawyer* from the beginning.'"

909.—*Striking a Balance.*—A chimney-sweeper's boy went into a baker's shop for a two-penny loaf, and conceiving it to be diminutive in size, remarked to the baker that he did not believe it was weight. "Never mind that," said the man of dough, "you will have *the less to carry.*" "True," replied the lad, and throwing three half-pence on the counter, left the shop. The baker called after him that he had not left money enough. "Never mind that," said young sooty, "you will have *the less to count.*"

910.—*The Biter Bit.*—Mr. Curran one day inquiring his master's age from a horse-jockey's servant, he found it almost impossible to extract an answer. "Come, come, friend, has he not lost his teeth?" "Do you think," returned the fellow, "that I know his age, as he does his horse's, *by the mark of his mouth?*" The laugh was against Curran, but he instantly recovered. "You were very right not to try, friend; for you know your master's a very *great bite!*"

American Bull.

"Jim, do you snore when you are asleep?" "No never; for I lay awake one night on purpose to see."

To a Lady who loved Dancing.

May I presume, in humble lays,
My dancing fair, thy steps to praise?
While this grand maxim I advance,
That all the world is but a dance.
That humankind, both man and woman,
Do dance, is evident and common:
David himself, that Godlike king,
We know could dance as well as sing:
Folks who at court would keep their ground,
Must dance the year attendance round:
Whole nations dance,—gay, frisking France
Has led our nation many a dance;
And some believe both France and Spain
Resolve to take us out again.
All nature is one ball, we find:
The water dances to the wind;
The sea itself, at night and noon,
Rises and capers to the moon:
The moon around the earth doth tread
A Cheshire round in buxom red:
The earth and planets round the sun
Dance; nor will their dance be done
Till nature in one mass is blended:
Then we may say—*the ball is ended!*

Epilogue, Spoken by Mr. Liston, (on his Benefit Night,) in the character of Lord Grizzle, sitting on an Ass.—Written by George Colman, Esq.

Behold a pair of us!—before the curtain
A prettier couple can't be found, that's certain.
Sweet Billy Shakspeare, lord of nature's glass,
Hat said—"Then came each actor on his ass;"
And since great Billy sanctions little Neddy,
I enter on my Donkey, squat and steady!

But softly; on these boards I'm nothing new:
Here's a raw actor, making his *debut*,
So let me introduce him, pray, to you.
Ladies and gentlemen, your kindness show me,
By patronizing the poor thing below me.
He's a Young Roscius—rising four—his line
(Though I'm not jealous) much the same as mine.
He'll top me in *one* character I play—
The part in X Y Z, called Neddy Bray.
He has refused a Scotch engagement proffered—
No less than twenty thistles, weekly, offered.
I throw him on your candour:—all his brothers,
Aunts, uncles, with their fathers and their mothers,
Are quite the rage: the Ladies, (bless their faces!)
Bump themselves on them at the watering-places.
In short, without more ha'ing and more humming,
(Since there's a General Election coming,)
If for this Candidate your voice you give,
He'll be your faithful Representative;
And prove as useful in this best of nations,
As many of his near and dear relations.
As for myself, I've not a word to say,
I came, Lord Grizzle, on my grizzly Gray,
To bring this acquisition to our *corps*,
Then, like a ghost, glide off, and speak no more.
"I snuff the morning air:"—"Farewell; I flee:"
Cherish my Neddy; and "Remember me!"

Lines on John Tissey, a Punster.

Merry was he for whom we now are sad;
His jokes were many, and but few were bad:
The gay, the jocund, sprightly, active soul,
No more shall pun, alas! no more shall bowl.
Now, at this tomb, methinks I hear him say—
"I never liked to be in a *grave* way!"

Then, by-and-by, he cries—"for all your scoffing,
I now am only in a fit of *coffin !*"
Thy passing-bell with heavy hearts we hear,
For thee each *passing belle* shall drop a tear.
That sable hearse which drew thy corpse along,
Shall be rehears'd in dismal poet's song.
Oh ! how unlike ; yet this is he, we're sure,
Who once in Gratton's coach sat so demure.
Many a ball he gracefully began ;
Well may we *bawl* to lose so great a man.
Thy friendly club their mighty loss deplore,
Their friendly secretary now no more :
Thou ne'er shall *secret tarry*, though in death,
While puns are puns, and punning men have breath.

Choosing a Wife by a Pipe of Tobacco.

Tube, I love thee as my life,
By thee I mean to choose a wife.
Tube, thy *colour* let me find
In her *skin*, and in her *mind*.
Let her have a *shape* as fine ;
Let her breath be sweet as thine :
Let her, when her lips I kiss,
Burn like thee, to give me bliss ;
Let her, in some *smoke* or other,
All my failings kindly smother.
Often when my thoughts are *low*,
Send them where they *ought to go*.
When to study I incline,
Let her aid be such as thine :
Such as thine her charming power,
In the vacant social hour.
Let her live to give delight,
Ever *warm* and ever *bright ;*
Let her deeds, whene'er she dies,
Mount as *incense to the skies*.

Mrs. Johnson.

Oh, I have got a charming bride,
Through life we both so sweetly glide,
She's really worth the world beside—
Her name is Mrs. Johnson.
We both agree in every frame,
So one at t'other we ne'er blame,
I'm humpy, bandy, she's the same
Oh, lovely Mrs. Johnson!
So I have, &c.

I to the gin-shop go each day,
A dozen drops I stow away,
I after that at skittles play,
And so does Mrs. Johnson!

I beat the chaps with great delight,
And put the gatter out of sight,
Then stagger home dead drunk at night,
And so does Mrs. Johnson!
So I have, &c.

To "free and easies" I repair:
My name is famous everywhere:
I very often take the chair,
And so does Mrs. Johnson!
Do you think I pay my penny? No!
I chaunts the "Bay of Biscay, O!"
And, like a lord, my backey blow,
And so does Mrs. Johnson!
So I have, &c.

At dancing I am quite a don:
To twopenny hops I often run;
And I can shuffle, too, like fun,
And so can Mrs. Johnson!
At fighting I can take my share,
I am a match for any here:
A fighting man I am, they swear,
And so is Mrs. Johnson!
So I have, &c.

Among the girls I sometimes roam,
'Bout which she does not stamp and foam:
I often take a lover home,
And so does Mrs. Johnson!
In getting children I'm not shy,
For modesty is all my eye:
I've got four young'uns on the sly,
And so has Mrs. Johnson?
So I have, &c.

'Bout dress I do not care a jot,
Though once of clothes I had a lot,
I've pawned all but the suit I've got,
And so has Mrs. Johnson!
Of trouble I have felt the shocks;
And, 'cause I gave a cove some knocks,
I twice have been put into stocks,
And so has Mrs. Johnson!
So I have, &c.

So all who are to wedlock prone,
If you its joys would have alone,
Select a temper like your own,
As I did Mrs. Johnson!
For if your ways bring misery,
So long as you can both agree,
As blest as turtle-doves you'll be,—
Like me and Mrs. Johnson.
So I have, &c.

The Female Auctioneer.

"Who'll buy a heart?" sweet Harriet cries,
Harriet, the blooming and the fair;
Whose lovely form and dove-like eyes
Can banish grief and soothe despair.

"Come, bid! my heart is up for sale:
Will no one bid? pray, sirs, consider:
'Tis sound and kind, and fond and hale,
And a great bargain to the bidder!"

"I'll bid!" cries Gripus: "I will pay
A thousand sovereigns promptly told:"
"That is no bid, sir, let me say,—
A faithful heart's not bought with gold."

"I bid with marriage, faith and plight,
A heart," says Frank, "with love o'erflowing:"
"Ah! *that's a bid that's something like;*
And now my heart is *going—going!*"

The Contrite Wife.

When Phillis confess'd her, the father was rash
And so, without further reflection,
Her delicate skin he condemn'd to the lash,
While himself would bestow the correction.

Her husband, who heard this, opposed it, by urging
That he, in regard to her weakness,
And to save her soft back, would himself bear the scourging
With humble submission and meekness.

She piously cried, when the priest gave accord,
To show what devotion was in her,
"He's able and lusty, pray cheat not the Lord,
For, alas! I'm a very great sinner."

Coroner's Inquest Pleasantries.

When Stirling held an inquest lately,
And on *Jane* dead was verdict giving,
It certainly amazed him greatly
To see *Jane* stand before him living.

'Twas then in merry mood he said,
(Folks joke at deaths by which they thrive,)
"I'm certain somebody is dead,
But pray, my dear, *are you alive?*"

The querist winks, the jurors laugh,
The wench cries "Yes:" but bent to roast,
His mirth as yet drawn forth but half,
He next asks, "Pray, are you a ghost?"

Of laughter, then, another fit
Came long and loud, while spread the rumour,
These speeches, if not genuine wit,
Were absolutely *Stirling humour*.

Nick Razorblade.

Nick Razorblade a barber was,
A *strapping* lad was he;
And he could shave with such a grace,
It was a joy to see!

And though employed within his house,
He kept like rat in hole:
All those that passed the barber's door,
Could always see his *pole*.

His dress was rather plain than rich,
Nor fitted over well;
Yet, though no *macaroni*, Nick
Would often *cut a swell!*

And Nick was brave, and he could fight,
As many times he proved:
A lamb became a lion fierce
Whenever he was moved.

Like many of his betters, who
To field with pistols rush,
When Nicky *lathered* any one,
He was obliged to *brush!*

Some say Nick was a brainless *block ;*
While those who've seen him waving
His bright sharp razor o'er soaped chins,
Declare he was *a-shaving.*

His next-door neighbour, Nelly Jones,
A maid of thirty-eight,
Twas said, regarded Nick with smiles ;
But folks will always prate.

'Tis known, in summer time, that she,
(A maid and only daughter,)
To show her love for Razorblade,
Kept Nicky *in hot water.*

For politics, Nick always said
He never cared a fig :
Quoth he, "If I a tory were,
I'd likewise *wear a wig !*"

No poacher he, yet *hairs* he *wired,*
With skill that made maids prouder ;
And though he never used a gun,
He knew the use of *powder.*

He never took offence at words,
However broad or blunt ;
But when maids brought *a front* to dress,
Of course he *took a-front.*

Beneath his razor folks have slept,
So easy were they mown ;
Yet, (oh ! most passing strange it was !)
His *razor* was his *own !*

Nick, doubtless, had a tender heart,
But not for Nelly Jones :
He made Miss Popps "bone of his bone,"
But never made old bones !

He died, and left an only son,
A barber, too, by trade ;
And when they oped his will, they found
A cruel will he'd made.

And doubtless he was raving mad,
(To slander I'm unwilling ;)
For though a barber, Nicky cut
His *heir off with a shilling !*

Epitaph on a Baker.

Richard Fuller lies buried here :
Do not withhold the chrystal tear ;
For when he lived, he daily fed
Woman, and man, and child with bread.
But now, alas ! he's turn'd to dust,
As thou, and I, and all soon must ;
And lies beneath this turf so green,
Where worms do daily feed on him.

Impromptu, on Miss Tree's Performance of the "Page," in "Twelfth Night."

All own thee, Tree, whilst pleased they look,
The sweetest *page* of Shakspeare's book.

To-Morrow.

To-morrow, didst thou say?—
Methought I heard Horatio say, to-morrow.

Go to, I will not hear of it—to-morrow!
A sharper 'tis, who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes and promises,
The currency of idiots. Injurious bankrupt
That gulls the easy creditor! To-morrow!
It is a period nowhere to be found
In all the hoary registers of Time,
Unless, perchance, in the fool's calendar;
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No! my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father,
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.
But soft my friend, arrest the present moments,
For be assured they all are arrant tell-tales;
And though their flight be silent, and their path
Trackless as the wing'd coursers of the air,
They post to heaven, and there record thy folly:
Because, though stationed on the important watch,
Thou, like a sleepless, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnoticed, unimproved.
And know, for that thou slumber'dst on guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive: and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hoodwink'd justice, who shall tell thy audit?
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio,
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings;
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms: far more precious
Than all the treasures of life's fountain!
Oh! let it not elude thy grasp, but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee

Tim Turpin.

Tim Turpin he was gravel blind,
And ne'er had seen the skies ;
For Nature, when his head was made,
Forgot to *dot his eyes.*

So, like a Christmas pedagogue,
Poor Tim was forced to do ;
Look out for *pupils*, for he had
A vacancy for *two.*

There's some have specs to help their sight,
Of objects dim and small :
But Tim had *specks* within his eyes,
Yet could not see at all.

Now Tim he wooed a servant maid,
And took her to his arms ;
For he, like Pyramus, had cast
A *wall-eye* on her charms.

By day she led him up and down,
Where'er he wish'd to jog :
A happy wife, although she led
The *life of any dog.*

But just when Tim had lived a montl
In honey with his wife,
A surgeon oped his *Milton* eyes,
Like oysters, with a knife.

But when his eyes were opened thus,
He wished them dark again ;
For when he *looked* upon his wife,
He saw her *very plain.*

Her face was bad, her figure worse,
He couldn't bear to eat;
For she was anything but like
A *grace* before his meat.

Now Tim he was a feeling man;
For when his sight was thick,
He used to *feel* for every man,
But that was *with a stick.*

So, with a cudgel in his hand,—
It was not light or slim,—
He knocked at his wife's head until
"It opened unto him."

And when the corpse was stiff and cold,
He took his slaughtered spouse,
And laid her in a heap with all
The *ashes* of her house.

But like a wicked murderer,
He lived in constant fear
From *day to day*, and so he cut
His throat from *ear to ear.*

The neighbours fetched a doctor in:
Said he "This wound, I dread,
Can hardly be *sewed up;* his life
Is hanging on a *thread.*"

But when another week was gone,
He gave him stronger hope—
Instead of hanging on a *thread*,
Of *hanging on a rope.*

Ah! when he hid his murd'rous work
In *ashes* round about,
How little he supposed the truth
Would soon be *sifted* out.

But when the parish dustman came
His rubbish to withdraw,
He found more dust within the heap
Than he contracted for.

A dozen men, to try the fact,
Were sworn that very day;
And though they were all *jurors*, yet
No *conjurers* were they.

Said Tim unto the jurymen,
"You need not waste your breath,
For I confess myself at once
The author of her death.

And, oh! when I reflect upon
The blood that I have spilt,
Just like a *button* is my soul,
Inscribed with *double guilt*."

Then turning round his head again,
He saw before his eyes
A great judge and a little judge—
The judges of *a-size*.

The great judge took his judgment-cap,
And put it on his head,
And sentenced Tim, by law, to hang
Till he was three times dead.

So he was tried, and he was hung
(Fit punishment for such)
On Horsham *drop*, and none can say
It was a *drop too much.*

The Poet's Address to Butcher Goffe.

I find, old friend, I am mistaken,—
Pray, where's the flitch of well-dried bacon
Thou saidst thou wouldst transmit to me,
By thy own waggon, carriage free ?
I tell thee thou dost seem afraid,
As if thou never shouldst be paid.
Of shillings twelve, the sum, 'tis true,
Already is thy lawful due ;
And thou art sensible twelve more
Exactly makes a pound and four :
That which I promise thee to pay
Perhaps the latter end of May ;
Or if it can't be quite so soon,
Thou shalt be sure to ha't in June,
Then prithee send it in a trice,
To thy obedient slave, Bob Price.
Receiv'd the money of the poet,
Witness my hand, that all may know it.

A Nocturnal Sketch.

Even is come ; and from the dark park, hark,
The signal of the setting sun—one gun !
And six is sounding from the chime—prime time
To go and see the Drury-lane Dane slain,
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch ;—
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride

Four horses as no other man can span ;
Or, in the small Olympic pit, sit split
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.
Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings
things
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung :
The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,
About the streets, and take up Pall Mall Sal,
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.
Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,
But frightened by Police B. 3, flee,
And while they're going, whisper low, "No go !"
Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads
leads,
And sleepers waking, grumble,—"drat that cat !"
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill will.
Now bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
Georgy, or Charles, or Billy, willy nilly ;
But nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-press'd,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
And that she hears—what faith is man's—Ann's
banns
And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice ;
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upwards goes, shows Rose knows those bows
woes !

The Happy Pair.

A happy pair, in smart array,
By holy church united,
From London town, in open *shay*,
Set off, by love incited.

The day was dull as dull could be,
So (dreaming of no pun),
Quoth John, "I hope, my dear, that we
May have a little *sun*."

To which his bride, with simple heart,
Replied ('twas nature taught her)
"Well, I confess, for my own part,
I'd rather have a daughter!"

Pat and the Cook Maid.

I little thought that I should be
One day so fond a lover,
But Nanny spread her nets for me,
I'm taken like a plover.

For flesh and blood, and good blue veins,
There's none like Nanny Brawny;
She leads me with a rope of grains,
As int'rest leads young Sawney.

She treats me worse than fish or fowl;
She roasts, and then she hates me:
I'm grown as stupid as an owl:
It's love, I'm told, that wastes me.

My heart is like an Irish stew,
My brain like batter-pudding;
My veins are neither black nor blue,
And not a drop of blood in.

No wonder: if you saw my dear,
I'm sure you wouldn't wonder:
Her mouth, it runs from ear to ear,
With voice as soft as thunder.

I melt like butter at her look,
And if it's kind, I'm crazy :
She mentioned once the *parson's book ;*
I told her I was lazy.

My heart with transport 'gins to jump,
When she begins to gammon :
A rib it bent at every thump ;
It leap'd up like a salmon.

And yet so tender, by-the-bye,
That when she cuts an onion,
You'll see the tear start in her eye,
Like granny reading Bunyan.

But what avails it now to whine,
And crying eyes to jelly ?
The clock has struck : it's time to dine :
Love will not fill the belly.

Bath Festivities.

Two musical parties to Bladud belong,
To delight the old rooms and the upper
One gives to the ladies a supper, no song ;
The other, a song and no supper.

Alonzo the Brave, and the Fair Imogene.

A warrior so bold, and a virgin so bright,
Conversed as they sat on a green ;
They gazed on each other with tender delight,
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight,
The maid's was the Fair Imogene.

"And ah!" said the youth, "since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand."

"Oh, hush these suspicions!" fair Imogene said,
"So hurtful to love and to me;
For if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the virgin that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogene be.

And if e'er for another my heart should decide,
Forgetting Alonzo the brave,
God grant that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
Thy ghost at my marriage may sit by my side,
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
And bear me away to the grave!"

To Palestine hasten'd the warrior so bold,
His love she lamented him sore;
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when behold
A baron, all cover'd with jewels and gold,
Arrived at fair Imogene's door.

His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows;
He dazzled her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain,
He caught her affections, so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the priest,
The revelry now was begun,
The tables they groan'd with the weight of the feast,
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
When the bell of the castle toll'd—*One!*

'Twas then, with amazement, fair Imogene found
A stranger was placed by her side:
His air was terrific, he uttered no sound,
He spoke not, he moved not, he look'd not around,
But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His visor was closed, and gigantic his height;
His armour was sable to view:
All laughter and pleasure were hush'd at his sight,
The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back with affright,
And the lights in the chamber burnt blue.

His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay:
The guests sat in silence and fear:
At length spoke the bride, while she trembled, "I pray,
Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer."

The lady is silent,—the stranger complies,
And his visor he slowly unclosed:
O gods! what a sight met fair Imogene's eyes!
What words can express her dismay and surprise,
When a skeleton's head was unclosed?

All present then utter'd a terrified shout,
And turned with disgust from the scene:
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre address'd Imogene:—

"Behold me, thou false one! behold me!" he cried,
"Behold thy Alonzo the brave!
God grants that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side,
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
And bear thee away to the grave!"

This saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While fair Imogene shrieked with dismay ;
Then sunk with his prey through the wide-yawning ground,
Nor ever again was fair Imogene found,
Or the spectre that bore her away.

Not long lived the baron, and none since that time
To inhabit the castle presume ;
For chroniclers tell, that by order sublime,
There Imogene suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight, four times in each year, does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Arrayed in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with her skeleton knight,
And shrieks as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
Dancing round them pale spectres are seen :
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl, "To the health of Alonzo the brave,
And his consort, the false Imogene."

Ingredients which compose Modern Love.

Twenty glances, twenty tears,
Twenty hopes and twenty fears,
Twenty times assail your door,
And if denied, come *twenty more!*
Twenty letters perfumed sweet,
Twenty nods in every street,
Twenty oaths and twenty lies,
Twenty smiles and twenty sighs :

Twenty times in jealous rage
Twenty beauties to engage ;
Twenty tales to whisper low,
Twenty *billet doux* to show ;
Twenty times a day to pass
Before a flatt'ring *looking-glass ;*
Twenty times to stop your coach,
With twenty words of fond reproach,
Twenty days of keen vexations,
Twenty—OPERA assignations.
Twenty nights behind the scenes,
To dangle after mimic queens ;
Twenty times down *Rotten Row,*
With twenty *painted hags* to go ;
Twenty such lovers may be found
Sighing for—*twenty thousand pounds ;*
But take my word, ye girls of *sense,*
You'll find them *not worth* TWENTY PENCE !

The Painter's Cross.

A tradesman upon this intent
A porter to a painter sent ;
To wit——his worship did enjoin
He'd come forthwith to paint a sign.
The painter most obsequious went ;
The tradesman told him his intent——
"I'd have you paint," quoth he, "a sign ;
I'll spare no cost, so make it fine ;
What should it be I'm at a loss !
But what do you say, suppose a cross ?"
"Cross !" quoth the painter, "that will show
Main fine—a great one, sir, I trow ?"
"The greatest you can paint," replied
His worship : "for I take great pride

T' excel my neighbours all I can ;
So make it fine, I say again——."
"Sir," said the painter, "I'll obey
Your orders," and so went away.

But here, I'll tell you, by-the-by,
The painter whom we here employ
Had got (as a spread rumour teaches)
A wife at home that wore the breeches.
A scolding quean, that ne'er possess'd,
Nor suffer'd him a minute's rest.

Now home *Pill Garlick* came, her tongue,
As usual, straight began, ding dong,
But patiently he sits him down,
Whilst she, who swears to break his crown,
Raves on——then tired, sat mute, when he
Broke silence thus submissively :—
"My dear, a cit did me enjoin,
From your dear face to paint a sign."
"My face !" quoth she, and furious then
Moves her click clack apace again.
But after many an argument,
My surly lady gives consent.

'Tis done ; he to the tradesman goes—
"I've done, sir, what you did propose."
"Lord !" cries the cit, "the painter's mad ;
I said the cross, and not a head."

"A cross, I own," says he "you said,
The greatest too that could be made !
'Tis here ;——for, sir, upon my life,
I know no greater than my wife."

Economy.—The Turbot.—A Tale.

Lord Endless, walking to the Hall,
Saw a fine turbot on a stall ;

"How much d'ye ask, friend, for the fish?"
"Two guineas, sir." "Two guineas! pish!"
He paused, he thought, "two guineas! zounds!"
"Few fish to-day, sir." "Come, take pounds;
Send it up quick to Bedford-square;
Here's a pound-note—now mind, when there,
Ask for one pound, and say that's all—
My lady's economical."
The fish was sent, my lady thought it
Superfluous, but—my lord had bought it.
She paid one pound, and cried, "Od rat it!"
Yet could not think the fish dear at it.
A knock announces Lady Tatter,
Come for an hour to sit and chatter;
At length—"My darling Lady E.,
I'm so distressed: you know Lord T.
Can't dine without fish, and 'tis funny,
There's none to-day for love or money."
"Bless us!" cried Lady E., "two hours
Ago a turbot came—'tis yours.
I paid but thirty shillings for it,
You'd say 'twas dirt-cheap if you saw it."
The bargain struck—cash paid—fish gone—
My lord and dinner came anon:
He stared to see my lady smile,—
'Twas what he had not seen some while:
There was hash'd beef, and leeks a boatful,
But turbot none: my lord look'd doubtful.
"My dear, I think—is no fish come?"
"There is, love: leave the room, John—mum!
I sold the fish, you silly man:
I make a bargain when I can:
The fish which cost us shillings twenty,
I sold for thirty, to content ye;
For one pound ten, to Lady Tatter.
Lord! how you stare! why, what's the matter?"

My lord stared wide with both his eyes;
Down knife and fork dropt with surprise:
"For one pound ten to Lady Tatter!
If she was flat, ma'am, you were flatter.
Two pounds the turbot cost. 'Tis true,
One pound *I* paid, and one pound you."
"Two pounds! good heavens! Why, then, say
It cost but one pound?" "Nay, ma'am: nay,
I said not so,—said nought about it!
So, madam, you were free to doubt it."
"Two pounds! good heavens! who could doubt
That the fish cost what I laid out?
'Twould have been madness (you may rate)
In such a case to hesitate."
"'Tis never madness," he replies,
"To doubt—I doubt my very eyes;
Had you but doubted the prime cost,
Ten shillings would not have been lost;
Though you and all the world may rate,
You see *'tis best to hesitate.*"

Jack Ketch and the Frenchman.

A Frenchman once, at some assizes,
'Twas Nottingham, the muse surmises,
Fell justly, by the course of law,
A victim for *un grand faux pas.*
When he approached the fatal tree,
(*Un autre Place de Greve pour lui.*)
And when Jack Ketch prepared to tie
The noose that did exalt him high,
Monsieur exclaimed, "*Ah! misericorde!*"
"*Measure the cord?*" replied Jack Ketch:
"Measure the cord yourself, you wretch!"
Still "*misericorde!*" was all his cry;
"Ah, *misericorde!* that I should die!
Ah, *misericorde!* good folks, good bye!"

"*Measure the cord!* you sniv'ling cur!"
Rejoined the executioner;
"'Tis long enough—I know 'twill do
To hang a score such rogues as you;
And since you've been a thieving elf,
Measure the cord, I say, *yourself*."

Epitaph on a Country Sexton.

Here lies old Hare, worn out with care,
Who whilom tolled the bell;
Could dig a grave, or set a stave,
And say Amen full well.

For sacred song, he'd Sternhold's tongue,
And Hopkins' eke also;
With cough and hem, he stood by them,
As far as lungs would go.

Many a feast for worms he drest,
Himself then wanting bread;
But, lo! he's gone, with skin and bone,
To starve 'em now he's dead.

Here, take his spade, and use his trade,
Since he is out of breath;
Cover the bones of him who once
Wrought journey-work for Death.

Summer Friends.

Guloso, when I gave a treat,
Was sure my other friends to meet,
Acknowledg'd that I was the most
Amusing man and gen'rous host;
But since, for many a weighty reason,
I scarcely treat but once a season,
Guloso's friendship somehow sleeps,
Whilst he due distance ever keeps.

Tully no more I think a hummer,
Who calls such friends mere birds of summer,
By which the orator intends
To note them as mere *swallow* friends.

Epigram.

What epithets, exclaims a clown,
To woman kind belong!
Some are called women of the *town*,
Some ladies of the *ton*.

The diff'rence it is hard to trace,
Though diff'rence still there's some;
The———boldly one displays,
The other plays it mum.

A Whimsical Prologue.

The late amiable Mr. T. Warton, being at Winchester on a visit to his brother, was solicited by a company of comedians, who performed over the butcher's shambles, to write a suitable prologue for the commencement of their theatrical campaign. How well he succeeded in real allusion and genuine humour we leave our readers to judge, assured there will be but one opinion among them.

Whoe'er our stage examines, must excuse
The wond'rous shifts of the dramatic muse;
Then kindly listen while the prologue rambles
From wit to beef, from Shakspeare to the Shambles!
Divided only by one flight of stairs,
The actor swaggers, and the butcher swears!
Quick the transition when the curtain drops,
From meek Monimia's moans to mutton chops!
While for Lothario's loss Lavinia cries,
Old women scold, and dealers d—n your eyes!

Here Juliet listens to the gentle lark,
There in harsh chorus hungry bull-dogs bark,
Cleavers and scymetars give blow for blow,
And heroes bleed above, and sheep below!
While magic thunders shake the pit and box,
Re-bellows to the roar the staggering ox.
Cow-horns and trumpets mix their martial tones,
Kidneys and kings, mouthing and marrow-bones;
Suet and sighs, blank-verse and blood abound,
And form a tragic-comedy around.
With weeping lovers dying calves complain;
Confusion reigns—chaos is come again!
Hither your steel-yards, butchers, bring, to weigh
The pound of flesh Antonio's blood must pay!
Hither your knives, ye Christians clad in blue,
Bring to be whetted by the worthless Jew.
Hard is our lot, who, seldom doom'd to eat,
Cast a sheep's eye on this forbidden meat—
Gaze on sirloins, which, ah! we cannot carve,
And, in the midst of beef and mutton—starve.
But would ye to our house in crowds repair,
Ye generous captains, and ye blooming fair,
The fate of Tantalus we should not fear,
Nor pine for a repast that is so near;
Monarchs no more would supperless remain,
Nor pregnant queens for cutlets long in vain.

The Female Warrior.

At the siege of Namur by king William, an ensign, called Robert Cornelius, was observed to show more than common bravery. This person, after having received several wounds, being carried to be dressed by the surgeons, was discovered to be a woman. The novelty was so great, and so surprising to many in the army, who had seen her bravery on that and other occasions, that it soon came

to the king's ear, who had the curiosity to see so extraordinary a warrior. The account she gave for herself was very particular; she affirmed that she was born of Dutch parents, who, to prevent the loss of a small annuity, which they were to enjoy on the birth of a male child, had caused her to be christened as a boy, and bred her up as such to an advanced age, before they thought fit to entrust even herself with the secret. Among other diversions, suitable to her supposed sex, she had learned to beat a drum, and at last enlisted herself as a soldier. This adventurous female, who began, it seems, with taking a fancy to that instrument of noise, was soon after made a serjeant, and after that an ensign. She had been in many actions, undiscovered, as she said, till this occasion. After the peace with Ryswick, she had a pension given her in England; she was at that time married to one of her former comrades, and lived with her husband in Chelsea College.

Wit made Easy; or, a Hint to Word Catchers.

A.—Here comes B., the liveliest, yet most tiresome of word-catchers. I wonder whether he'll have wit enough to hear good news of his mistress. "Well, B., my dear boy, I hope I see you well."

B.—"I hope you do, my dear A., otherwise you have lost your eyesight."

A.—"Good. Well, how do you do?"

B.—"How? Why, as other people do. You would not have me eccentric, would you?"

A.—"Nonsense, I mean, how do you find yourself?"

B.—"Find myself? Where's the necessity of finding myself? I have not been lost."

A.—"Incorrigible dog! come now, to be serious."

B.—(*Comes closer to A. and looks very serious.*)

A.—"Well, what now?"

B.—"I am come to be serious."

A.—"Come now; nonsense, B., leave off this." (*Laying his hand upon his arm.*)

B.—(*Looking down at his arm.*) "I can't leave off this. It would look very absurd to go without a sleeve."

A.—"Ah, ah! You make me laugh in spite of myself. How is Jackson?"

B.—"The deuce! how is Jackson? Well, I never should have thought that! How can Howe be Jackson? Surname and arms, I suppose, of some rich uncle? I have not seen him gazetted."

A.—"Good bye."

B.—(*Detaining him.*)—"Good bye! What a sudden enthusiasm in favour of some virtuous man of the name of Bye! '*Good* Bye!' To think of Aston standing at the corner of the street, doting aloud on the integrity of a Mr. Bye."

A.—"Ludicrous enough. I can't help laughing, I confess. But laughing does not always imply merriment. You do not delight us, Jack, with these sort of jokes, but tickle us; and tickling may give pain."

B.—"Don't accept it, then. You need not take every thing that is given you."

A.—"You'll want a straight-forward answer some day, and then."—

B.—"You'll describe a circle about me, before you give it. Well, that's your affair, not mine. You'll astonish the natives, that's all."

A.—"It's great nonsense, you must allow."

B.—"I can't see why *it* is greater nonsense than any other pronoun."

A.—*(In despair.)* "Well, it's of no use, I see."

B.—"Excuse me; *it* is of the greatest use. I don't know a part of speech more useful. *It* performs the greatest offices of nature, and contains, in fact, the whole agency and mystery of the world. *It* rains. *It* is fine weather. *It* freezes. *It* thaws. *It* (which is very odd) is one o'clock. *It* has been very frequently observed. *It* goes. Here *it* goes. How goes *it?* (which, by the way, is a translation from the Latin, *Eo, is, it; Eo*, I go; *is*, thou goest; *it*, he or it goes. In short—"

A.—"In short, if I wanted a dissertation on *it*, now's the time for it. But I don't; so good bye."

Repartee.

The name of *Roger* having been written on a sack, by some chance the last letter was concealed, when a person read it *Roge* (*Rogue*). "How can that be?" retorted a bystander. "True," replied the other, "it wants *(U) you* in it."

Bad Ways.

A physician travelling in Cambridgeshire, found the roads so inaccessible about the town, that he repaired to the rector of the parish, and exclaimed, —"My good sir, you may preach for years, but your parishioners will never *mend their ways.*"

Lord Nelson's Night-cap.

Dr. Burney, who wrote the celebrated anagram on Lord Nelson, after his victory of the Nile, "Honor est a Nilo" (Horatio Nelson) was shortly after on a visit to his lordship at his beautiful villa at Merton. From his usual absence of mind, he

neglected to put a night-cap into his portmanteau, and consequently borrowed one from his lordship. Previously to his retiring to rest, he sat down to study, as was his common practice, having first put on the cap, and was shortly after alarmed by finding it in flames; he immediately collected the burnt remains, and returned them, with the following lines:—

Take your night-cap again, my good lord, I desire,
I would not retain it a minute;
What belongs to a Nelson, wherever there's fire,
Is sure to be instantly in it.

How to Pay Bills.

"I think," says a farmer, "I should make a good parliament man, for I use their language. I received two bills the other day, with requests for immediate payment. The one I ordered to be laid on the table—the other to be read that day six months."

Literary Concession.

A coxcomb was tuning, in a coffee-house, some favourite air of an opera, to which he boasted to have given the words. Just at that time the real and well-known author entered the room. A friend of his pointed to the coxcomb. "See, sir, the professed author of the favourite song."—"Well," replied the other, "the gentleman *might* have made it, for I assure him I found no difficulty in doing it myself."

Homer's Works.

A gentleman of the name of Homer, being in company, was observed to make several strange faces, and then suddenly rise from table; one of

the party, desirous to show his wit, turned to his friend on the right, and remarked, "*Homer's Odd-I-see,*" to which the other replied, "*Homer's Ill-I-add.*"

How to Ascertain a Man's Death.

An Irishman being informed of the death of Mr. Patrick Cotter (commonly called Patrick O'Brian, the Irish giant), replied, "I have heard his death reported so often, and found it to be false, that I am resolved not to credit it till I hear it from his own lips."

National Contrast.—Patricious Loquitur.

In a noisy mob, two handsome young women, who were very much alarmed, threw themselves into the arms of two gentlemen standing near for safety ; one of the gentlemen, an Irishman, immediately gave her who had flown to him for protection, a hearty embrace, by way, as he said, of encouraging the poor creature. The other, an Englishman, immediately put his hands in his pockets to guard them.

Two officers observing a fine girl in a milliner's shop, the one, an Irishman, proposed to go in and buy a watch ribbon in order to get a nearer view of her. "Hoot, mon," says his northern friend, "nae occasion to waste siller, let us gang in and speer if she can give us twa saxpences for a shilling."

It is notorious, that in one of Marlborough's battles, the Irish brigade, on advancing to the charge, threw away their knapsacks, and every thing which tended to encumber them, all which were carefully picked up by a Scotch regiment that followed to support them.

It was a saying of the old Lord Tyrawley, at a

period when the contests between nations were decided by much smaller numbers than by the immence masses which have taken the field of late years, that to constitute the *beau ideal* of an army, a general should take ten thousand fasting Scotchmen, ten thousand Englishmen after a hearty dinner, and ten thousand Irishmen who have just swallowed their second bottle.

Loss of Sight and Speech.

The captain of a trading vessel, having some contraband goods on board, which he wished to land, said to an exciseman whom he knew, "If I was to put a half-crown piece upon each of your eyes, could you see?" The answer was, "No; if I had another on my mouth I could not speak."

A Counsellor of Necessity.

The late Dr. De la Cour, of Cork, of eccentric and facetious memory, having once occasion to reprove a counsel rather unlearned in the law, told him he was a counsellor of necessity. "*Necessity!*" exclaimed the briefless barrister, "what do you mean by that?" "Because," rejoined the doctor, "*necessity has no law.*"

Orator Henley.

"I never," said a person who knew little about the doctor, "saw *Orator Henley* but once, and that was at the Grecian Coffee-house, where a gentleman he was acquainted with coming in, and seating himself in the same box, the following dialogue passed between them :—

Henley. "Pray what has become of our old friend, Dick Smith? I have not seen him for several years."

Gentleman. "I really don't know. The last time I heard of him he was at *Ceylon*, or some of our settlements in the *West-Indies.*"

Henley (*with some surprise*). "At *Ceylon*, or some of our settlements in the *West-Indies!* My good sir, in *one* sentence there are *two* mistakes. Ceylon is not one of our settlements, it belongs to the *Dutch;* and it is situated not in the *West*, but in the *East Indies!*"

Gentleman (*with some heat*). "That I deny."

Henley. "More shame for you! I will engage to bring a boy eight years of age who will confute you.

Gentleman (*in a cooler tone of voice*). "Well, be it where it will, I thank God I know very little about these sort of things."

Henley. "What, you thank God for your ignorance, do you?"

Gentleman (*in a violent rage*). "I do, sir, what then?"

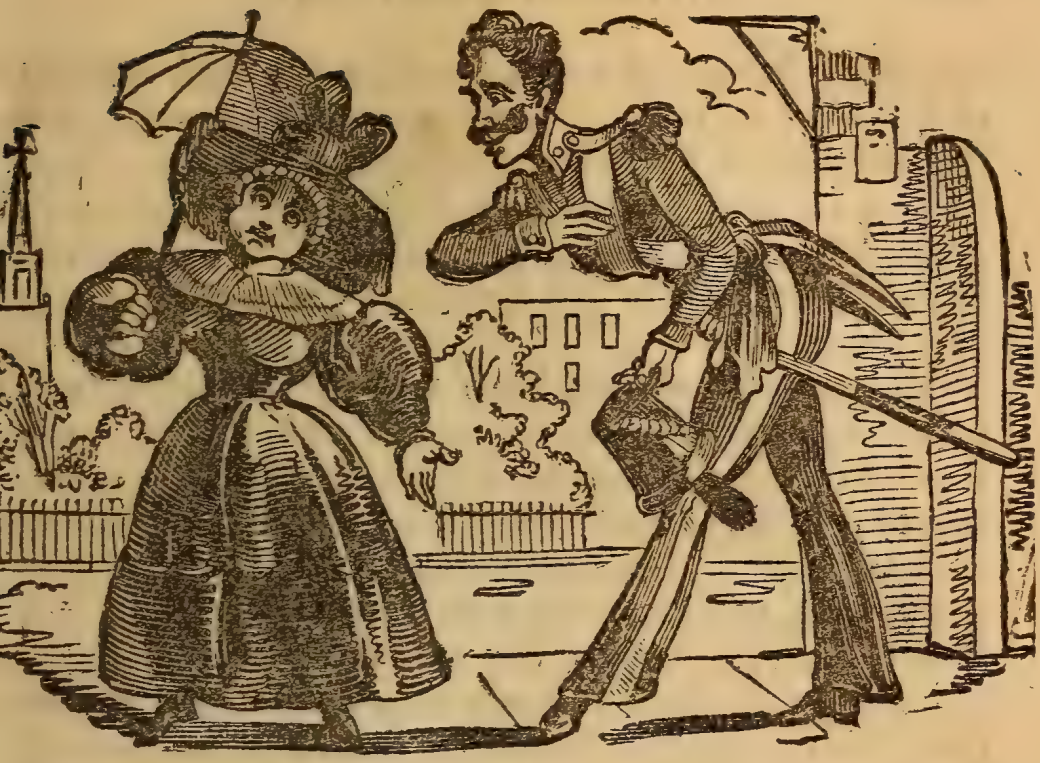
Henley. "Sir, you have a *great deal* to be thankful for."

Gentlemen.

A person having some business with a *master sweep*, was told by the servant maid that her master could not be seen, as he was in company with another *gentleman.*

The Quack Doctor's Blunder.

A physican being sent for by a maker of universal specifics, expressed his suprise at being called in on an occasion apparently trifling. "Not so trifling neither," replied the quack, "for to tell you the truth I have taken some of my own pills."



The Whiskers.

A certain Swiss captain of grenadiers, whose company had been cashiered, was determined since Mars had no more employment for him, to try if he could not procure a commission in the corps of Venus ! or, in other words, if he could not get a wife : and as he had no fortune of his own, he reasoned, and reasoned very justly, it was quite necessary his intended should have enough for them both. The captain was one of those kind of heroes to whom the epithet hectoring blade might readily be applied : he was nearly six feet high, with a long sword, and a fiercely formed hat ; add to which, he was allowed to have the most martial pair of whiskers of any grenadier in the company to which he had belonged. To curl these whiskers, to comb and twist them round his fore finger, and to admire them in

the glass, formed the chief occupation and delight of his life. A man of those accomplishments, with the addition of bronze and rhodomontades to which he had a superfluity, stands at all times, and in all countries, a good chance with the ladies, as the experience of I know not how many thousand years has confirmed.

Accordingly, after a little diligent attention and artful inquiry, a young lady was found, exactly such a one as we may suppose a person with his views would be glad to find. She was tolerably handsome, not more than three-and-twenty, with a good fortune ; and, what was the best part of the story, this fortune was entirely at her own disposal.

Our captain, who thought now or never was the time, having first found means to introduce himself as a suitor, was incessant in his endeavours to carry his cause. His tongue was eternally running in praise of her super-superlative, never-to-be-described charms, and in hyperbolical accounts of the flames, darts, and daggers, by which his lungs, liver, and midriff, were burnt up, transfixed, and gnawed away. He, who, in writing a song to his sweetheart, described his heart to be without one drop of gravy, like an overdone mutton-chop, was a fool at a simile when compared to our hero.

One day as he was ranting, kneeling, and beseeching his goddess to send him of an errand to pluck the diamond from the nose of the Great Mogul, and present it to her divinityship, or suffer him to step and steal the empress of China's enchanted slipper, or the queen of Sheba's cockatoo, as a small testimony of what he would undertake to prove his love ; she, after a little hesitation, addressed him thus :—

"The protestations which you daily make, captain, as well as what you say at present, convince me

there is nothing you would not do to oblige me; I therefore do not find much difficulty in telling you I am willing to be yours if you will perform one thing which I shall request of you."

"Tell me, immaculate angel," cried our son of gunpowder, "tell me what it is; though, before you speak, be certain it is already done. Is it to find the seal of Solomon? to catch the phœnix? or draw your chariot to church with unicorns? what is the impossible act I will not undertake?"

"No, captain," replied the fair one, "I shall enjoin nothing impossible. The thing I desire, you can do with the utmost ease. It will not cost you five minutes trouble. Yet, were it not for your so positive assurances, I should, from what I have observed, almost doubt of your compliance."

"Ah, madam," returned he, "wrong not your slave thus; deem it impossible that he who eats happiness, and drinks immortal life from the light of your eyes, can never demur the thousandth part of a semi-second to execute your omnipotent behests; speak! say! what, empress of my parched entrails, what must I perform?"

"Nay, for that matter, tis a mere trifle; only to cut off your whiskers, captain; that's all."

"Madam!—(Be so kind, reader, as to imagine the captain's utter astonishment.)—My whiskers; cut off my whiskers!—excuse me; cut of my whiskers!—madam! any thing else—any thing that mind can or cannot imagine, or tongue describe. Bid me fetch you Prester John's beard a hair at a time, and it's done. But, for my whiskers, you must grant me a salvo there."

"And why so, good captain! Surely any gentleman who had but the tithe of the passion you express, would not stand upon such a trifle!"

"A trifle, madam?—my whiskers are no trifle! no, madam, no; my whiskers are no trifle. Had I not a single regiment of fellows whiskered like me, I myself would be the Grand Turk of Constantinople. Whiskers, madam, are the last thing I should have supposed you would have wished me to sacrifice. There is not a woman, married or single, maid, wife, or widow, that does not admire my whiskers."

"May be so, sir; but if you marry me, you must cut them off."

"And is there no other way? Must I never hope to be happy with you unless I part with my whiskers?"

"Never."

"Why then, madam, farewell: I would not part with a single hair of my whiskers if Catherine the czarina, empress of all the Russias, would make me king of the Calmucs; and so good morning to you."

Had all the young ladies in like circumstances equal penetration, they might generally rid themselves, with equal ease, of the interested and unprincipled coxcombs by whom they are pestered; they all have their whiskers, and seek for fortunes, to be able to cultivate, not cut them off.

The Jew and the Lawyer.

One day, during term time, as a solicitor, of no gentleman-like appearance, was passing through Lincoln's-inn, with his professional bag under his arm, he was accosted by a Jew, with "*Clowes to sell, sir, old clowes!*" The lawyer, somewhat nettled at this address, from a supposition that *Moses* mistook him for an inhabitant of Duke's-place, snatched a bundle of papers from their damask repository, and replied—"*No, sir, they are all new suits.*"

War and Piece.

Reynolds, the dramatist, observing to Martin the thinness of the house at one of his own plays, added —"He supposed it was owing to the *war*." "No," replied the latter, "it is owing to the *piece*."

A Turf Bull.

The mayor of an English city has put forth an advertisement previous to the races:—"that no *gentleman* will be allowed to ride on the course *except the horses* that are to run."

Nell of Wapping.

A heroine of some celebrity, distinguished by the name of Irish Nell, died some time ago in Well-court, Wapping. Her house had long been a friendly asylum for travellers of every description. The inhabitants of the frozen regions, and the negro from the sultry clime of Ethiopia, often sought refuge under her roof. Jews, Turks, Christians, and Pagans, received the same welcome. Their accommodation was liberal, on reasonable terms; and, unlike many who keep lodging-houses for the reception of foreigners, she never practised imposition. In her will she requested to be buried in her best clothes, and left £5 as an indemnity to the parish, in case the penalty should be exacted of them for suffering her to be interred in linen. The remains of poor Nell were interred in Stepney burial-ground, in the presence of a number of mourners. The following epitaph has been written for her head-stone:—

Flashy Nell, of Old Wapping, lies under this clay
In a new gown and petticoat, deck'd out quite gay,
Death call'd at her lodgings—she put on her best,
And he took her away to the dwelling of rest.

A Tailor's Goose.

A dashing foreman to a tailor in Glasgow, having got a holiday to go to see his Majesty, and dining in a mixed company, wished to impress those present with the immense importance of his services to his employers. "Though I say it, that should not say it," quoth Snip, "if it was not for me our people could not carry on their business." "I can very well believe you," said one of the party, "I never yet heard of a tailor who could carry on his business without his *goose*."

Curious Direction.

The following singular direction of a letter is copied *verbatim et literatim*:—To the care of Ms. G——, Park lean for ms mary Wilson no 36 Liverpool England near London.

Two to One.

A recent extraordinary marriage of a wealthy young lady being mentioned the other day at Lord Norbury's table, his lordship asked what was the disparity of the years. On being informed the bride was only 25, and the bridegroom 70, Lord N. quaintly replied—"Poor lady; she had better have had *two thirty-fives*."

Power of Habit.

A merchant, who was desired to sign the baptismal register of one of his children, subscribed "Sherwin and Company." He only perceived his mistake by the general laugh it excited.

Gazetted, and in the Gazette.

These terms imply very different things. The

son of a nobleman is *gazetted* as a cornet in a regiment, and all his friends *rejoice*. John Wilkins is *in the Gazette* and all his friends *lament*.

Anecdote of a Yorkshire Farmer.

A Yorkshire farmer having been in difficulties respecting a barn which belonged to him, and which was considered by a body of parishioners to have been forfeited, resolved to go to London for the advice of a civilian.

Accordingly, he left the country, and, upon his arrival in town, he went to Doctor's Commons, where, meeting a *civilian*, he said, "Pray, sir, are you a *civil man?* because, if you be, I am come to *insult you.*" The civilian took him to his office, and, after hearing his case, told him, "that in the eye of the law his barn was *forfeited*, but if his landlord was not an *austere man*, to offer him an *equivalent*, to get two *arbitrators* and an *umpire*, and to put the matter into a *train of conclusion.*" "Thank you vastly," said the farmer, and, after paying the lawyer his fee, he returned into Yorkshire, where, collecting the parishioners, he informed them "that he had seen the *learned man*, who said how my barn is *mortified*, but if my landlord be not an *oyster man*, I am to give him an *elephant*, and to get two *fornicators* and a *trumpeter*, to put the matter in a *dram* of *confusion.*"

Droll Expedient.

The late Mr. Philip Thicknesse, father of Lord Audley, being in want of money, applied to his son for assistance. This being denied, he immediately hired a *Cobbler's stall* directly opposite his lordship's house, and put up a signboard, on which was inscribed, in large letters, "Boots and shoes mended,

in the best and cheapest manner, by Philip Thicknesse, father to Lord Audley." The consequence of this may be readily imagined ; the board did not remain there many days.

Just Judgment of an Idiot.

A poor man in Paris, being very hungry, staid so long in a cook's-shop that his stomach was satisfied with only the smell thereof. The choleric cook demanded of him to pay for his breakfast. The poor man refused, and the controversy was referred to the decision of the next man that should pass by, who chanced to be the most notorious idiot in the whole city. He, on the relation of the matter determined that the poor man's money should be put betwixt two empty dishes, and that the cook should be recompensed with the jingling of it, as the poor fellow had been satisfied with the smell of the meat.

Trunk and Portmanteau.

On the arrival of Wombwell's menagerie (including a large elephant) at a large provincial town, a wag remarked, "That he expected the elephant would make a long stay, as he had brought a large *trunk* with him." A lady, hearing the remark, thought it a good thing, and resolved to make use of it as her own. The next day, being in a large company, she said, "She thought the elephant would stay a great while in the town, as he had brought a large *portmanteau* with him." She was wofully mortified, for no one vouchsafed to smile.

Tho Two Carews.

There was at one time in the House of Commons two members of the name of Walter Carew. Much

embarrassment having arisen from this, another member proposed calling one Carew, and the other Carey. "And then," said he, "we shall have no more confusion between what *care I*, and what *care you.*"

The Auctioneer's Stratagem.

A very curious and valuable library, some time since, being on sale, among the rest, a manuscript law book was put up, the performance of a late eminent hand. To enhance the price, and stimulate the company to purchase it, Mr.———, the auctioneer, told them, that besides its originality, it had the additional advantage of an opinion concerning it, written in a blank leaf, by one of the most distinguished sages of the law, but he must beg to be excused the producing it, till after it should be sold. This took so well with the *literati* that they advanced on one another at each bidding, till it was knocked down at a very considerable price, to one who was determined to have it at any rate, who, when it was delivered to him, so eager was the expectation and impatience of the company to read the opinion, that the purchaser, for the fear of being crowded to death, to his mortification, read these words:

"*Mem.*—I have carefully perused this book, and do pronounce it worth not one farthing."

Hard Times.

A young member of parliament, lately in the midst and heat of his harangue, addressed the chair,—"And now, *my dear* Mr. Speaker," &c. which creating a laugh, another member observed, "that the honourable member was perfectly in order, as now-a-days *every thing was dear.*"

Mr. Garrow cross-examining a Tailor.

"Upon your oath, sir, where did this conversation happen?" "In the back parlour, off my shop, my *cutting-room.*" "What were you then about yourself?" "Walking about." "Ay, just taking, a stroll in your *cabbage-garden.*"

The Benefit of Cupping.

A gentleman, complaining of being unwell, said he would get bled. "Take my advice," said his friend, "and be cupped; you cannot have an idea how *light-headed* I feel after cupping." "No doubt," replied the other, "but that is only when you take a *cup too much;* and in such cases, every person becomes *light-headed.*"

A Death-bed Bon-Mot.

Swift's Stella, in her last illness, being visited by her physician, he said, "Madam, I hope we shall soon get you up the hill again." "Ah!" said she, "I am afraid before I get to the top I *shall be out of breath.*"

China and Crockery.

A lady of rank, proudly conscious of her dignity, one day descanting on the superiority of the nobility, remarked to a large company of visitors, that the three classes of the community, *nobility, gentry,* and *commonality,* might very well be compared to the tea-drinking utensils, *china, delph, and crockery.* A few minutes elapsed, when one of the company expressed a wish to see the lady's little girl, who was in the nursery. John, the footman, was despatched with orders to the nursery-maid, to whom he called out from the bottom of the stairs, in an audible voice, "Hollo *Crockery,* bring down little *China.*"

Virtues of Porter.

A man who had been quaffing porter till he was completely drunk, hiccupped out, that porter was both *meat* and *drink*. Soon after, going home, he tumbled into a ditch; on which a companion who was leading him observed, that it was not only meat and drink to him, *but washing and lodging too.*

A Fair distinction.

A gentleman asking Dr. Johnson why he hated the Scotch, was answered, "I don't hate them, sir, neither do I hate frogs, but I don't like to have them hopping about my chamber."

Welsh Pride.

A Welshman boasting of his family, said, "His father's effigy was set up in Westminster Abbey.' Being asked where, he said, "In the same monu ment with 'Squire Thynne's; for he was his coachman."

Insolvency.

A person inquiring what became of a friend, "Oh, dear," said one of the company, "poor fellow! he died insolvent, and was buried by the parish." "Died insolvent!" cried another: that's a lie, for he died in London, I am sure: I was at his funeral."

Odd Notions of Liberty.

A respectable tradesman in Liverpool, finding two or three of his best workmen had been absent for several days, went in search of them, and after some time, found them in the dark kitchen of a little pot-house, so small that there was scarcely room

to breathe or turn themselves; where, it seems, they had been for three days, alternately drunk and sober. On their master reproaching them for their neglect in business, they told him that one of their companions having got married, they were determined to enjoy two or three days of *liberty*.

The Gallant Butcher.

In the Bristol market, a lady, laying her hand upon a joint of veal, said, "I think, Mr. F——, this veal is not quite so white as usual," "Put on your glove madam," said the dealer, "and you will think differently." It may be needless to remark that the veal was ordered home, without another word of objection.

Neither Drunk nor Sober.

An accident happening to a stage-coach, through carelessness, the following conversation took place the next morning between the guard and a stable-boy.—"A bad job that of Bill's last night; how was it?" "Why some say Bill was asleep." "Was he lushy?" "No, he warn't drunk, nor he warn't sober! The liquor was dying in him, like."

Beauty of Sincerity.

Louis XIV. passing through Rheims, in 1666, was harangued by the Mayor, who, presenting to him some bottles of wine and pears, said to him, "Sire, we bring to your Majesty our wine, our pears, and our hearts; we have nothing better." The King tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "*Such speeches do I like.*"

A Desperate Case.

A notorious rogue being brought to the Old

Bailey, and knowing his case to be desperate, instead of pleading, took the liberty of jesting, and thus said, "I charge you, in the King's name, to seize and take away that man (meaning the judge) in the red gown, for I go in danger of my life because of him."

Whimsical Notice.

The following curious notice appeared in the shop-window of a hair-dresser, in the neighbourhood of Dean-street, Soho: "Notice.—If the gentleman who left his mustachios here for alteration about two years ago does not call in a few days and redeem them, they will be sold by public auction, to defray the expense of warehouse-room, &c. &c."

Knavery on all Sides.

A clergyman said to one of his parishioners, "You have lived like a knave, and you will die like a knave." "Then," said the poor fellow "you will bury me like a knave."

Home Truths.

Relations take the greatest liberties, and give the least assistance. If a stranger cannot help us with his purse, he will not insult us with his comments; but, with relations, it mostly happens, that they are the veriest misers with regard to their property, but perfect prodigals in the article of advice.

Irish Reasoning.

An Irishman asked an itinerant poulterer the price of a pair of fowls. "Six shillings, sir." "In my dear country, my darling, you might buy

them for sixpence *a pace.*" "Why don't you remain in your dear country, then?" "Case we have no *sixpences*, my jewel," said Pat.

Proof of Authority.

A gentleman, speaking of his servant, said, "I believe I command more than any man; for, before my servant will obey me in any thing, I must command him ten times over."

Change of Fashion.

A gentleman, who had been desired by his wife to make a purchase for her at a milliner's, being requested, on his return, by a friend to call in, begged to be excused, as he had bought a bonnet for his wife, and was afraid the fashion would change before he got home.

Anecdote of Bonnel Thornton, Esq.

Bonnel Thornton, whose turn for wit and humour was only equalled by the strength of his understanding, used frequently to entertain himself and his friends at the expense of physicians, conceiving he had a right as he was bred to the profession of physic. The formal wig was generally the object of his mirth. Mr. thornton being once confined to his bed by a fever, and his friends thinking he might never recover, urged him incessantly to call in the assistance of the faculty. Wearied with their importunities, he at length promised to have a consultation on a certain day, when his friends attending, they found Mr Thornton sitting upon his bed, with the curtains open, looking gravely at *three tie wigs* placed in order upon *blocks* between the bed-posts. "What is the meaning of this?" exclaimed his friends. "Why

this is the consultation of physicians," answered Mr. Thornton; "I know what I am about—it is allowed to be more than an even change against a patient when he calls in a consultation of the *periwigs*. The sight of the doctor has cured many a patient—the danger lies in the doctor's physic. Be at ease, my friends, nature is the best physician; the assistance she wants I shall give, and save my money and my life."

Thornton soon recovered, and for many years joined his friends in laughing at his *consultation of physicians*.

Apathy.

A footman of Lord Dacre's was hung in 1763, for the murder of his lordship's butler. The culprit was only nineteen years of age. While writing his confession, "I murd"—he stopped short, and asked, "Pray, how do you spell murdered?"

Equal Privileges.

A naval officer, relating his feats to a marshal, said, "That in a sea-fight he had killed 300 men with his own hand." "And I," said the marshal, "descended through a chimney, in Switzerland, to visit a pretty girl." "How could that be," said the captain, "since there are no chimneys in that country?" "What, sir," said the Marshal, "I have allowed you to kill 300 men in a fight, and surely you may permit me to descend a chimney in Switzerland?"

A Reason for Begging.

A notorious miser having heard a very eloquent charity sermon, exclaimed, "This sermon strongly proves the necessity of alms. I have almost a mind to turn *beggar*."

Appearances are Deceitful.

A fop, introducing his friend, a plain man, into company, said, "Gentlemen, I'll assure you he is *not so great* a fool as he seems." "No," replied the gentleman, "that is the *difference* between my friend and me."

Fellow-Feeling.

A lap-dog biting a piece out of a male visitor's leg, his mistress thus expressed her compassion: "Poor, dear little creature! I hope it will not make him sick."

Pun on a King.

Daniel Purcell, the famous punster, was desired, one night in company, to make a pun extempore. "Upon what subject?" said Daniel. "The king," answered the other. "Oh, sir," said he, "the *king* is no *subject*."

Rejoicing at a Fall.

An Irishman having been told that the price of bread had been lowered, exclaimed, "That is the first time I ever rejoiced at the *fall* of my best friend."

Dread of Taxation.

Voltaire related to Mr. Sherlock an anecdote of Swift. Lady Carteret, wife of the Lord Lieutenant, said to Swift, "The air of Ireland is very excellent and healthy." "For God's sake, madam," said Swift, "don't say so in England; for, if you do, they will certainly tax it."

Lover's Stratagem.

A gentleman who was in love with a lady, and had no opportunity to unfold his passion, appeared before her house, and cried out, "Fire! fire! fire!" upon which she threw up the window and asked where; when he placed his hand upon his heart, and said, "Here, here, here."

Bachelors' Wives.

An Irish colonel of a volunteer corps, who had long been a confirmed *bachelor*, excited much pleasantry, by haranguing his men, "Gentlemen, we are all assembled this day to defend our *wives* and our *children*."

Irishman's Gun.

A man having sold a gun to an Irishman, he soon returned with it, complaining that the barrel was much bent. "Is it?" said he, "then I ought to have charged more for it." "Why so?" said the other. "Because these pieces are constructed for *shooting round a corner*."

Arguments, pro and con.

A father, exhorting his son to early rising, related a story of a person who, early one morning, found a large purse of money. "Well," replied the youth, "but the person who lost it rose earlier."

Cart before the Horse.

A wretched artist, who thought himself an excellent painter, was talking pompously about decorating the ceiling of his saloon. "I am white-washing it," said he, "and in a short time I shall

begin painting." "I think you had better," replied one of his audience, "paint it *first*, and *then* white-wash it."

Almack's in India.

The emigration of our northern brethren to India has always been pretty copious. In the time of Sir John Macpherson's government, most of his staff consisted of Scotch gentlemen, whose names began with Mac. One of the aid-de-camps used to call the government-house *Almack's*, "For," said he, "if you stand in the middle of the court, and call *Mac*, you will have a head popped out of every window."

A Flatterer,

Is said to be a beast that biteth smiling. But it is hard to know them from friends, they are so obsequious and full of protestations; for as a wolf resembles a dog, so doth a flatterer a friend.—

Raleigh.

No Drunkards in France.

A drunkard is a character unknown in France. If a man only flushed with liquor, came into company, the men would look coldly on him, and the women would not speak to him. That door would never be opened to him again. Drinking is considered as a vice so low and disgusting, that it is held in contempt even by the common people. That vice, then, a man could never learn there. If he were unhappy enough to be addicted to it, and had any sense of shame, travelling would be a very probable means to cure him.—

Elegant Anecdotes.

Bishop Horn's remark on Wit.

This rev. prelate, who always practised what he recommended, made the following observations on this subject:—"Wit," says he, "if it be used at all, should be tempered with good humour, so as not to exasperate the person who is the object of it; and then, we are sure, there is no mischief done. The disputant ought to be at once firm and calm; his head cool, and his heart warm."

Singular Epitaph.

On a stone in a porch at the southern entrance of the Collegiate Church, Wolverhampton, is the following singular epitaph:—"Near this place lies Claudius Philips, whose absolute *contempt of riches*, and inimitable *performances on the violin*, made him the admiration of all who knew him. He was born in Wales, made the tour of Europe, and, after the experience of both kinds of fortune, died in 1733."

Dining in a storm at Sea.

The table itself screwed down, is first prepared, by laying along it two sand-bags, which run its entire length; between those are placed several smaller bags, like the rungs between the sides of a ladder, and in the spaces thus formed are deposited the dishes. You then take your seat at table, holding on as well as you can: when all is ready, the servants brings your plate, knife and fork, and you eat, holding on at each roll, and take a cut and bit in the intervals. Despite all these precautions, however, you sometimes find the dishes change places as if by magic. A gentleman just above me was taken all aback, and suddenly found himself sprawling on the deck, with one lady, one tureen of

soup, one ditto of apple sauce, two small children, a beef-steak pie, and a cruet stand, all piled like a monument over him.

A Riddle.

The following riddle is said to be the last production of Sheridan's witty pen: "Sometimes with a head; sometimes with a tail, sometimes without a tail; sometimes with head and tail, sometimes without either; and yet equally perfect in all situasions. Answer—*a wig.*"

The latest Information.

A certain newsmonger was relating with great confidence a political occurrence, which he had from the *first authority*,. "That cannot be," said a gentleman present, "for I have a letter dated the 31st, which says the contrary." "Ah!" replied the narrator, "but mine is of the 32nd."

Fidelity and Genius.

Fidelity is like a dog, genius like a bird—the former will make a good servant, but the latter is fond of liberty. You may teach a bird to draw water and work for its victuals; but open its cage door, and it will soon fly away.

There they go.

Two sharpers went into a public-house one morning, where there was an inquisitive landlord, and called for some liquor, then began a conversation between themselves about the singularity of a bet that had been lost the preceding day. "What may that have been?" asked the landlord. "Why, it was simple in the man who lost, for he bet he'd do what was impossible—he was to look at a clock for

fifteen minutes, and without stopping or faultering, to repeat "*there they go.*" "Why, do you think that impossible?" said the landlord, "why, I think I could do that." "No, nor any other man." "I'll lay five guineas I do." "Well, I've no objection to that." The bet was made, and the landlord put his five guineas on the table, as did the two men. He began, "there they go, there they go;" which, as soon as they had drank their beer, they verified by a departure with the money. The landlord, thinking they only did it to make him lose his bet by calling after them, kept on "there they go," for ten minutes after their departure, and lost his five guineas, though he won his wager.

Solitude.

"Solitude," says Mr. Bulwer, in his series of papers called *The Student*, "is only for the guiltless,—evil thoughts are companions for a time: evil deeds are companions through eternity."

Topers.

Dr. Johnson's opinion of drinking may be gathered from a brief but expressively antithritical passage; he says,—"In the bottle discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence."

Anecdote of Curran.

A farmer attending at a fair with one hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public-house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards, he resorted to mine host for payment; but the landlord, too deep for the countryman, affected to wonder what hundred pounds was

meant, and was quite sure no such sum had been lodged in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollection, and, finally to the honour of Bardolph, the farmer applied to Curran for advice. "Have patience, my friend," said the counsel, "speak to the landlord civilly, and tell him you are convinced you must have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred pounds, in the presence of your friend, and then come to me." We must imagine, and not commit to paper, the vociferations of the honest dupe, at such advice: however, moved by the rhetoric, or rather the authority of the worthy counsel, he followed it, and returned to his legal friend. "And now, sir, I don't see as I'm to be better off for this, if I get my second hundred again; but how is that to be done?" "Go and ask for it when he is alone," said the counsel. "Ay, sir, but asking won't do, I'ze afraid, without my witness at any rate." "Never mind, take my advice," said the counsel: "do as I bid you, and return to me." The farmer soon returned with his hundred pounds, glad at any rate to find that safe again in his possession. "Now I suppose I must be content; but I don't see as I'm much better off." "Well then," said the counsel, "now take your friend with you, and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him." We need not add that the wily landlord found he had been taken off his guard, while our honest friend returned to thank the counsel exultingly with both hundreds in his pocket.

Friends.

A man's friendship, like the roof of his house, should be well looked to, and repaired. When the

friend drops or the tile falls, fill up the chasm by another, or you may live soon to want both a friend and a house.

Reading, Writing, and Speaking.

Habits of literary conversation, and still more, habits of extempore discussion in a popular assembly, are peculiarly useful in giving us a ready and practical command of our knowledge. There is much good sense in the following aphorism of Bacon,—"Reading makes a full man, Writing a correct man, and Speaking, a ready man."

The Surgeon's Wife.

Women possess a presence of mind which has often delighted and amazed me. I remember reading of some great surgeon, who came one morning to his wife in tears, because he could not extract a piece of steel from a mechanic's eye. "I have tried all the means in the power of man," said he, "but in vain; my efforts to relieve the sufferer, only increase his agony—what shall I do?" "Take a loadstone," said the wife, "and draw out the metal at once." The surgeon had never once thought of this most simple and efficacious plan: he flew back to the sufferer, and relieved him instantly.

The Good Woman.

However fashions vary, the good woman is always admired; for she appeals not to the eye, but to the heart. She is not loquacious, but says just enough to make every hearer wish she was talkative; and yet, when she is silent, there is such a persuasive charm in her look, that we wonder how we could think her more admirable while speaking. Though every word is expressive of the

stores treasured in her mind, the nursery is her study; and her chief care is to correct the little volumes arranged there, so as to prevent a list of errata from appearing at the end. She is no satirist, and yet her reproof is more dreaded than the severest line in Juvenal; for she shames by example, and the sting of her remark lies in the superiority of her demeanour. Her virtue would not be complete without trial; and thus is she often neglected, and smiles, like the sun over Kamtschatka, on a churlish and sterile soil. But it is no matter; she holds her course so near to the heavens, that the failings of the earthly may grieve, but they cannot interrupt her. She now directs her efforts entirely to the little spotless souls which have sprung from her, and strives to amend her husband by rearing his children free from the defects to which he is subject. Her death is the strongest argument in favour of immortality; for who can believe that so much virtue was made to perish? She dies without a pang, in the arms of descendants, and leaves behind her the exalted praise of being a woman whom the world talked very little about.

Noble Sentiment.

The Creator does not intend that the greatest part of mankind should come into the world with saddles on their backs, and bridles in their mouths, and a few ready booted and spurred, to ride the rest to death.

Learned Scotchmen.

A lady once asked a very silly Scotch nobleman, how it happened, that the Scots who came out of their own country were, generally speaking, men of more abilities than those who remained at home.

"Oh, madam," said he, "the reason is obvious. At every outlet, there are persons stationed to examine all who pass, that for the honour of the country no one be permitted to leave it who is not a man of understanding." "*Then*," said she, "*I suppose your lordship was smuggled.*"

Tell us what you can't do.

A party of Oxford Scholars were one evening carousing at the Star Inn, when a waggish student, a stranger to them, abruptly introduced himself, and seeing he was not "one of us," they all began to quiz him. This put him upon his mettle, and besides boasting of other accomplishments, he told them in plain terms, that he could write Greek and Latin verses better, and was, in short, an overmatch for them at anything. Upon this one of the party exclaimed, "You have told us a great deal about what you can do,—tell us something you can't do." "Well," retorted he, "I'll tell you what I can't do,—I can't pay my reckoning!" This sally procured him a hearty welcome.

An Irishman's belief.

An Irishman, nearly "three sheets in the wind," was asked of what belief he was. He replied, "Go to the widow Milliken, I owe her 12s.; it is her belief I will never pay her, and, faith, that's my belief too."

Real Tragedy.

The history of Sweden records a very extraordinary incident which took place at the representation of the Mystery of the Passion, under King John II., in 1513. The actor who performed the part of Longinus, the soldier who was to pierce the Christ on

the cross in the side, was so transported with the spirit of the action, that he really killed the man who personated our Lord; failing suddenly, and with great violence, he overthrew the actress who personated the holy mother. King John, who was present at the spectacle, was so enraged at Longinus, that he leaped on the stage, and struck off his head. The spectators, who had been delighted with the too violent actor, became infuriated against their king, fell upon him in a throng, and killed him.

The Effects of Spirits.

A medical gentleman met an old woman in his rounds, who asked him whether he liked gin, rum, or brandy best. Upon being told that he was not in the habit of taking gin, rum, or brandy, she said, "What! not take gin? I like gin best of everything; for I have been in the hospital, and I know all about it. Gin only eats off the skin of the liver, rum fills it full, like a sponge; but brandy eats holes into it, that I could put my finger in."

The Hope.

When the air balloon was first discovered, some one flippantly asked Dr. Franklin what was the use of it. The doctor answered this question by asking another: "What is the use of a new-born infant? It may become a man."

Parallel of the Sexes.

Man is strong, woman is beautiful—man is daring and confident, woman is diffident and unassuming—man is great in action, woman is suffering—man shines abroad, woman at home—man talks to convince, woman to persuade and please—man has a rugged heart, woman has a soft and tender one—

man prevents misery, woman relieves it—man has science, woman taste—man has judgment, woman sensibility—man is a being of justice, woman of mercy.

An Irish Wine Drinker.

A gentleman from Ireland, on entering a London tavern, saw a countryman of his, a Tipperary Squire, sitting over his pint of wine in the coffee-room. "Blood an' ounds! my dear fellow," said he, "what are you about? for the honour of Tipperary, don't be after sitting over a pint of wine in a house like this!" "Make yourself aisy, countryman," was the reply: "it's the *seventh* I have had, and every one in the room knows it."

Anecdote of Loughborough.

"Shortly after commencing practice at the Scottish bar," says the writer of an interesting memoir of Lord Loughborough, (the Chancellor) "it was his fortune to be opposed to Mr. Lockhart, at that time a leading counsel. In replying to an impassioned appeal of this powerful opponent, he summed up an ironical picture of Mr. Lockhart's eloquence in these sarcastic terms: 'Nay, my lord, if these tears could have moved your lorpship's tears, sure I am they would not have been wanting.' The Lord President immediately interrupted the young counsel, and told him he was pursuing a very indecorous course of observation. Wedderburne maintained with spirit that he had said nothing he was not well entitled to say, and would have no hesitation in saying again. The Lord President, irritated probably at so bold an answer from a junior, rejoined in a manner, the personality of which provoked the advocate to tell his lordship that he had said that as a

judge which he dared not justify as a gentleman. The remark was hasty, and not to be brooked. The President threw himself on the protection of his brother justices, and Wedderburne was ordered by the unanimous voice of the court to make a most abject apology, on pain of deprivation. He refused, and threw off his gown." It is a fact, that when Wedderburne went to England to proceed to the bar, being anxious to get rid as much as possible of his Scotch accent, which he feared might prove an impediment to his success he studied elocution under two Irishmen, the elder Sheridan, father of Richard Brinsley, and Macklin the player: yet did he become the most eloquent pleader of his day.

Anecdote of Quin.

Quin, in his old age, became a gourmand; and among other things, invented a composition, which he called his *Siamese Soup*, pretending that its ingredients were principally from the East. The peculiarity of its flavour became the topic of the day. The rage at Bath was Mr. Quin's soup; but as he would not part with the receipt, this state of notice was highly inconvenient: every person of taste was endeavouring to dine with him; every dinner he was at, an apology was made for the absence of the *Siamese Soup*. His female friends he was forced to put off with promises; the males received a respectful but manly denial. A conspiracy was, accordingly, projected by a dozen *bon vivants* of Bath, against his peace and comfort. At home he was flooded with anonymous letters; abroad beset with applications under every form. The possession of this secret was made a canker to all his enjoyments. At length, he discovered th design, and determined on revenge. Collecting th

names of the principal confederates, he invited them to dinner, promising to give them the receipt before they departed,—an invitation which was joyfully accepted. Quin then gave a pair of old boots to the housemaid to scour and soak, and when sufficiently seasoned, to chop up into fine pieces like minced meat. On the appointed day, he took these particles, and pouring them into a copper pot, with sage, onions, spice, ham, wine, water, and other ingredients, composed a mixture of about two gallons, which was served up at his table as *Siamese Soup*. The company were in transports at its flavour; but Quin, pleading a cold, did not taste it. A pleasant evening was spent, and when the hour of departure arrived, each person pulled out his tablet to write down the receipt. Quin now pretended that he had forgot making the promise; but his guests were not to be put off, and, closing the door, they told him in plain terms, that neither he nor they should quit the room till his pledge had been redeemed. Quin stammered and evaded, and kept them from the point as long as possible; but when their patience was bearing down all bounds, his reluctance gave way. "Well, then, gentlemen," said he, "in the first place, take an old pair of boots,"—"What! an old pair of boots?"—"The older the better,"—(they stared at each other)—"cut off their tops and soles, and soak them in a tub of water,"—(they hesitated)—"chop them into fine particles, and pour them into a pot with two gallons and a half of water." "Why, Quin," they simultaneously exclaimed, "you do not mean to say that the soup we have been drinking was made of old boots!" "I do, gentlemen," he replied, "my cook will assure you she chopped them up." They required no such attestation: his cool, inflexible expression was

sufficient: in an instant horror was depicted in each countenance.

Instruction and Amusement.

Uninstructive amusement may be afforded for a moment, by a passing jest or a ludicrous anecdote, by which no knowledge is conveyed to the mind of the hearer or the reader; but the man who would amuse others for an hour, either by his writing or his conversation, must tell his hearers or his readers something that they do not know, and what is calculated to improve the mind.

A Word to Snuff Takers.

A lady asked her physician whether snuff was injurious to the brain? "No," said he, "for nobody who has any brains ever takes snuff."

The Earl of Kellie.

The witty and convivial Lord Kellie being, in his early years, much addicted to dissipation, his mother advised him to take example of a gentleman, whose constant food was herbs, and his drink water. "What, madam," said he, "would you have me imitate a man who eats like a beast, and drinks like a fish!"

Lord Kellie was once amusing his company with an account of a sermon he had heard in a church in Italy, in which the priest related the miracle of St. Anthony, when preaching on shipboard, attracting the fishes, which, in order to hear his pious discourse, held their heads out of the water. "I can perfectly well believe the miracle," said Mr. Henry Erskine. "How so?" "When your lordship was at church, there was at least one fish out of the water."

Tax on Bachelors.

A lady having remarked in company that she thought there should be a tax on the single state; "Yes, madam," rejoined a gentleman who was present, and who was a most notable specimen of the uncompromising old bachelor, "as on all other luxuries."

Best Upper Leather.

The following sound advice occurs in an almanack: "If you wish to have a shoe of durable materials, you should make the upper leather of the mouth of a hard drinker, for that never lets in water."

A Good Move.

Sheridan being on a Parliamentary Committee, one day entered the room as all the members were seated and ready to commence business. Perceiving no empty seat, he bowed, and looking round the table with a droll expression of countenance, said, "Will any gentleman move that I may take the chair?"

A Preacher and his Wife.

In a manse in Fife, the conversation of a large party, one evening, turned on a volume of sermons, which had just been published with considerable success, and was supposed to have brought a round sum into the hands of the author. When the minister's wife heard of what had been made by the volume, her imagination was excited; and, turning to her husband, who sat a little aside, she said, "My dear, I see naething to hinder you to print a few of your sermons, too." "They were a' printed lang syne," said the candid minister in his wife's ear.

Fate of Books.

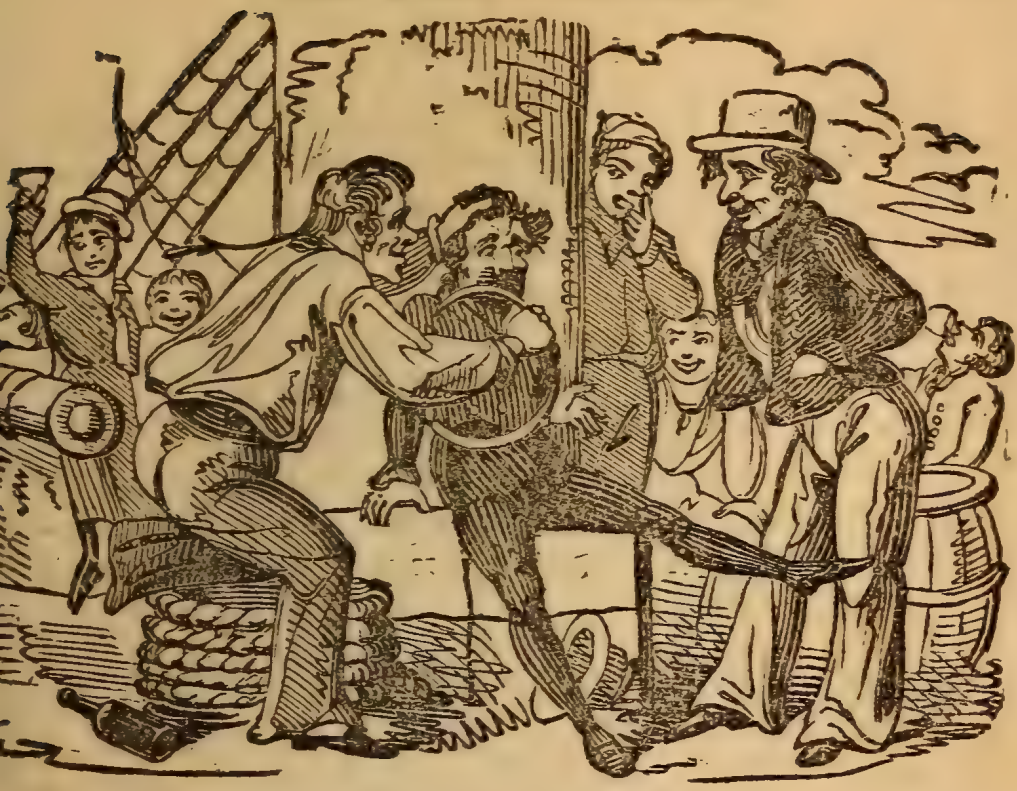
There are 1000 books published per annum in Great Britain, on 600 of which there is a commercial loss ; on 200 no gain ; on 100 a trifling gain ; and only on 100 a considerable profit. 750 are forgotten within the year, 100 others in two years, another 150 in three years ; not more than 50 survive seven years, and scarcely 10 are thought of after twenty years. Of the 50,000 books published in the seventeenth century, not 50 are now in estimation. Of the 80,000 published in the eighteenth century, not more than 300 are considered worth reprinting, and not more than 500 are now sought after. Since the first writings, 1400 years before Christ, *i. e.* in thirty-two centuries, only about 500 works, of writers of all nations, have sustained themselves against the devouring influence of time.

Political Catechism.

Soon after the appearance of Burke's work, in which the celebrated expression of "the swinish multitude," as applied to the lower grades of society, was used, a pamphlet was published in the form of a catechism, with a reference to the war then about to be commenced : the first question, "What is the first duty of a member of the swinish multitude !" was answered, "To save his bacon." A very good-humoured reproof.

Love.

The Duchess of Kingston asked Garrick one day why Love was represented as a child. He replied, "Because Love never reaches the age of wisdom and experience."



Crossing the Line.

On the billows as we roll,
Banish every sorrow ;
Mirth shall reign in every soul,
And true joy we'll borrow.
Laughing, quaffing all the day,
Cans of grog we're tossing ;
Blow, ye winds, blow hard, we say,
Until the line we're crossing.

Now prepare, let Neptune come,—
We defy all weathers :
Let's quickly sound the fife and drum,
And sport the tar and feathers.
Laughing, quaffing, &c.

Let us give the lubbers due,—
Boys, we'll soon delight ye :
There's the Equinox in view,
With the God and Amphitrite.
Laughing, quaffing, &c.

A Gentleman.

Miss M——, a young heiress of considerable personal attractions, chanced to be seated, at a dinner party, next to a gentleman remarkable in the fashionable circles for the brilliancy of his wit, and who had long made one in the train of her admirers. The conversation turning on the uncertainty of life, "I mean to *insure* mine," said the young lady archly, "in the *Hope*." "In the hope *of what?*" said her admirer; "a *single* life is hardly worth insuring: I propose we should insure our lives together; and, if you have no objections, I should prefer *the Alliance*."

Miss Noyes.

A gentleman feeling a strong partiality for a young lady whose name was *Noyes*, was desirous, without the ceremony of a formal courtship, to ascertain her sentiments. For this purpose he said to her one day, with that kind of air and manner which means either jest or earnest, as you choose to take it, "If I were to ask you whether you are under matrimonial engagements to any one, what part of your name (No yes) might I take for an answer?" "The first," said she in the same tone. "And were I to ask if you were inclined to form such an engagement, should a person offer who loved you, and was not indifferent to yourself, what part of your name might he then take as an answer?" "The last." "And if I tell you that I love you, and ask you to form such an engagement with *me*, then what part of your name may I take?" "Oh, then," replied the blushing girl, "take the *whole name*, as, in such a case, I would cheerfully resign it for yours." It is almost needless to add that they were soon afterwards married.

The Romans would not administer an oath to any but married persons, nor would they receive others as witnesses.

Cæsar only bestowed his favours on the fathers of families.

Augustin inflicted punishment on those that were unmarried.

Lycurgus humbled, and otherwise punished single men.

A Depressed Pair.

A gentleman and his wife were reduced from a life of splendour and luxury, by unavoidable misfortunes, to a moderate way of living. He had been since their misfortunes, extremely morose and gloomy, and it was a lively reply of his affectionate wife that caused a change. 'Wife,' said he one morning, 'my affairs are embarrassed, and it is necessary I should curtail my expenses. I should like to have your opinion as to the reduction.' He said this in a more gentle tone than usual. 'My dear husband,' said she, 'I shall be perfectly happy if you will get rid of the *sulky*, and let us retain the *sociable*.'

A Married Gentleman.

An elderly gentleman travelling in a stage coach, was amused by the constant fire of words kept up between two ladies. One of them at last kindly inquired if their conversation did not make his head ache; when he answered with a great deal of naivete,—'No, ma'am, I have been *married twenty-eight years*.'

A Fearful Husband.

'If I'm not home from the party at ten o'clock,' said a husband to his better and *bigger half*, don't

wait for me.' 'That I won't,' said the lady significantly, 'I won't *wait*, but I'll *come* for you.' He returned at ten precisely.

Lady Price.

A widow of the name of Rugg, having taken Sir Charles Price for her second husband, and being asked by a friend how she liked the change, replied, 'Oh! I have sold my old Rugg for a good Price.'

No Scandal.

A lady suspected of popery, was brought before a justice, a rigid puritan, who told her, nothing could wipe away her suspicious conduct but calling the pope a knave. 'I know nothing of his holiness,' replied the lady, 'but if I knew him as well as I know your worship, I would very readily call him a knave.'

Cause for Tears.

A youth standing by whilst his father was at play, observing him to lose a great deal of money, burst into tears: his father asked him the reason why he wept. 'Oh! sir, I have learned that Alexander the Great wept when his father Philip had conquered a great many towns, cities, and countries, fearing he would leave him nothing to win; but I wept the contrary way, fearing that you will leave me nothing to lose.'

Peter the Great on Lawyers.

The renowned Peter the Great, being at Westminster Hall in term time, and seeing multitudes of people swarming about the courts of law, is reported to have asked some one about him, what all those busy people were, and what they were about? and

being answered, they are lawyers; "Lawyers!" returned he, with great vivacity, "why, I have but four in my whole kingdom, and I intend to hang two of them as soon as I get home."

Various Authors.

Virgil was so fond of salt, that he seldom went without a box-full in his pocket, which he made use of from time to time, as men of the present day use tobacco.

Homer, it is said, had such an aversion to natural music, that he could never be prevailed on to walk along the banks of a murmuring brook; nevertheless, he sang his own ballads, though not in the character of a mendicant, as recorded by Ziolus.

Zoroaster, it is said, though the most profound philosopher of his time, theoretically, was very easily put out of temper. He once carried his irritability so far as to break a marble table to pieces with a hammer, because he chanced to stumble over it in the dark.

Shakspeare, though one of the most generous of men, was a great higgler. He was often known to dispute with a shopkeeper for half an hour on the matter of a penny. He gives Hotspur credit for a portion of his own disposition, when he makes him say, 'I would cavil on the ninth part of a hair.'

Peter Corneille, the greatest wit of his time, so far as concerns his works, was remarkably stupid in conversation, as was also Addison, who is acknowledged to have been one of the most elegant writers that ever lived.

Handel was such a miser, that at the very time he was in the receipt of fifty pounds a night from the Opera, he was frequently known to wear a shirt for a month, to save the expense of washing.

Young wrote his 'Night Thoughts,' with a skull, and a candle in it, before him. His own skull was luckily in the room, or very little aid would have been yielded by the other.

SUBLIME THOUGHT.

Said to be written by nearly an Idiot, at Cirencester.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were the whole earth of parchment made,
Were every single stick a quill,
And ev'ry man a scribe by trade:
To write the love of God above
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretch'd from sky to sky

VIRTUE SLEEPING.

Virtue as hard up hill she went
Grew faint, her very soul was spent;
So down she sat awhile to rest,
And low'r'd her shield beneath her breast.
She slept, and as she slept she smil'd,
A dream had all her thoughts beguil'd.
Vice watch'd for this and sent a dart
That reach'd—say not it reach'd her heart;
It must have pierced it through and through,
But with his shield an angel flew;
E'en through that shield the weapon found
Its way, and lodg'd a dangerous wound;

A wound that virtue bath'd with tears
For days, for weeks, for months, for years.
'Twas heal'd at last ; but virtue still
Weeps at the thought of Drowsy Hill.
When virtue sleeps, nor dreams of pain,
She'll soon be wounded,—may be slain.

Dr. Young was fond of coffee in an afternoon, till, finding it prejudicial to his nerves, he intimated his intention of abstaining from it. His grandson, who was then a little boy, inquired into the particular motive that led him to this resolution. "My reason is," answered the Doctor, "because it keeps me awake at night. I can't sleep for it." "Then I beg you, sir, not to leave off your coffee ; otherwise you will give us no more *Night Thoughts*."

It is said that *Dryden* was always cupped and physicked previous to a grand effort on tragedy.

Bembo had a desk of forty divisions, through which his sonnets passed in succession, before they were published ; and at each transition they received correction.

Milton used to sit leaning back obliquely in an easy chair, with his leg flung over the elbow of it. He frequently composed lying in bed in the morning ; but when he could not sleep, and lay awake whole nights, not one verse could he make : at other times, his unpremeditated lines flowed easy, with a certain impetus and œstrum, as himself used to believe. Then, whatever the hour, he rang for his daughter to commit them to paper. He would sometimes dictate forty lines in a breath, and then reduce them to half the number. These

may appear trifles: but such trifles assume a sort of greatness, when related of what is great.

What is London?

When, in ordinary circumstances, we speak of a city or town, an idea is raised in the mind, of a place in which there is something like a distinct unity of character, in which the people have a common resemblance, and are actuated by a combination of purpose. An idea of this description should never be excited when speaking or thinking of London. There is no word in our language capable of defining what London is. It is neither a city or a town; and the terms capital and metropolis equally fail in telling its character. Those who stay in London are about as little able to describe its nature as a whole, as the stranger who pays it a passing visit. An entire lifetime spent in it leaves still much more to learn than is already learnt of it. Thus it is an enigma—a mystery even to those who have been born and bred in it.

This extraordinary indefiniteness of character of London,—we speak of it in the most extended sense,—arises from its immensely large size. Every time we visit it, its extent seems to be greater. Its hugeness grows upon a person. It expands on an acquaintanceship. Nobody is able to tell, even by measurement, what are the boundaries of London. It is utterly impossible to say where it begins or ends. Topographers describe it as measuring about eight miles in length, by five or six in breadth, with three-fourths of its bulk lying on the northern side of the Thames. It would be more consistent with accuracy to say, that, lengthwise from east to west, along the course of the river, there is a continuous series of houses, streets, buildings of various de-

scriptions, here and there interrupted with gardens or small open spaces, for a distance of at least twenty miles. According to our conceptions, the town begins at Greenwich, and terminates at Richmond. Its extent from its northern to its southern verge, is less definable. On entering the exterior, and several miles from the centre, neat small brick houses, detached from each other, in the villa style, first make their appearance ; these are succeeded by clumps of the same kind of houses, forming "terraces," and "places ;" next follow rows of dwellings on both sides of the way, so as to constitute streets ; now we have a handsomely built set of alms-houses, belonging most likely to some corporation ; and then comes a thickly-peopled clump of street, with back lanes, and a flashy public-house, the rendezvous of some half-dozen stages and omnibuses. Lastly, we have the streets on and on without interruption ; the foot passengers on the side are now more numerous, and every minute thicken as you proceed : stone pavements take the place of the rougher pathways ; all London. Thus it is on any side of the metropolis ; which was the first house as you entered, which the last on leaving, you cannot settle in your mind.

It is this unmatchable vastness of London that divests it of the usual characteristics of a town. It is clear that there can exist no general sympathy, or unity of feeling or purpose, in such a place. The people cannot possibly know each other, and, from the nature of things, they cannot care for each other. What do the inhabitants of the northern environs of the town know of those in the south, or those of the west care for those in the east ? Nothing. They are all strangers to one another ; they are all like different races or nations. Thus, every

body knows somebody. Every given resident knows, or is intimately acquainted with, ten, twenty, or fifty families; but these acquaintances do not stay near each other. Two of them reside within the distance of a mile, or perhaps in the same row, or next row; another has a house at Clapham, another at Brixton, a third at Stoke Newington; and the remainder are sprinkled all about the town, but miles asunder from each other. The consequence of this scatteredness of society is, as we say, no unity of feeling or purpose. And hence, there is no public opinion in London. Public opinion is a rational aggregation of sentiment on any topic requiring general consideration. It cannot therefore exist, where the whole or a large portion of given people cannot freely confer with each other, in order to exchange and mould their ideas into an uniform shape. To remedy this deficiency, there is the press. Newspapers are resorted to from pure necessity; without newspapers, the people would be kept in perfect ignorance of what is going on; consequently, everybody must, by some arrangement or other, see a newspaper. But the newspapers are not the representatives of public opinion; they cannot represent what has no existence. They give the news which has been industriously scraped together by men whose trade consists in gathering public intelligence; and they give the opinion of one or more editors, who have got their opinions from other editors, or from some half dozen acquaintances, or club, or coffee-house frequenters,—that is all. The opinion of the London press is thus of limited value. It is not the aggregation of sentiment of a large intelligent community. It may be observed, that, for this reason, the London press, or even government, pays much

more deference to the opinion of the provincial press, or of the public meetings in the provincial towns, then it does to what is said or done in the metropolis. There is something inexpressibly grand in the inhabitants of a town or district of country meeting for the purpose of declaring their opinion upon any subject whatever; because it is the utmost that can be done in the spirit of peace and constitutional freedom, and it is done with effect. It gives utterance to the voice of all. But all cannot meet in London,—the thing is a physical impossibility. As a next best, the people of a particular ward or parish meet; but such exhibitions are very partial in their operation. Every thing in the town goes on as if no meeting were held or ever had been held. One day, in passing along the Strand, a crowd of people were coming out of the doorway of a large edifice. "What has been going on?" I enquired of my friend, a gentleman whose place of business was in the neighbourhood. "I don't know," he replied; "perhaps it is a meeting on the slave question, perhaps about a petition to parliament, perhaps a church meeting, and perhaps the assemblage of a Bible society. I cannot tell, but you will see all about it in the paper to-morrow morning." I looked in the paper accordingly,—it was the unrolling of a mummy! Such is London. Nobody, except newspaper writers, and sets of people who make it their business to find out meetings suitable to their tastes, ever knows what is going on.

The boundlessness of London, which is so unfavourable to the exercise of public opinion, is, in a high degree favourable to the growth and expression of independent private opinion. There is no place in the whole civilized world which affords

such perfect protection to private sentiment and independence of principle. In every small town there can exist only two sets of opinions—those of the majority and minority. You must belong to a party. You cannot possess your own individual opinion, or, at least, allow it to be known. The larger the town is, the shelter given to private opinion is the more complete ; but in no town that ever we saw or heard of, is the protection so effectual as in London. There a man may possess any opinion he pleases, and take no pains to conceal it. Nobody cares about him, or pays the smallest attention to him, unless he makes himself very conspicuous indeed. In such a town as Edinburgh, for instance, it is very easy to crush and persecute, or, what answers the same end, buy up, an individual who maintains sentiments opposed to those of the two or three parties into which the community is divided. It is next to an impossibility to do this in London, because the place is so large that an individual escapes notice, or, if he be noticed, there start up hundreds of the same way of thinking to back him. In consequence of the absence of this kind of backing, there is a good deal of hypocrisy in every town of inferior dimensions ; in other words, there is the opinion which flourishes before the world in open day, and the opinion which is secretly maintained or talked of, considerately, to friends across the table in private. When, therefore, we speak of the expression of public opinion on certain subjects in small communities, we must always allow a certain measure of discount for hypocrisy from what appears to be the general sentiment of the community—the measure proportionally enlarging as the community diminishes.

The engrossing attention to business, and ardent

pursuit of wealth, which are observable in London, form another reason for there being little floating public opinion. Business is pursued in most provincial towns in a dawdling, trifling manner; sentiment is allowed to creep into it. It is not so in London Business there is a solid matter of diligent and active pursuit. No one, who has not dived into the sanctuaries of trade in London, can form any correct idea of the devotedness to business which affects the people. The shop or the counting-house is all the world to its keeper. Not an atom of thought can be spared for consideration of any of the great schemes of human improvement which are going forward. It is rare even to find a person who will sacrifice so much as even a single hour to the public concerns of the spot in which he moves. For this reason, nearly all matters of local import in London are mismanaged. The people generally will not look after municipal affairs. It is very difficult to bring them out, or make them attend meetings; consequently, every thing is jobbed, or conducted in an expensive way. Grumblings and denunciations ensue, but these are heard only of an evening after business is over, not in the day-time. It is no light matter that takes John Bull from his forenoon's occupation. He requires a vast deal of rousing to force him from behind his counter or his desk and ledgers; in truth, men have little sympathy with each other in London, and rely on mutual support. Their wrongs are not those of a community, which can be stimulated to resent them. The whole man is sunk, buried, entombed in business. To make money is "the great good," the object for which mankind were born and live. This is an aim not confined to mere men in business; it is a tendency ramified through the whole population. Mo-

ney ! how many thousands,—or, we may say, millions,—have killed body and soul to get money ! Among the higher orders, it is as much an object of ceaseless worship, as it is among those of an inferior rank ; and if we descend to the lowest grade, we find the same restless and insatiable craving. The devouring keenness in seeking money which is thus exhibited, is at once ludicrous and revolting to the feelings. Among menials, the hand is ever ready to receive the expected coin ; and all persons from whom civility in the course of duty is required, must not be defrauded of their regular gratuity. One night, on going to the theatre, (it was the Adelphi,) we could not procure a seat in the boxes, except in a back row, from which little could be heard or seen. "Pooh, pooh !" said an acquaintance, "you don't understand the system ; give the box-keeper a couple of shillings, and he will let you have a front seat at once." We followed the advice, and were accommodated accordingly. The man's hand was hung crooked up like a ladle at his side, ready for what might come. On feeling the pleasing drop of the shillings, his perceptions were cleared ; he recollected that there was a seat still unoccupied. These are practices so common, that they have ceased to be remarked.

We have often thought that the London tradesman may be aptly compared to a squirrel at the scamper in a revolving cage. He is in a whirl. He cannot stop himself, except at the risk of tumbling. He must go on. The competition which surrounds him, his wants, his expenses, his wish to realize wealth for himself or family, with a view to retirement—all press upon him, and the result is a condition of incessant movement. Reflection is out of the question in such a state of things, and the plea-

sures of existence are narrowed into the smallest compass. To many thousands of men of business in London, hardly a moment is allowed for mental or bodily relaxation, but on Sundays. That day is the only period of repose. In this class of society, there are many who hardly ever see their families, except on Sundays. We have been coolly told by persons so situated, that they have not seen their children for years at a time, except on this day of rest. They rise in the morning and leave home before their children have gone to school, and return in the evening after their children have gone to bed. In these cases all is left to the mother. Making an allowance for these being either rare or exaggerated instances, it is undeniable that the mode of life, which consists of a perpetual round of laborious attentions and duties, is a warring against nature, a destroying of both the mental and physical constitution. It is certain that the money which is accumulated by such means, rarely affords the happiness which is expected from its possession,—a circumstance not to be wondered at, for the man who has spent some twenty or thirty years in scraping money together, and thought of nothing else, has not a mind prepared for the enjoyment of tranquillity, or the contemplation of the beauties and solacements of nature.

As a place of residence for persons in easy circumstances, London offers many temptations. Its first recommendation consists in the retirement it affords. Go to a country town, and you are observed, and harassed with troublesome remarks; you are watched and talked about. Go to a pretty large town,—a town of a hundred and fifty thousand population,—and you are still watched, still worried, though it be in degree; the people know you. But

go to London: there you plunge into the most perfect seclusion; you are less known or heard of than if you were to plant yourself on a desert island in the Pacific. You walk in the streets and public thoroughfares, but nobody sees you. During all the times we have been in London, we are not conscious of having been once looked at, even in the most casual manner, when out of doors. No one looks at or scrutinizes another in the streets, or in any place of public meeting: you move every where as if invisible. For these reasons, an individual or a family can live as suits their fancy; may remain unknown, or enter into society, whichever is most gratifying to their feelings. The next great recommendation is the boundless profusion and perfection in which everything which is required can be obtained. We venture to say that there is no place in the habitable globe where he who possesses money can have everything he desires in such perfection. The luxuries and comforts of the whole earth are at his feet. There is another point for his consideration—he need not be bothered with ill-done work. We have frequently had occasion to remark, that what is done in London, is done well; every process of business and amusement, no matter what, is cleverly managed. You see the best acting, the best driving, the best rowing, and the best playing, at any indoor or outdoor sport; you also hear the best preaching, see the best collections of works of art, hear the best language spoken, and are treated with the best order of politeness. In short, everything is remarkably well managed. We never saw shopkeeping worth looking at, except in London. The admirable address, the civility, the devoted attention shown to customers, is a treat to behold. It is, of course, all surface, but never

mind that—one likes to be attended to when we are spending money. The ease with which you can get what you want, is another great recommendation. In even tolerably large towns you frequently find it impossible to get a particular article without ordering it, and waiting for it. But in London, there is nothing which the heart can desire but may be obtained with only a very little trouble, either new or second-hand, either at a high or low price. Passing along a back street, we saw a shop crammed with second-hand bottles, drawers, and other materials of a drug shop. "What sort of a place is that?" said we to the friend that accompanied us. "That," replied he, "is a shop in which you could buy every article required to set up a laboratory, or chemist's establishment; you could have everything complete in half an hour." Further on, we observed a large signboard, with the words conspicuously written up, "Domestic servants of all descriptions wait here for employment from ten till five." These are things which surprise a stranger. He feels not more overwhelmed with the vastness than by the fine ramifications and harmonious perfection of the system.

Rousseau says: 'No father can transmit to his son the right of being useless to his fellow-creatures. In a state of society, where every man must be necessarily maintained at the expense of the community, he certainly owes the state so much labour as will pay for his subsistence, and this without exception of rank or person, rich or poor, strong or weak: every idle citizen is a knave. The man who earns not his subsistence, but eats the bread of idleness, is no better than a thief; and a pensioner,

who is paid by the state for doing nothing, differs little from a robber, who is supported by the plunder he makes on the highway."

"To become very wise, and of course very happy, to control the passions, is all which is necessary, and that may be easily done. To begin with Love:—When I see a beautiful woman, I will reflect thus—how soon those cheeks will lose their bloom, and that fair skin grow sallow and wrinkled. Those love-beaming eyes will lose their lustre: that elegant form bend tottering o'er a crutch; and those dark, glossy ringlets, whitened by the frost of age, fall from the declining head. By this means the most perfect beauty, smiling in youthful charms, will not have power to captivate me, as I shall already behold her in all the deformity of old age.

"In the second place, I will never be guilty of intemperance. The luxurious board, delicious wines, and convivial guests, shall be no temptations for me, because I will reflect on the consequences that attend excess: an aching head, disordered stomach, the loss of time, health and reason. I will only supply the wants of nature; I shall then enjoy perfect health, my mind will be serene, and my ideas brilliant. I will require no effort to avoid excess.

"And in regard to fortune, my wishes are moderate. What money I possess, is well secured in the public funds. I have sufficient to render me independent, and that is the greatest blessing in life. I shall never be under the cruel necessity of flattering any man in power. I shall envy no man, nor shall I be envied. I have friends, and I will preserve them, by not giving them cause to dispute with me. If I am never out of humour with them, they will certainly behave well to me. There is no difficulty in observing all this."

A Brother's Portion.

A potter presented himself to Schahroch, one of the sons of the celebrated Tamerlane, who had amassed immense treasures, and asked him if he did not believe in that article of the Mahometan faith which teaches that all Musselmen are brothers. The prince replied that he was fully convinced of this doctrine. 'Since we are all brethren, then,' said the potter, 'why do you keep possession of such vast treasures, while I remain in indigence? Give me at least the portion which belongs to me as a brother.' Schahroch ordered him a piece of money of small value. 'What!' added the potter, 'is this all that you allow me of the great wealth you enjoy?' 'Retire as fast as possible,' replied Schahroch, 'and do not mention to any one what I have given thee; for thy portion would be much less, if all our other brothers were to come and demand theirs.

Truth.

The late Rev. Robert Hall, had so great an aversion to every species of falsehood and evasion, that he sometimes expressed himself very strongly on the subject. The following is an instance:— Once, while he was spending an evening at the house of a friend, a lady who was there on a visit, retired, that her little girl of four years old might go to bed. She returned in about half an hour, and said to a lady near her, "She is gone to sleep, I put on my nightcap and lay down by her, and she soon dropped off." Mr. Hall, who overheard this, said, "Excuse madam; do you wish your child to grow up a liar?" "Oh, dear, no, sir; I should be shocked at such a thing." Then bear with me while I say, you must never act a lie before her:

children are very quick observers, and soon learn that which assumes to be what it is not, it is a lie, whether acted or spoken." This was uttered with a kindness which precluded offence, yet with a seriousness that could not be forgotten.

Time.

Time is the most undefinable, yet paradoxical of things; the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past even while we attempt to define it, and, like the flash of lightning, at once exists and expires. Time is the measurer of all things, but is itself immeasurable; and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit, and it would be still more so if it had. It is more in its source than the Nile, and in its termination than the Niger; and advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain, and lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. It robs beauty of her charms, to bestow them on her picture, and builds a monument to merit, but denies it a house: it is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth. Time is the most subtle, yet the most insatiable of depredators, and by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all, nor can it be satisfied until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight; and although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of death. Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise, bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the oth r;

but, like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice that even the sagest discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it; he that has made it his friend, will have little to fear from his enemies; but he that has made it his enemy, will have little to hope from his friends.

A Cause Well Pleaded.

A Roman soldier, being engaged in a law-suit, begged Augustus to plead his cause, when the emperor recommended him to one of his courtiers to conduct the matter before the judges. The soldier was hardy enough to say to Augustus, "I did not use you in this manner, sire, when you was in danger at the battle of Actium, where I fought for you myself," at the same time showing him the wounds he had there received. This reproach had such an effect on Augustus, that he went to the bar, and pleaded the man's cause himself

Astronomy.

An Irishman maintained, in company, that the sun did not make his revolution round the earth. "But how, then," said one to him, "is it possible, that, having reached the west, where he sets, he is seen to rise in the east, if he did not pass underneath the globe?" "How puzzled you are," replied this obstinate ignorant man: "he returns the same way; and if he be not perceived, it is on account of his *coming back by night*."

The Mother's Hands.

"When I was a little child," said a good man, "my mother used to bid me kneel beside her, and place her hand upon my head while she prayed.

Before I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back by the soft hand on my head. When I was a young man, I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations; but when I would have yielded, that same hand was upon my head, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in the days of my happy infancy, and, sometimes, there came with it a voice in my heart—a voice that must be obeyed—"O do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against thy God.'"

Longevity.

A certain young clergyman, modest almost to bashfulness, was once asked by a country apothecary of a contrary character, in a public and crowded assembly, and in a tone of voice to catch the attention of the whole company, "How it happened that the Patriarchs lived to such an extreme old age?" To which impertinent question, he immediately replied, "Perhaps they took no physic."

Conversation.

All kinds of conversation will not suit in all places. Human life is such a blotted page, that there is scarcely any person who has not some delicate point about him, which others must forbear alluding to in his presence. Then there are prejudices and habits in all men, and it does not do to come shock upon these in a random conversation. Even peculiarities of professional occupation become causes for the exercise of the good old rule, to think twice before we speak once.

The meaning of many words in common use hav-

ing undergone a material change within the few last years, the following is a correct glossary of their modern interpretation.—Age—an infirmity nobody will own. Common sense—a vulgar quality. Dressed—half-naked. Husband—a person employed to pay one's debts. At home—the domestic amusement of receiving three hundred people to yawn at each other. Matrimony—a bargain. Music—"The Fall of Paris," played out of time on a piano-forte out of tune. Religion—occupying a seat in a genteel chapel. Dancing—Whirling like a dying teetotum in a waltz; walking like a stately goose through Pain's first set! and stamping like a cart-horse in a gallopade. Love—the real meaning unknown. Economy—obsolete.

To live.

We see too many men willing to live to no purpose, caring only to be rid of time; on what terms soever, making it their only scope of life to live;—a disposition that may well benefit creatures, which are not capable of any other aim, save merely their own preservation; but for men that enjoy the privilege of reason—for Christians that pretend a title to religion, too base and unworthy. Where God has bestowed these higher faculties he looks for other improvements. What a very poor thing is it only to live! but to live for some more excellent end is that which reason suggests and ultimately perfects.

How much ill might be avoided, if men never repeated aught that they had heard without first considering their immediate right to do so, and the ultimate consequences which so doing might produce.

Popular commotion is always to be dreaded, be-

cause bad men always arise to mislead its efforts; how desirable it is that it may be prevented, by conciliatory measures, by timely concession of rights, by redress of grievances, by reformation of abuses, by convincing mankind that Government have no other object than faithfully to promote the comfort and security of individuals, without sacrificing the solid happiness of living men to national glory, or royal magnificence.

The happiness of domestic life flows not from the beauty that enchants the eye, or the graces that captivate in a ball-room ; and it is a truism which cannot be too often repeated, that those who succeed best in amusing strangers, are not always found to be the most enlivening members of the circle assembled round the fire-side of home.

Happiness.

No man can judge of the happiness of another. As the moon plays upon the waves, and seems to our eyes to favour with a peculiar beam one long track amidst the waters, leaving the rest in comparative obscurity ; yet all the while she is no niggard in her lustre—for the rays that meet not our eyes seem to us as though they were not, yet she, with an equal and unfavouring loveliness, mirrors herself on every wave. Even so, perhaps, happiness falls with the same brightness and power over the whole expanse of life, though to our limited eyes she seems only to rest on those billows from which the ray is reflected back upon our own sight.

Grace.

The Roman Catholics make a sacrament of matrimony, and in consequence of that notion pretend it confers grace. The Protestant divines do not

carry matters so high, but say this ought to be understood in a qualified sense, and that marriage so far confers grace, as that, generally speaking, it brings repentance, and every one knows that is one step towards grace.

A good Trick.

A French gentleman, travelling in his cabriolet from Paris to Calais, was accosted by a man walking along the road, who begged the favour of him to put his great coat, which he found very heavy, nto his carriage. "With all my heart, (said the gentleman,) but if we should not be travelling to the same place, how will you get your coat?" "Monsieur, (answered the man with great gravity,) *I shall be in it.*"

American Bull.

Jim, do you snore when you are asleep? No, never; for I lay awake one night on purpose to see.

Legal Pathos.

Not long since, an eminent lawyer, in the State of Ohio, (North America) closed a pathetic harangue to a jury, in the following strain:—"And now, the shades of night had shrouded the earth in darkness; all nature lay wrapt in solemn thought, when these defendant ruffians came rushing like a mighty torrent from the hills down to the abode of peace and happiness, broke open the plaintiff's door, separated the weeping mother from the screeching infant, and took away my client's rifles, gentlemen of the jury, for which we only charge fifteen dollars."

Difficulties.

Men, till a matter be done, wonder that it can be done; and, as soon as it is done, wonder again that it is not sooner done.

Patriotic Elector.

"I suppose, neighbour," said one elector to another, "you'll plump for Mr.——, as you did before?" "No," said the other, "I don't think I shall, the beef wasn't dressed to my mind at his last election dinner."

Unremitting Kindness,

* * *, the comedian, went to America, and remained there two years, leaving his wife dependant on her relatives. Mrs. F——tt expatiating in the green-room on the cruelty of such conduct, the comedian found a warm advocate in a well known dramatist. "I have heard," said the latter, "that he is the kindest of men; and I know he regularly writes to his wife by every packet."—"Yes, he writes," replied Mrs. F., "a parcel of flummery about the agony of absence; but he has never remitted her a shilling. Do you call that kindness?" "Decidedly" replied the author, "*unremitting* kindness."

Curious Pledge.

At the Paisley Police Court, a man was recently brought up and fined for ill-using his wife, and as he had no money, he was locked up. After he had remained in confinement for some time, he offered to leave his arm in pledge for the amount of the fine. This having been agreed to, he unscrewed his arm, and walked off in high glee.

A French Bull.

A lady wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money. She added, by way of postcript, "I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I sent after the postman to get it back; but the servant could not overtake him."

The Magnanimity of a Roman Senator.

When Vespasian commanded a Senator to give his voice against the interests of his country, and threatened him with immediate death, if he spoke on the other side, the Roman, conscious that the attempt to serve the people was in his power, though the event was ever so uncertain, answered with a smile—"Did I ever tell you I was immortal?—my virtue is in my own disposal, my life in yours; do what you will, I shall do what I ought; and if I fall in the service of my country, I shall have more triumph in my death, than you in all your laurels."

Absentees.

"Are you much troubled with dissenters in your parish?" said a young clergyman to the worthy rector of a populous village in Somersetshire. "No!" replied the good man, with peculiar emphasis, while his countenance beamed with christian charity mingled with pity for the young man, "No! Sir, the dissenters give me no trouble: it is only the absentees that trouble me!"

Reader.

In a lecture, delivered upwards of twenty years ago at some Hall in Fetter Lane, Coleridge divided readers into four classes. The first he compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand—it

runs in and it runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class, he said, resembled a sponge which imbibes every thing, and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class he likened to a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class, of which he trusted there were many among his auditors, he compared to the slaves in the diamond mines of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserved only the pure gem.

Ruling Passion.

This was truly exemplified on the evening the Parliament Houses were burnt.—"What a dreadful fire!" said a gentleman to a theatrical manager. "Dreadful! it is indeed. *It has spoiled my Half-price!*"

Political Blockheads.

There never was a party, faction, sect, or cabal, whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent: for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to politics; and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead weights hanging to them, to help to regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.

Thinkers.

Thinkers are as scarce as gold; but he whose thought embraces all his object, pursues it unwearyedly, and fearless of consequence, is a diamond of enormous size.

Parliamentary Joke.

The prevailing fashion of certain orators interlarding their speeches with frequent classical quotations, brings to mind a piece of mischievous waggery perpetrated by one of the greatest men of his time. Sheridan once electrified the country gentlemen in the House of Commons by concluding an animated appeal to their patriotism with a quotation from Herodotus, which they cheered most vociferously, when in fact he merely strung together a jargon of words, uttered on the instant, which sounded very much like Greek. Pitt, it is said, was in a convulsion of laughter all the time.

Death preferred to Drunkenness.

The Neapolitans in general hold drunkenness in very great abhorrence. It is among them, that a nobleman, having murdered another in a fit of jealousy, was condemned to suffer death. His life was offered to him on the sole condition of saying that when he committed the deed he was intoxicated. He received the offer with disdain, and exclaimed, "I would rather suffer a thousand deaths than bring eternal disgrace on my family by confessing the disgraceful crime of drunkenness." He persisted, and was executed.

The Book-worm and his Wife.

To a deep scholar said his wife,
"Would that I were a book, my life!
On me you then would sometimes look.
But I would be the very book
That you would most wish to see:
Then say, what volume should I be?"
"An almanack, (said he,) my dear;
You know we change them ev'ry year."

A Peck of Dirt.

Lord Chesterfield one day at an inn where he dined complained very much that the plates and dishes were very dirty. The waiter with a degree of pertness observed, that it is said every one must eat a peck of dirt before he dies.—That may be true (said lord Chesterfield) but no one is obliged to eat it all at one meal, you dirty dog.

Before all.

A gentleman who was rather near sighted, being at a ball, and seeing a lady whom he thought he knew very well, began conversing with her in a very free way, but finding she did not answer him, he discovered he was in error as to the person. "And," said he, as he told the story to a friend, "I was obliged to apologize *after all.*" "Aye," said his friend, and *before all* too, I suppose."

A counsellor of necessity.

The late Dr. de la Cour, of Cork, of eccentric and facetious memory, having once occasion to reprove a counsel rather unlearned in the law, told him, he was counsellor of necessity. "*Necessity!*" exclaimed the briefless barrister, "what do you mean by that?" "Because," rejoined the doctor, "*Necessity has no law!*"

A good move.

Three gentlemen being at a tavern, whose names were *Moore*, *Strange*, and *Wright*, says the last, "There is but one cuckold in company, and that's *Strange.*" "Yes, (answered *Strange*,) here is one *Moore.*" "Ah! (said *Moore*,) that's *Wright.*"

Head of the Pole.

When Sheridan was candidate for Westminster, as the election drew towards its termination, all the efforts of his friends had proved unavailing to secure Sheridan's return, although his minority was any thing but formidable. The interest that attended the contest had at its close become intense, and every spot whence the candidates might be seen or heard was crowded in the extreme. A sailor, anxious to acquire a view of the scene of action, after all his exertions to push his way through the crowd had proved fruitless, resorted to the nautical expedient of climbing one pole that supported a booth directly in front of the hustings, from the very top of which Jack was enabled to contemplate all that occurred below. As the orator commenced his speech, his eyes fell on the elevated mariner, whom he had no sooner observed than he rendered his situation applicable to his own, by stating that "had he but five hundred other voters as *upright* as the *perpendicular* gentleman before him, they would yet place him where *he* was —*at the head of the pole.*"

Deaths Postponed.

In an English newspaper was the following passage: "A number of deaths are unavoidably postponed."

Dr. Leigh.

A roguish tenant of Baliol college slily felled the trees upon his farm, and put the money in his pocket. Soon after he called upon Dr. Leigh to pay his rent, and the doctor inquired into the state of the trees. "Alas! sir, (said the tenant,) a great

misfortune has happened to them; a high wind has blown them all down." "No, no, (said the doctor, who knew his man,) you mistake; it could not have been a *high* wind, but a *cutting* wind, to do so much execution."

Mrs. Jordan, and a royal Duke.

The late king once said to his son, "Clarence, Clarence, how's this? you—keep an actress,—keep an actress!"—"Yes sire."—"Ah! how much do you give, eh!"—"A thousand a year, sire."—"A thousand! too much! *Five hundred.*"—Upon which the duke wrote to Mrs. J. expressive of his sire's opinion. At than period the Covent Garden play-bills always concluded with these words, "*No money returned after the rising of the curtain.*" Mrs. J. tore this off, and inclosed it in a blank cover to his royal highness.

Good Nature.

Chang-King was president of the High Court of Criminal Cases, and being obliged to make, on the following day, his report to the emperor upon an affair of consequence, which fell out in the evening, he called for a secretary, set himself to his desk, and drew up the writings, which employed him until midnight. Having finished his papers, he was thinking to take a little repose, when the secretary, by accident, struck the candle and threw it down. The fire caught the papers, burnt part of them, and the tallow spoiled the rest. The secretary was exceedingly sorrowful and fell on his knees to ask forgiveness for the offence. "It is an accident," said the president mildly, "rise, and let us begin anew."

Blank Verse.

"I say Pomp, wat be de difrence 'ween *poetry* and de wat ye call *plank verse?*" "Why I gib you something, Scip, I tink wat be lustrations of de subject:—

'Go down to mill dam
And fall down slam'—

dat be *poetry;* but—

'Go down to mill dam
And fall down whappo'—

dat be *plank verse.*"

Twins.

A little girl being told that the king's and her birth-day was on the same day, asked her mamma if the king and her were twins.

March of Intellect.

A gentleman the other day, visiting Mr. Wood's school in Edinburgh, had a book put into his hand for the purpose of examining a class. The word "Inheritance," occurring in the verse, the querist interrogated the youngster as follows ; "What is inheritance ?" A. "Patrimony." "What is patrimony ?" A. "Something left by my father !" "What would you call it left by a mother ?" A. "Matrimony !"

Craniological Pun.

A small party, amusing themselves with experiments in *craniology*, and exploring, with great eagerness, each other's skull for the various characteristic bumps described in that science, found that a musical gentleman present had not the least appearance of the harmonious organ, whilst another gentleman (a *bono vivant*, more devoted to Bacchus than Apollo) exultingly exclaimed, on feeling his *caput*, that he possessed, in a very prominent degree, the "*organ of music.*" "Ah !" said a friend, "the organ of *music !*—It must be the barrel-organ then."

Whitefield and the Drummer.

George Whitefield was once in the early part of his life, preaching in the open fields, when a drummer happened to be present, who was determined to interrupt his pious business, and rudely beat the drum in a violent manner, to drown the preacher's voice. Mr. Whitefield spoke very loud, but was not so powerful as the iustrument : he therefore called out to the drummer in these words : "Friend, you and I serve the two greatest masters existing, but in different callings ; you beat up for volunteers

for good King George; I do for the Lord Jesus Christ. In God's name, then, don't let us interrupt each other; the world is wide enough for us both, and we may get recruits in abundance." His speech had such an effect, that the drummer went away in good humour, and left the preacher in full possession of the field.

Dressing and Shaving.

Two sailors went into a cook-shop, and called for dinner. The landlady set before them a piece of boiled pork, which had not been properly singed, many long hairs adhering to it. "Jack," said he to his companion, "I cannot stomach this pork; why the hairs are half as thick and as long as a cable." "You may eat away, gentlemen," said the landlady; "I can assure you it is good meat, for I *dressed* it myself." "Did you so, mistress?" said the other sailor: "I wish you had also *shaved* it yourself."

Coals that won't Smoke.

An asthmatic old lady went to reside at bath, for the benefit of her breath. She laid in a stock of coals, which on their progress through the grate almost suffocated her by their smoky quality.—Just as they were out, she heard a coal-seller calling out, "Coals, coals that won't smoke." The lady called the man and questioned him—"Are you quite sure they won't smoke?" "Quite sure, ma'am. I'll forfeit double the value if they do." A chaldron was brought and paid for, but they proved more smoky than their predecessors. In a month after, encountering the man in the street, she upbraided him for the assertion, that his coals would not smoke. 'Lahap,' said the man, with the greatest noncha-

lance, and scratching his head, 'Mayhap you put *vire* to 'em.

Green-room Morality.

Mrs. Inchbald, in her entertaining memoirs, introduces to notice Mrs. Wells, the actress, kept by Captain Topham, and Miss Farren, who was the particular of Lord Derby, till the death of his wife made her Lady Derby.—"One evening, about half an hour before the curtain was drawn up, some accident having happened in the dressing-room of one of the actresses, a woman of known intrigue, she ran in haste to the dressing-room of Mrs. Wells, to finish the business of her toilet. Mrs. Wells, who was the mistress of the well-known Captain Topham, shock'd at the intrusion of a reprobated woman, who had a worse character than herself, quitted her own room and ran to Miss Farren's, crying, 'What would Captain Topham say, if I were to remain in such company!'

"No sooner had she entered the room, to which as an asylum she had fled, than Miss Farren flew out at the door, repeating, 'What would Lord Derby say, If I should be seen in such company!'

Mrs. I. also states the following anecdote of Burke.—The horse of Burke's lamented son one day came to him, while buried in thought, and gently laid his head upon Burke's bosom. The father threw his arms about the kind animal in an agony of tears.

Printing and the Arts.

Mr. Bell in his book on the "Power of the Hand," says, "one cannot but reflect on that grand revolution which took place when language, till

then limited to its proper organ, had its representation in the work of the hand. Now that a man of mean estate can have a library of more intrinsic value than that of Cicero, when the sentiments of past ages are as familiar as those of the present, and the knowledge of different empires is transmitted and common to all, we cannot expect to have our sages followed, as of old, by their five thousand scholars. Nations will not now record their acts by building pyramids, nor consecrate temples and raise statues, once the only means of perpetuating great deeds or extraordinary virtues. It is in vain that our artists complain that patronage is withheld; for the ingenuity of the hand has at length subdued the arts of design—printing has made all other records barbarous, and great men build for themselves a "live long monument."—*Bell on the Hand.*

A lady observing Mr. Jekyll directing some letters, one of which was addressed to Mr.——, Solicitor: and another to Mr.——, Attorney; inquired what was the difference between an Attorney and a Solicitor. 'Much the same, my dear madam, (replied the wit,) as there is between a *crocodile* and an *alligator!*

Consoling Opinion.

An attorney one day meeting Sheridan walking with another gentleman in Piccadilly, he told him that he had just been apprenticing his daughter, a very beautiful girl, to a fashionable dress-maker in Bond-street, at the same time asking his opinion of his family arrangement. 'Depend upon it, (said Sheridan,) that she is in as fair a way of being

ruined as a boy is to become a rogue when he is first put clerk to a lawyer.

Sagacity.

Mr. Sheridan was once on a visit to the Duke of Bedford at Woburn, when preparations were making to take the field against the partridges on the first of September. A learned barrister of the party was endeavouring to improve the skill by firing at a mark, which he could never hit, and, in excuse for his bad aim, complained of his dog, which was not well trained, and who, at the very moment he was about to fire his piece, always jumped up against the mark, 'Although (said he,) I thought he was as sagacious an animal as ever lived.' 'Sagacious indeed, (said Mr. Sheridan,) and he has proved it ; for I can't conceive he could be any where so safe from your shot as by flying to the mark you aim at.'

Englishmen.

Lord Bolinbroke used to say that the greatest compliment which could be paid to any English gentleman returned from his travels was to say to him, 'that nobody who saw him could think he had ever been abroad, but that every body who talked with him, would think he was a native of the countries he had visited ;' and there is good sense, though a little exaggerated, in the observation.

YANKEEISMS.

A Bargain.

An eastern editor says he has a first-rate headache, which he wishes to swap for a farm.

A Dark One.

"Oh, father! I've just seen the blackest nigger that ever was!" said a little boy one day, as he came running into the house. "How black was he, my son?" "O, he was as black as black can be; why, father, charcoal would make a *white* mark on him!"

Making the best of it.

The Philadelphia Gazette gives the following anecdote, as having occured in that city during the worst of the pressure:—An officer of a bank called at the store of a merchant, and politely informed him that he had overdrawn his account five thousand dollars. "Well, I know that," was the reply; "and what's the necessity of boring me about it? Why not drop the subject altogether, and serve me as I do you? I don't go to you, when you have that amount in your institution, and say, 'Mr. President, I have got five thousand dollars in your bank.' Such statements are useless any way. Good morning."

Correct Answer.

"Might your name be Smith?" said a lout to that oddest of fellows, J————. after a rap at the door loud enough to disturb the occupants of a church-yard. "Yes, it might; but it aint by a long chalk."

In Want of a Husband.

A young lady was told by a married lady that she had better precipitate herself off Niagara Falls into the basin beneath, than *marry*. The young lady replied, "I would, if I thought I could find a *husband* at the bottom."

The Thats.

In thirty-one words, how many thats can be grammatically inserted? Answer,—Fourteen. He said that *that*, that *that* man said, was not *that* that *that* man should say; but that *that*, that *that* man said, was *that* that *that* man should not say. That reminds us of the following says and saids: Mr. B. did you say, or did you not say, what I said you said? because C. said you said, you never did say what I said you said. Now if you did say that you did *not* say what I said you said, then what did you say?

Yankee Courtship.

Jonathan Dumbatter saw Prudence Feastall at meeting. Jonathan sidled up to Prudence arter meeting, and she a kind o' sidled off. He went closer, and axed her if she would accept the crook o' his elbow. She resolved she would, and plumped her arm right round his. Jonathan felt an all-overish, and said he liked the text—"Seek and ye shall find," was purty good readin'. Prudence hinted that "ask and ye shall receive," was better. Jonathan thought so too, but this axing was a puzzler. A feller was apt to git into a snarl when he axed, and snarlin' warnt no fun. Prudence guessed strawberries and cream was slick. Jonathan thought they warnt so slick as Pru's lips. "Now don't," said Pru, and she guv Jonathan's arm an involuntary hug. He was a leetel startled, but thunk his farm wanted some female help to look arter the house, Pru knew how to make rale good bread. "Now don't," said Pru. "If I should," said Jonathan. "Now don't," said Pru. "May-be you wouldn't," and Jonathan shuk all over, and

Prudence replied, "If you be comin' that game, you'd better tell feyther." "That's just what I want," said Jonathan; and in three weeks Jonathan and Prudence were "my old man," and "my old woman."

Ardent Spirits.

Two glasser of gin a day, for one year, at three-half-pence a glass, will cost a sum which will purchase two shirts, two pair of hose, two pair of shoes, a fustian jacket, a waistcoat, a pair of trousers, cap, flannel waistcoat, a coarse cloth cloak, neck-cloth, two pair of cotton sheets, and two large blankets. Dr. Elliotson, Professor of Medicine in the London University, in one of his Chemical Lectures at St. Thomas's Hospital, observed to his pupils, that one of the best sermons for Drunkards and regular Tipplers, would be to exhibit to them the heart, lungs, and liver of a Drunkard, by the side of the same organs in a state of health.

The Little Rascal.

A shopkeeper at Doncaster had, for his virtues, obtained the name of the *little rascal*. A stranger asked him why this appellation was given him. "To distinguish me from the rest of my trade," quoth he, "who are all *great rascals*."

Queen Elizabeth and the Knight.

An English knight who had behaved very insolently to Queen Elizabeth, when she was only a princess, fell upon his knees before her, soon after she became his sovereign, and besought her to pardon him; suspecting (as there was good cause,) that he should have been sent to the Tower. She immediately answered, very mildly, "Do you not know we are descended from the lion, whose nature is not to prey upon the mouse."

Consecrated Wheelbarrow.

A poor man, with a wheelbarrow, was met by a reverend gentleman in the old church-yard of Manchester, when the latter (feeling very properly for the shocking impiety of the transaction,)exclaimed, "you dirty scoundrel, how dare you wheel this barrow here? Don't you know this is consecrated ground?" The poor man stopping, very innocently but quaintly replied, "Sir, I beg pardon, but I thought the wheelbarrow had been consecrated too, for I borrowed it of the sexton."

The Pious Rogue.

"Have you aught more of which your conscience should be purged?" said the venerable Father Anselm, addressing a kneeling sinner at the confessional. "Yes, holy father," replied the penitent, "I have committed the foul sin of theft; I have stolen this watch; will you accept of it?" "Me!" exclaimed the pious priest, "me receive the fruit of thy villany! how darest thou tempt me to the commission of so abominable a crime! Go instantly, return the watch to its owner." "I have already offered it to him," replied the culprit, "and he refused to receive it again; therefore, holy father, I beseech you to take it." "Peace, wretch!" rejoined Anselm, "you should have repeated the offer." "I did repeat it, holy father, and he persisted in the refusal." "Then I must obsolve thee from the sin thou hast committed." The purifyed catholic had scarcely departed, when the astonished father discovered that his own watch had been stolen from the place where it had been deposited near the confessionary.

Rosseau's Secret.

Two Jesuits asked J. J. Rosseau the favour to communicate to them the secret whereby he was enabled to write, on all subjects, with so much warmth and eloquence. "My secret," replied the philosopher, "and I am sorry it is one to your society, consists in never uttering a sentiment which I do not feel; or making any assertion whatever which I do not really believe."

Retaliation.

"I wish to God you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a young dandy the other day to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you—it has no end." "Excuse me," said she, "I choose to keep it, for it is likewise emblematical of mine for you—it has no beginning."

Unpleasant Memory.

The father of the late Lord H—d—ck was hanged for forgery. When his lordship sat as chancellor, an old countryman was examined to a particular fact, the date of which he could not recollect, and made the following reply: "All that I remember concerning that affair is that it happened on the very same day that old Yoke was hanged."

A Harmless Fellow.

A young officer who had lost his right arm, remarked to his friend that he should not *now* be much feared. "No," shrewdly replied the other, "you will *now* always be considered an *armless* fellow."

Dr. Watts.

Dr. Watts was remarkable for vivacity in conversation, and ready wit, though he never shewed a

fondness for displaying it. Being one day in a coffee-room with some friends, he overheard a gentleman say, "What, is that the great Dr. Watts!" when, turning suddenly round, and in good humour, he repeated a stanza from his Lyric Poems, which produced a silent admiration:

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or mete the ocean with my span;
I must be measured by my soul;
The mind's the standard of the man.

Dr. Watts was short in stature, being only about five feet.

Bad Memories.

Montague says, one reason for not returning a borrowed book is, because it is much easier to retain the book itself, than the passages of it.

Fine Air.

A wealthy bishop congratulating a poor parson on his local situation, said, "You have a very fine air here." "Yes," replied the latter, "if I had to live *upon* it, as well as *in* it, I should think so too."

Straying Flocks.

A clergyman being complained of by another for drawing away his parishioners on a Sunday, made this reply,—"*Feed your flock better, and then they won't stray!*"

Staff of Life.

A young lady going into a barrack-room at Fort George, saw an officer toasting a slice of bread on the point of his sword. On which she exclaimed, "I think, sir, you have got the *staff of life* on the *point of death.*"

Anecdote of the Bishop of Mea x.

This prelate once asked an old woman how many sacraments there were. To which question she replied by saying there were but two. "But," replied the bishop, "there is marriage; what prevents you regarding so holy, delightful, and happy a state as one of the sacraments?" "Ah! ah! sir," said the old woman, "if it is so very good, what is the reason you have never partaken of it?"

A Lawyer's Legacy.

A lawyer being sick, made his will, and gave away all his property to lunatic, frantic, and mad people; and being asked why he did so, replied, from such he had it, and to such he would give it again.

Breakings up are capital things in our school-days, but in after-life they are painful enough. Death, self-interest, and fortune's changes are every day breaking up many a happy group, and scattering them far and wide; and the boys and girls never come back again!

Miss Sedgwick on Health.

It has been customary, in some of our cities, for young ladies to walk in thin shoes and delicate stockings in mid-winter. A healthy, blooming young girl, thus dressed in violation of heaven's laws, pays the penalty:—a checked circulation, cold, fever and death. "What a sad Providence!" exclaim her friends. Was it Providence, or her own folly? A beautiful young bride goes, night after night, to parties made in honour of her marriage. She has a slightly sore throat, perhaps, and the weather is in-

clement; but she must wear her neck and arms bare, for whoever saw a bride in a close evening-dress? She is seized with inflammation on the lungs, and dies before her bridal days are over. "What a Providence!" exclaim the world, "cut off in the midst of happiness and hope!" Alas! did she not cut the thread of life herself? A girl in the country, exposed to our changeful climate, gets a new bonnet, instead of getting a flannel garment. A rheumatism is the consequence. Should the girl sit tranquilly with the idea that Providence has sent the rheumatism upon her, or should she charge it on her vanity, and avoid the folly in future? Look, my young friends, at the mass of diseases that are incurred by intemperance in eating, or drinking, or in study, or business; by neglect of exercise, cleanliness, pure air; by indiscreet dressing, tight lacing &c., and all is quietly imputed to Providence! Is there not impiety as well as ignorance in this! Were the physical laws strictly observed from generation to generation, there would be an end to the frightful diseases that cut short life, and of the long maladies that make life a torment or a trial. It is the opinion of those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine, the body, this "goodly temple," would gradually decay, and men would die, as a few now do die, as if falling to sleep.

A Feeling Actress.

The celebrated Mademoiselle Lecouvreur, of the Theatre Française, passing through the streets at a late hour, on a raw cold night, was accosted by a poor woman with four little children, who in a tone of bitter suffering beseeched the actress to take pity on her destitute condition. Mademoiselle Lecouv-

reur searched in her pockets, and finding nothing, "Wait," said she, "my good woman, I will give you more than you could have hoped for;" and instantly throwing off her mantle, she began to recite the imprecations of *Camilla*, with such vehemence and superior talents, that soon collected a crowd around her, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season. She then made a collection among the audience, and with the fruits of her charitable exertion, gave the poor woman a sufficient sum to provide lodgings and clothes for her infants.

Abernethiana.

The late Mr. Abernethy would never permit his patients to talk much. He could not succeed in silencing a loquacious lady but by the following expedient:—"Pray put out your tongue, Madam." The lady complied. "Now keep it there till I have done talking." An old lady, very much inclined to be prosy, once sent to him, and began by saying that her complaint commenced when she was only three years old. The professor rose abruptly and left the house. It was observed to Mr. Abernethy that he appeared to live much like other people, and by no means to be bound by his own rules. The professor replied, "That he wished to act according to his own precepts, only he had such a devil of an appetite.

The Circle of Humanity.

Fenelon was accustomed to say, "I love my family better than myself; my country better than my family; and mankind better than my country; for I am more a Frenchman than a Fenelon; and more a man than a Frenchman.

The art of printing has, perhaps, contributed more essentially to the welfare of mankind, to the advancement of society, and to the promotion and diffusion of political, physical, and ethical truths than all the arts beside. It is, in fact, an art that is "preservative of all arts." Wherever it is known and encouraged, the progressive improvement of society is certain, and the march of mind secure and unembarrassed. But where the press has never shed its light, or dispensed its intellectual treasures, the night of ignorance and the gloom of superstition rests upon the soul, and obscures the intellect of man; and should it be struck from existence, with its rich treasures of instruction, the world ere long would be merged in night and barbarism.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple frank man, without any high pretentions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

A conflict occurred a short time ago in the Corn theatre. One of the performers having upbraided a fiddler in the orchestra with playing out of tune, the enraged musician rushed upon the stage, and broke the bridge of the actor's nose.

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